THE LOG BOOK

Vol. II. By Roy E. Mason

the environs of [illegible] Beach, where he was twice president of the Laguna Beach Art association, furnished many of this artist's subjects. In 1930 he painted in France and Great Britain, and visited ancestral scenes in Scotland.

Brandriff's maternal grandfather, a house painter in New Jersey, used to get homesick for the heather and paint Scottish landscapes on squares of linoleum. These inspired George as a boy.

Aided by Wife

His own career was fostered by his wife's interest in landscape. She encouraged the young dentist to paint instead of filling teeth.

Brandriff's earliest landscapes were painted near Hemet, where he studied with Anna Hills. Later he took a few lessons from Carl Oscar Borg, whose style influenced him.

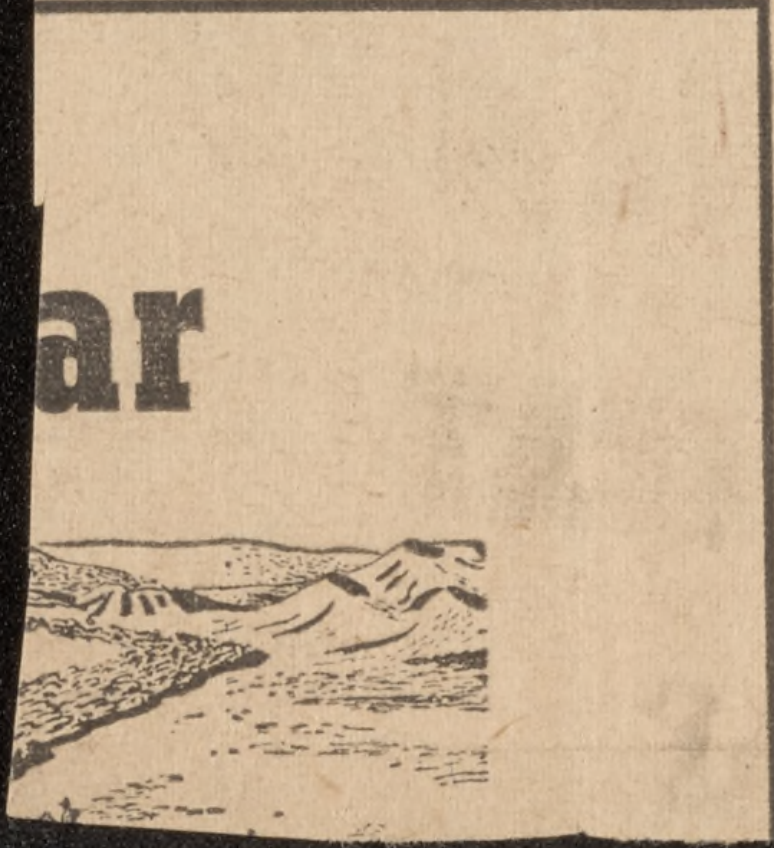
For seven years Brandriff fixed teeth five days a week in Los Angeles and painted landscape on the other two. Early in 1929, following several successful exhibitions of his work, he gave up dentistry entirely.

pealed to [illegible] to take extraordinary precautions to prevent brush fires.

The manpower shortage and gasoline rationing, he said, make it difficult to get enough volunteer firemen to the firehouse to comply with a state law requiring at least five firemen aboard the truck before it rolls.

VISITS LAGUNA AUNT

Flying cadet John C. Nelson of Santa Ana air base visited his aunt, Mrs. E. W. Spence last week end.



Laguna Beach Art Association

LAGUNA BEACH
CALIFORNIA

OFFICERS

WM. A. GRIFFITH. PRESIDENT
F. W. CUPRIEN. 1ST VICE PRESIDENT
KARL YENS. 2ND VICE PRESIDENT
EFFIE M. MACBETH. TREASURER
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AN ORGANIZATION TO ADVANCE THE KNOWLEDGE OF AND INTEREST IN ART, TO CREATE A SPIRIT OF CO-OPERATION AND FELLOWSHIP BETWEEN PAINTER AND PUBLIC

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New Art Gallery

ANN MASON COLLECTS DATA FOR "LOG BOOK" OF LAGUNA EXHIBITORS

WHILE I was making my rounds of the studios the other day I wandered into Miss Ann B. Mason's lovely place and found her busily at work on something which I hadn't even suspected existed. It was the Log Book of the Laguna Beach Art Association.

All about, on chairs and tables, were charming little sketches, autographed pictures of artists who have exhibited in the Laguna Gallery, catalogues of past exhibitions, and innumerable "press clippings."

Miss Mason, sensing my interest in the "Log Book," explained its purpose.

"I have been working on this Log Book for some time," she said. "It is most interesting work. When the book is completed it will be a complete and authoritative record of the artists who have exhibited in the local gallery."

Miss Mason has secured some splendid originals for the Log Book—signed pictures from the artists represented in the book. She has also secured photographs of the painters, and these in connection with press matter make up the particular page allotted to each artist.

The Log Book, when completed, will be on exhibition at the Art Gallery on special occasions, such as the Art Association receptions and teas. Miss Mason, who is guarding the treasures in the Log Book, told of the charming way in which the artists were collaborating with her. "I have secured pictures from several of the best known painters and I want something from each artist who exhibits here. I have given over an entire page (and it is a big one) to each artist. However, there are still some exhibitors whom I have not been able to reach."

The Log Book, which is a sort of looseleaf affair and which can be enlarged ad infinitum, will contain invaluable information for the use of the Gallery and its friends. It is the nucleus of what should be a permanent collection of recollections by the painters who have made Laguna Beach famous. It should be one of the Art Association's treasures in the years to come.

So I left Miss Mason surrounded by her pictures, her pots of paste and the loose leaves of the Art Association's Log Book.

"We do not wish to boast or become self-satisfied, but rather keep on growing as we have started, ever conscious that the higher we keep our ideals the more worth while it will be to achieve them and the better we will be able to serve both the cause of art and the community in which we live.

With sincere appreciation of their life and labor in the cause of art, mention is made of the following painters whose passing has brought a distinct loss. They were members of the Art Association and resided at times in Laguna Beach.

CONWAY GRIFFITH

EMILY WHITE

WILLIAM V. CAHILL

GUY ROSE

BURT W. JOHNSON

HANNAH T. JENKINS

MINNIE TINGLE

E. HOTELING TANBERG

WILLIAM LEES JUDSON

FRANZ BISCHOFF

Miss Ann B. Mason, historian of the Art Association, brought her log book to the Art Gallery last Monday evening for the association members to look over. The log book is a record of the work of the gallery and was reviewed in "Life" some weeks back.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE OF ART ASSOCIATION

Achievements of Past, Triumph of Present, and Influence on Future Important to Laguna Beach; Attraction to Many Visitors

By ANNA A. HILLS,
President

The Laguna Beach Art Association was founded in August, 1918, as a result of a most successful exhibition sponsored by the group of artists then resident in Laguna. Edgar A. Payne was the prime mover in the enterprise and his enthusiastic leadership was contagious.

The organization began with one hundred and fifty charter members, thirty-five of whom were artists. More than half of them were residents of Los Angeles and vicinity but very naturally belonged to us because of frequent sketching trips to our then quaint little village.

Three hundred persons visited the exhibition the first day and two thousand the first month, making evident the fact that there was a place for a permanent institution which should develop the art interests of the growing art colony.

The first gallery was the old town hall, a little wooden building whose days of usefulness had seemed forever past. In the old days it had been used for a dance hall Saturday night and Sunday school Sunday morning and now needed considerable repairing to make it into an art gallery. The windows were taken out of the sides and made into a skylight, gray building paper was put on the walls, electric lights installed and for ten years this gallery was open almost continuously from 1 to 5 each afternoon and visited by from eight to ten thousand people each year.

A study of the guest book shows that every State in the union has sent its travelers to our little town and here, usually to their surprise and delight they found the type of exhibitions they had thought were only to be seen in large cities. Down the years great names have not been absent from the catalogues for among our members are such artists as William Wendt, Gardner Symons, Elmer Schofield and Housep Pushman. Among the resident members are men and women whose work is seen in all the best exhibitions in California and often far afield.

Our activities have not been confined to the local gallery for our ideals of service lead us to send out traveling exhibitions to the schools, libraries and Woman's Clubs of the county; to keep a continuous exhibition on the walls of St. Ann's Inn of Santa Ana; to develop the usual amateur art exhibition of our Orange County Fair into a professional exhibit so that the thousands who rarely enter an art gallery may come in contact with real art. Art which has used as its motive the very country in which these people live, thus creating a greater consciousness of the beauty of their daily surroundings.

Exhibitions have also been sent by the association to Stanford University, to a circuit of colleges and woman's clubs in Oklahoma to Pomona College and many other nearby organizations. In fact we have had many opportunities that we could not accept. Our purpose as set forth in our constitution is to advance the knowledge of and interest in Art; to create a spirit of cooperation and fellowship between the painter and the public. This we have done not alone through out exhibitions but during the first five or six years through the informal receptions held in the gallery every Saturday night from early Spring till late Autumn.

Many happy friendships were made and inspirations gained through these meetings with writers, musicians and cultured people of every walk of life.

We were incorporated under the laws of the State of California early in 1920 because from the first we have been looking forward to the time when we should build a real Art Gallery as near fireproof as possible. The danger of fire, which happily never came in the old gallery, was always a burden borne by the resident members especially when the best of our exhibitions were otherwise giving us great reason for rejoicing.

But before we could build a gallery we had to find a suitable place to put it. Many lots were considered during a period of several years and always we came back to the corner of Cliff Drive and the Boulevard as the ideal location.

ARTIST DIRECTORY

Art Gallery, 299 Coast Blvd. North

Charles Partridge Adams, 1745 Catalina street, Arch Beach.

Albright Studios—Adam Emery Albright, Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, Malvin Marr Albright, in F. Carl Smith studio, Sea View avenue, near Anita street, Arch Beach.

Antony Anderson, 369 Cypress Drive, Laguna Cliffs.

George K. Brandriff, Wave street, Laguna Cliffs.

Durlin Brayton, 1450 Coast Blvd. South, Arch Beach.

Frank W. Cuprien, 139 Beach street (entrance Coast Blvd.), Arch Beach.

Mrs. Elanor Colburn, Coast Blvd. South, between Ruby and Moss streets, Arch Beach.

Mrs. Stephen Chalmers, Catalina (near Pearl street), Arch Beach.

Norman Chamberlain, Manzanita Drive, School Hill.

R. Clarkson Colman, 1542 Coast Blvd. South, Arch Beach.

Marian Crandall, Cliff Drive, Laguna Cliffs.

William Swift Daniell, 895 Coast Blvd. South, Laguna Terrace.

Geraldine Duncan, Arch Beach.

Alfred Dupont, corner Thalia and Glenneyre streets.

Paul Doering, 143 Cypress Drive, Laguna Cliffs.

Isaac Jenkinson Frazee, Lombardy Lane, Arch Beach.

Alice V. Fullerton, 472 Jasmine street, Laguna Cliffs.

Robert Fullonton, Laguna Beach.

William A. Griffith, 330 Cliff Drive, Laguna Cliffs.

Grace Gilman, 507 Coast Blvd. North, Laguna Cliffs.

John T. Hinchman, 571 Agate street, Arch Beach.

Anna A. Hills, 331 Coast Blvd. Laguna Cliffs.

Thomas L. Hunt, 2260 Coast Blvd. South, Arch Beach.

Loren Holmwood, 506 Central avenue, Laguna Beach.

Myrta Herbert, Cliff Drive, Laguna Cliffs.

Clyan Hall, Craftsman Studio, Canyon Road.

Miss Hagaman, Jasmine street, Laguna Cliffs.

Benjamin F. Horning, Magnolia street, Laguna Beach.

Lee Hayes, Manzanita Drive, School Hill.

Clarence K. Hinkle 184 Nuys Place, Arch Beach.

Charles Philip Krauth, Ocean Front at Anita street, Arch Beach.

Edith H. Loop, 2040 Ocean street, Arch Beach.

Josephine Larkin, 336 Aster street, Laguna Cliffs.

Nevada Lindsay, 556 Coast Blvd North, Laguna Cliffs.

Luther Manship, Johnson street, Arch Beach.

Harley Nichols, Three Arches.

Mrs. Ruth Peabody, Coast Blvd. between Ruby and Moss streets, Arch Beach.

Mrs. Eva Perine, 820 Glenneyre street, Laguna Terrace.

Julie Raymond, 2060 Coast Blvd. South, Arch Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Riddell, 2007 Coast Blvd. South, Arch Beach.

Anna Priscilla Risher, Manzanita Drive, Temple Hills.

Anne Robinson, Magnolia street, Laguna Cliffs.

Marius Smith, care Mrs. Fred Conkey, Forest avenue, Laguna Beach.

Donna Shuster, Thalia street, Arch Beach.

F. Carl Smith, Sea View avenue (near Anita street), Arch Beach.

Mrs. Lillian Prest Ferguson Tanberg, 1737 Coast Blvd South, Arch Beach.

William Wendt, 2420 Coast Blvd. South, Arch Beach.

Virginia Woolley, 274 Cliff street, Arch Beach.

Lillian V. Whiting, 443 Ashton Drive, Arch Beach Heights Addition.

Jessie M. Washburn, 353 Coast Blvd., Laguna Beach.

Nora L. White, 369 Agate street, Arch Beach.

The Wood Box (manufacturers of wood novelties), 1786-88 Coast Blvd. South, near Pearl street, Arch Beach.

Karl Yens, 2079 Coast Blvd. South.

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LAGUNA BEACH ART ASSOCIATION

LAGUNA BEACH—CALIFORNIA

OFFICERS

ANNA A. HILLS, President
WM. A. GRIFFITH, 1st Vice President
F. W. CUPRIEN, 2nd Vice President
EFFIE M. MACBETH, Treasurer
IDA R. BOLLES, Secretary
LEOTA WOY, Corresponding Secretary

DIRECTORS

ANNA A. HILLS
WM. A. GRIFFITH, F. W. CUPRIEN
IDA RANDALL BOLLES
R. CLARKSON COLMAN
EFFIE M. MACBETH
NORMAN CHAMBERLAIN, KARL YENS
IDA RANDALL BOLLES, Curator

and Fellowship Between Painter and Public

An Organization to Advance the Knowledge of and Interest in Art, to Create a Spirit of Co-operation

By ANNA A. HILLS, *President Laguna Beach Art Association*

THE LAGUNA BEACH ART ASSOCIATION was organized in August, nineteen hundred and eighteen, with one hundred and fifty charter members.

Its founder, Edgar A. Payne, with vision and enthusiasm, felt the need and saw the possibilities of establishing an Art Gallery in this growing art colony with an art association to care for and direct its activities.

With the assistance of laymen and artists alike, the old town hall was remodeled, electric lights installed, and the first exhibition opened July twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and eighteen, on which day more than three hundred people visited the new gallery.

The Association was formally organized during the following month, and has grown steadily from year to year until there are seven hundred members, one hundred of whom are artists. Besides the yearly memberships with dues at one dollar, the Association has a small but growing list of sustaining members at ten dollars a year, and nine life members who have each paid one hundred or more dollars into the building fund. This is an interest-bearing fund which has been growing steadily through the gifts of its friends and the returns from the Indian Pageant given by the Association in nineteen hundred and twenty-one, until it is now nearly twenty-five hundred dollars.

The increasing expenses of the Association made it necessary to find a larger income than was received from memberships and commissions on sales, so it was decided to charge ten cents admission to the Gallery. This solved the financial problem and provided an adequate working fund.

In August, nineteen twenty-three, the location for the new gallery was decided upon, liberal terms secured and already nearly the entire amount raised. The location is ideal, on the first headland of the Cliffs, overlooking the town and ocean, beside the new Coast Boulevard, where it can be found easily and enjoyed by all with the least possible effort. Such a site, so near the heart of the village, will insure the future usefulness of the Gallery which it is hoped may soon be built.

In memory of the date of founding, the August exhibition has been called the Anniversary Exhibition, and through the generosity of friends prizes have been offered which have added a special interest and stimulation to this mid-summer show which sets it apart as the most important of the six exhibits hung during the year.

The Association not only keeps the Laguna Beach Art Gallery open to the public with a competent curator in charge every afternoon, but it also sends out a traveling exhibition of small pictures to libraries, schools and clubs, and keeps an exhibition on the walls of St. Ann's Inn in Santa Ana. Thus does it strive to stimulate the appreciation for good pictures in our county and by its regular Saturday night receptions held during the summer months does it help to create a spirit of co-operation and fellowship between the artist and the public.

The guest book showing from ten to fifteen thousand names, representing nearly every State in the Union and twenty foreign countries in a single year, shows the wide scope of its influence.

With visions of larger usefulness ahead, the Association earnestly desires your support and co-operation. We need you and you need us. Together we may do large things in the World of Art.

ANNA A. HILLS
FRANK W. CUPRIEN
WILLIAM A. GRIFFITH
R. CLARKSON COLMAN
WILLIAM WENDT
WILLIAM SWIFT DANIELL
NORMAN CHAMBERLAIN
EDGAR A. PAYNE

LILLIAN PREST FERGUSON
IDA RANDALL BOLLES
LOREN HOLMWOOD
OSCAR KNUTESON
CATHERINE STRODE
KARL YENS
F. CARL SMITH
CURTIS CHAMBERLAIN
IRVING MANOIR
EDITH LOOP

THOUSANDS OF ART LOVERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD VISIT LAGUNA BEACH GALLERY ANNUALLY

LEFT TO RIGHT, MISS ANNA A. HILLS, PRESIDENT LAGUNA BEACH ART ASSOCIATION; MRS. R. CLARKSON COLEMAN, ART CHAIRMAN CALIFORNIA FEDERATION WOMEN'S CLUBS; F. W. CUPRIEN, VICE PRESIDENT ART ASSOCIATION

ART COLONY FEATURES LAGUNA

Genius Finds Inspiration Here and Spreads Fame Of Town Over World

Artists of pen and brush the world around know and love Laguna Beach. In scores of galleries the country over its beauties of coast and hill may be found living again on colorful canvas. In books, magazines and newspapers its wonders are presented to a reading world. Each passing season more visitors come to see for themselves whether eye and hand of genius has overdrawn those wonders and many of these visitors who come in skepticism remain to live in admiration and in faith—to worship at the shrine of rugged coast, golden sunset and stately mountain.

To artists of the brush Laguna Beach has long been known and a considerable colony of them has grown up with the passing years. This colony is constantly being augmented and the "Riviera of America" has no more enthusiastic devotees, no more loyal citizens.

This artist colony and the work that goes out from it into the world is in itself an asset of incalculable value to the town. It includes men and women of national renown as well as many who, spurred on, inspired by their environment are destined to blazon their names on the scroll of fame. And as such fame grows it spread also the renown of Laguna Beach.

About six years ago the Laguna Beach Art association was formed. Its prime purpose was the establishment of an art gallery with an organization to direct its activities. Its founder, Edgar A. Payne, saw the need of such an institution and the residents of the town were quick to grasp its value. Today the association membership includes 700 persons, 100 of whom are artists.

On that roll appear many names of renown. Among them is Wm. Wendt, dean of California painters and interpreter of the wonder world of the out-of-doors, of sea, of mountain and of cove; Joseph Kleitsch whose brush is as much at home in portrait work as it is in interpreting the moods of mountain and sea; Carl Yens, who has won honors in exhibitions in the Old World as well as in the New; Frank W. Cuprien who has achieved high awards and whose marines are characterized by golden glow and sparkling irridescence of sand and sea. The list is long. It might, a few weeks ago, have been headed by the name of Conway Griffith, dean of the colony, but Griffith died recently in the fulnes of his genius. Emily White, prominent artist, was also recently taken to her reward. There is Curtis Chamberlin, a kindly man now in his 80s, a man old in years but young and enthusiastic in his inspirations and loved by all who know him; there is R. Clarkson Coleman and his good wife whose studio is a treasure chamber of works of art gathered from all

(Continued From Page 17.)

over the world; there is Carl Yens who has travelled widely and whose every picture tells a story. Not all can be listed in detail here but mention must be made of Thomas Hunt, Theodore Jackman, W. A. Griffith, Norman Chamberlin, Anna A. Hills, president of the Art association, Alice Fullerton, Robert Fullerton, Ida Randall Bolles, Ann Robinson, Julia Raymond, Edith Loope, Alice Ring, Ella Hoteling Tanberg, Lillian Prest Ferguson, Catherine Strode and Edgar Payne, founder of the association. And all these are not only artists but public spirited citizens who take part enthusiastically in the activities of the town.

The art gallery is in the center of town and is open each afternoon. Six foreign countries were represented among its visitors in 1922, and twenty-one in 1923, a commentary on the growth of its renown. Frances King Headles is curator. Anna A. Hills is now president, Ida R. Bolles, secretary and Leota Woy, a pen and ink artist of genius, is corresponding secretary.

Last year the Association had a membership drive—the coveted goal is 1000 members—and whether one paints or not he may be one of these for art appreciation, as well as the ability to create art, has a recognized value here. Indeed, it is that very appreciation that is most to be desired, the sentiment the Association seeks most to encourage.

Changes will come.

The beautiful hills will be dotted with homes and the sketching grounds become garden spots or sites for public buildings and the artist will have to go further a-field for some of the subjects that he now has close at hand. And he will do this cheerfully, knowing that the ocean with its wonderful rocks and shore line will always be his.

Today the situation is still much the same as it was a quarter of a century ago when Norman St. Claire, Laguna's pioneer painter, invaded the isolated village and took up his temporary abode there as the sole occupant of the little hotel. Today there is still enough of the primitive to satisfy and tomorrow may take care of itself.

Our own association is becoming better organized and in better working condition, with a number of important changes being made in our rules.

The ambitions and standards of the association are high and being constantly advanced, and a fine spirit of common interest and unity seems to prevail, which will count for more in our future than perhaps any one thing.

THE artists' colony of Laguna Beach is the greatest asset the town possesses when it comes to making the place known to the outside world. I speak from the standpoint of the publicity woman who sees in terms of interest to the world as a whole.

Laguna Beach Art Association

Laguna Beach
California

LBAA

OUR PURPOSE

To advance the knowledge of and interest in art; to create a spirit of co-operation and fellowship between painter and public.

OFFICERS
1923-1924

Anna A. Hills - - - - - - - - President
Wm. A. Griffith - - - - First Vice-President
Karl Yens - - - - - Second Vice-President
A. V. Fullerton - - - - - - - - Treasurer
Ida R. Bolles - - - - - - - - - Secretary
Leota Woy - - - - Corresponding Secretary

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Wm. A. Griffith
Karl Yens
A. V. Fullerton
Ida Randall Bolles
Leota Woy
F. W. Cuprien
R. Clarkson Colman
E. M. DeAhna

Frances King Headlee, Curator

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The guest book showing from ten to fifteen thousand names, representing nearly every state in the Union and twenty foreign countries in a single year, shows the wide scope of its influence.

With visions of larger usefulness ahead, the Association earnestly desires your support and co-operation. We need you and you need us. Together we may do large things in the world of Art.

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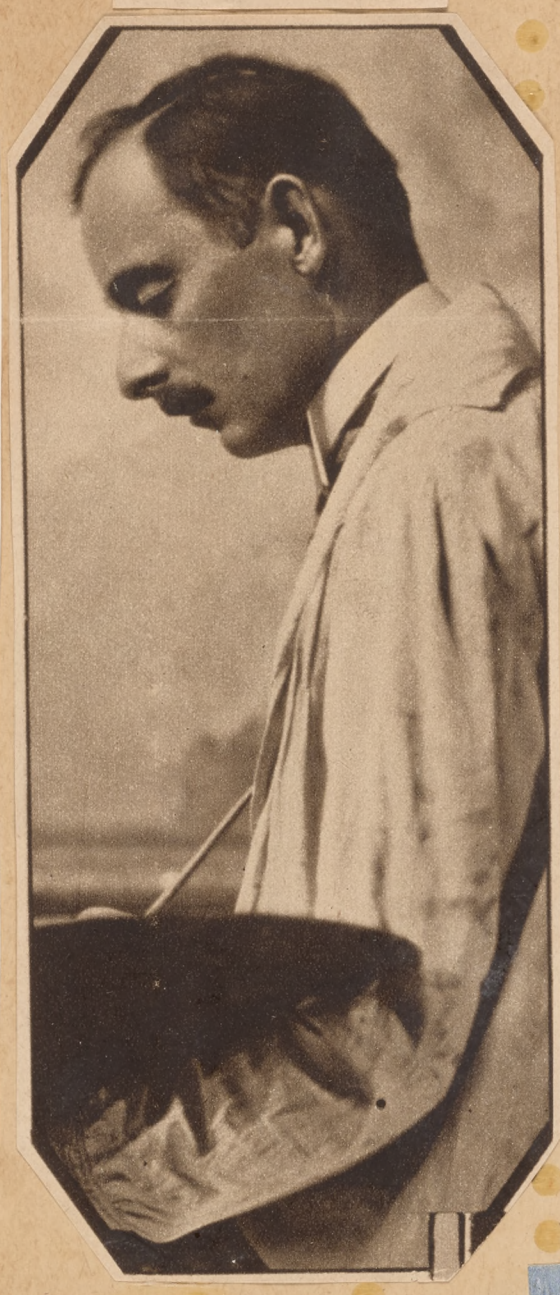
EDGAR PAYNE

Edgar Alwin Payne, founder of the Laguna Beach Art Association who has returned from a three-year residence in Europe. Mr. Payne is to exhibit in the Biltmore Salon during the spring.—*George E. Hurrell Photo*



Pictures made at Laguna Beach, in the high Sierras, in France, Italy and Switzerland will show the extent of Mr. Payne's wanderings of late years, and at the same time reveal the grasp which the painter has on the use of the brush in depicting unusual phases of Nature.

Edgar Payne's power as a painter has never been questioned. But there is beauty as well as energy in all these canvases, and the artist's interpretations are at once poetic and personal. The breadth and freedom of the artist's handling when he gave us those huge pictures of the High Sierras, a few years ago, are not less now than they were then, but he has added a greater intimacy to his work, and he has become more flexible, more versatile, wider of vision.

This artist is, and always has been, a tremendous worker. If genius is a capacity for taking pains, then undoubtedly he has genius. He, himself, no doubt, would be the first to flout such an idea, but he would probably admit, with a modest smile, that he had some talent. We, however, are free to say that he has great talent, and that he is also endowed with an intelligence that impels him to make the most of it.

"The Great White Peak," by Edgar Alwin Payne, which received honorable mention at the Paris Salon in 1923. The painting is now being shown in the museum in Exposition Park.
—*George E. Hurrell Photo*

EDGAR ALWIN PAYNE

Born: Washburn, Missouri, 1882.
Pupil: Art Institute, Chicago.—Principally self-taught.
Member: Chicago Society Artists, Pallette and Chisel Club, Union International Society Beaux Arts, California Art Association, Chicago Institute Alumni.
Organizer and President: Laguna Beach Association, Cal.
Founder: Laguna Beach Gallery, California.
Awards: First prize—Pallette and Chisel Club, Chicago, 1913.
Silver Medal—Sacramento Exposition, 1918
Gold Medal—Sacramento Exposition, 1919.
First prize Landscape "Martin B. Kahn Prize"—Chicago Art Institute, 1920.
First prize Landscape—First Annual Exhibition Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, 1921.
Represented in following Public Museums and private collections:
John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis—"Restless Sea."
Chicago Art Institute, Municipal Collection—"Peaceful Valley."
Lincoln, Nebraska Art Association—"Hills of El Toro."
Peoria Society of Art—"Hills of Martin."
Pacific-Panama International Exposition, San Francisco, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.
Cleveland Museum, Everett Memorial Collection.
Wm. T. Baird Collection, New York, "Infinitude."
Santa Fe Railway collection—"Navajo Country," "Canyon de Chelly."
Wm. Wriggley Collection, Pasadena—"Sea at Laguna."

Checkers are some of the Founding members Camel-Jackson 1/9/63

LAGUNA BEACH ART ASSOCIATION

19 WINTER EXHIBITION 34

Exhibitor Members

Please return to the

EVYLIN MASON ARMSTRONG
1 - Avalon

HELEN BALFOUR
2 - Mountain Meadows
3 - Mountain - Edith Cavil

IDA RANDALL BOLES
4 - Tide Rocks
5 - California Autumn

BENJAMIN C. BROWN
6 - Poppies - Mt. San Antonio

J. VENNERSTROM CANNON
7 - Tong Corner — Removed

CURTIS CHAMBERLAIN
8 - Coast Guard

NORMAN CHAMBERLAIN
9 - Morning - San Juan
10 - The Old Adobe

R. CLARKSON COLMAN
11 - ~~Coming Weather~~ Westward - Sub.

LELAND S. CURTIS
12 - Mountain Crags

SUSIE M. DANDO
13 - Zinnias

CLARA DOONER
14 - In the Rain

ALICE V. FULLERTON
15 - California Garden
16 - ~~Home~~ Sold - Night Fall - Elsinore - Sub.

ARTHUR HILL GILBERT
17 - Xmas Eve - Along the Rincon Flats

WILLIAM A. GRIFFITH
18 - Near Palm Springs
19 - On the Cliffs

ANNA A. HILLS
20 - Where Shadows Play
21 - Spring
22 - Edge of the Village

THOMAS L. HUNT
23 - Sycamores
24 - Laguna Shore

LUCY B. JACK
25 - Sunny Cliffs

BERT W. JOHNSON
26 - Portrait - Relief

WM. LEES JUDSON
27 - Twilight Hour

JOSEPH KLEITO
28 - Reina (Portrait)

PAUL LAURIT
29 - The Old Farm

JEAN MANHEIM
30 - Gray Morning - Laguna

BEULAH MAY
31 - Rose Maiden
32 - Talcot
33 - Ruth

EVYLENA NUNN MILLER
34 - Palms of Malay

HELEN NORTON
35 - Reed Reef

EDGAR PAYNE
36 - Morning Mist — Sold
36 - Vineyard Ty Puthuff

HANSON PUTHUFF
37 - Golden Autumn

JULIE RAYMOND
38 - Wet Weather
39 - ~~Old Landmark~~ Sold - Quiet Waters - Sub.
40 - Laid Up For Repairs Removed

ANNIE ROBINSON
41 - San Juan

F. CARL SMITH
42 - Top of the World

CATHERINE STRODE
43 - A Glimpse of the Sea
44 - 'Gainst Sunset Light
45 - Before the Storm — Sold

MINNIE TINGLE
46 - The Hillside Farm

WILLIAM WENDT
47 - Sunset

KARL YENS
48 - Pearl River
49 - Fertile Soil
50 - God's Precious Gift

Elsie Palmer Payne

Art Association's Show to Hang at Crocker Gallery

THE traveling shows of the Laguna Beach Art Association will hang in the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery at Sacramento during the month of November. The exhibition is sponsored by the Kingsley Art Club of Sacramento and the Laguna Beach pictures are to be the chief subject for the club's opening meeting. The pictures are to be studied and articles are to be read regarding the artists of Laguna Beach and their studios. There are thirty-eight pictures to be hung and practically all of the Laguna Beach artists are represented.

Much interest has been aroused in a gift recently presented to Mr. and Mrs. R. Clarkson Coleman for their studio. It is a model of the bark "Pilgrim," and is correct in every detail. The "Pilgrim" was the boat used by Charles Dana in reaching California and was later made famous in his book, "Two Years Before the Mast."

Nothing could be simplier or more sensible than life among the artists at Laguna Beach. It seems almost like a perpetual holiday, yet results prove that much good work gets done. The atmosphere of freedom from conventionality and of friendly sociability is very delightful. Possibly, in time, the place may be spoiled by the influx of smart fashionable people, as art colonies are apt to be, but at present it is as near the plane of Arcadia as any place on the Pacific Coast.—*W. H. Downes in Boston Transcript.*

"The Laguna Beach Art Colony is the greatest asset the town has at the present time. How fitting that the town should originate propaganda that will not only benefit the colony and make Laguna Beach a great art center, but will prove of value in lifting up the American people to a higher cultural plane. Laguna Beach should broadcast a slogan with this idea: 'Art is a necessity in the home, not luxury.'"

A town which thinks so highly of her artists, is naturally interested in showing their work to the public, to which end the art gallery has always been an important civic institution.

When a man travels sixty miles and back for the purpose of looking at a small gallery of pictures he shows an interest that cannot be considered frivolous. Especially when there is no scarcity of exhibitions very close to hand. The artists at Laguna Beach know this now, if they didn't a year ago, and ever since that memorable protest—which shall henceforth be forgotten—they have always taken any friendly criticisms from me in good part. They know that I am "for them" every time.

There are fifty-five entries in the fifth annual, a fair number of them being pictures that have been seen before, if not at Laguna Beach, then in Los Angeles. At any rate, all the fifty-five are not new to me. But the "repeaters" are all so good that they are more than welcome to art writer and art lover—both of which roles are mine.

I must confess that my last trip to Laguna Beach was a very hasty one, a matter of urgent business, and I did not know, till I arrived, that there was an exhibition on. Too, I had to hasten back to Los Angeles. My visit to the gallery was consequently briefer than it should have been. But I studied the pictures with interest and close attention, taking mental notes, though not written ones, and I shall endeavor to record my "impressions" to the best of my ability, if briefly.

LANDMARK PASSES.

The studio of many artists who have brought fame to themselves and Laguna Beach, the "Paint Box," has fallen a victim to fire. Built by J. N. Isch twenty-two years ago, when Laguna Beach was rural, many notables in the world of art, finance, literature, medicine and business, have crossed its threshold to view the works of the painters. The old house had a peculiar charm and an ideal location. Norman St. Clair, pioneer artist of the Laguna Beach colony, occupied it with his family, so that it will remain indelibly in the history of Laguna Beach as an art center.

The Art Gallery's exhibits provide opportunity to study work of many artists. It is a magnet which lures artists and kindred souls of congenial tastes. It creates an environment of encouragement and inspiration to the art student and artist. The lectures disseminate art principles and knowledge of general interest to artists.

LOS ANGELES
WHITTIER BLVD.
TELEGRAPH ROAD
WHITTIER
HUNTINGTON PARK
DOWNEY
LA HABRA
NORWALK
FULLERTON
ANAHEIM
LONG BEACH
SAN PEDRO
SANTA ANA
HUNTINGTON BEACH
IRVINE
NEWPORT
BALBOA
LAGUNA CANYON
PACIFIC OCEAN
LAGUNA

Our Hope

Services Tomorrow For Famous Laguna Artist Are Outlined

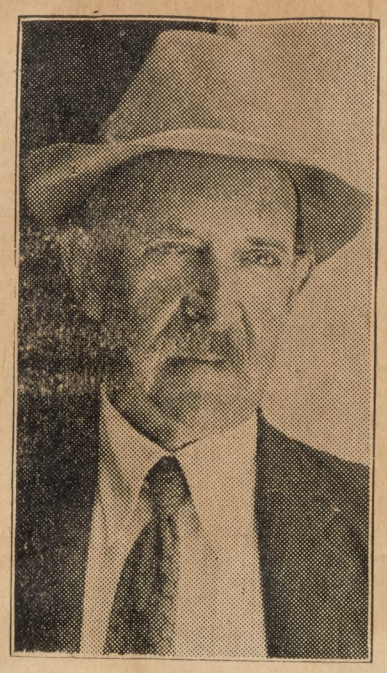
Arrangements were completed today for funeral services to be held tomorrow at 2:30 p. m. at the Winbigler Mission Funeral home here for Conway Griffith, rominent Western painter, who died suddenly of heart failure Monday night at his home at Laguna Beach.

Armand Griffith of Santa Barbara, prominent for years in the Middle West as an art critic and connected a long time with the Detroit Museum of Art, arrived here last night and preparations for his brother's funeral at once were begun.

Decision that no inquest would be held was reached when it became known that Dr. E. C. Day, of Laguna Beach, had been treating Dr. Griffith for some time for heart trouble. Dr. Day was to sign a death certificate today.

Mr. Griffith was born in Ohio June 10, 1863. His surviving relatives are, beside Armand Griffith, another brother, Charles Griffith, of Dayton, O., and three sisters, the Misses Georgiana and Genevieve Griffith of Santa Barbara, and Mrs. Ida G. Wallace, Buffalo, N. Y.

CONWAY GRIFFITH



Conway Griffith---1863-1924

Conway Griffith recently sold two of his large paintings.

'GRIFF' HONORED IN MEMORY OF OLD FRIENDS

Conway Griffith, beloved Laguna Beach artist, was remembered by a host of friends on Wednesday, the anniversary of his death. Floral tributes to friendship were laid on the grave in Santa Ana where he was so tenderly laid away.

Brayton Norton Speaks.

Postmaster Brayton S. Norton, one of the friends who had felt the magic spell of the artist, said:

"Conway Griffith filled a peculiar niche in life. He lived not only for his works but for his fellowmen. He tried to understand them and to help them. It doesn't seem as if he is gone, for his personality never will be forgotten. That part of him will live forever. The grave in which he is buried is formed like an arrowhead. Evergreens stand guard at the foot and head and there he will rest forever from his labors of kind deeds in the world he loved."

Nick's Remembrance

J. N. Isch, with whom Conway Griffith passed many a pleasant hour, said of him:

"Whenever or wherever you met 'Griff' he was a gentleman. He was a real man and a man in a million. Not only was he an artist, but he had an insight into human nature that few men possess, and he loved his fellowmen. It is hard for me to believe that 'Griff' has passed away from us. He will live in my memory always."

TO CONWAY GRIFFITH

(BY M. J. H.)

Strangely desolate it is,
Conway Griffith's sylvan place;
Flowers bloom and birds sing on,
Knowing not its emptiness.
Sweet and gentle was the soul,
Made itself this pretty nest;
Free from meanness, just and fine,
Full of humor's kindly zest.
Who would dream we'd miss you so,
That so wide a hold you had;
All the town is mourning you—
Conway, all the town is sad.

Emily White

EMILY WHITE

Bon Voyage, Bonne Amie

A tall, slender, graceful figure of quiet mien, generally clad in simple corduroys, pursuing her way along Laguna roads or about her work, very familiar to the dwellers here—that was Emily White.

When you approached her you found a personality of gentle dignity, with a warm, responsive smile which was very winning, and was an index of a wealth of human sympathy and understanding.

You did not come upon this knowledge all at once, for Miss White was a woman of reserves, and to reach the real woman you had to come a little more than half way.

She was among the first of the artists to reach and appreciate Our Village, having come about sixteen years ago, and her allegiance never wavered, though she deprecated some of the changes.

She loved the simple and great things of nature and of life and strove to give expression to this through her gifts as an artist, and the development of the beautiful around her.

Her work as a miniature painter and water-colorist had a recognition and patrons over a wide territory, and many were the pilgrimages to her simple, tasteful studio in its simple setting, which seemed so much a part of herself, and was largely the work of her own adept hands.

She rendered loyal and capable service as a member of The Laguna Beach Art Association, serving as Secretary for a time.

Miss White found many activities in the community, always showing a spirit of helpfulness and that true courtesy which manifests itself in service.

Many know that notwithstanding her apparent conservatism, she liked people, and had a faculty for friendship.

Music was one of her enthusiasms, and she was no mean violinist, and a part of a very happy little musical circle, but so modest that few knew of this gift.

She was a fine comrade on an outing or sketching trip, so dauntless in spirit and ready for anything, with a gentle thoughtfulness most pleasing.

Her feet were on the earth but her vision was a broad one, and this line of Van Dyke's seems to fit her well: "So through the world the foot-path way he trod."

The gallant figure of Emily White will be long missed in and about Laguna.

Ida Randall Bolles

Just across the way and along a little winding path is hidden the studio of Emily White. As you approach her front garden you are possessed with a feeling of absolute rest and peace. The path leading to the front door is edged with boulders brought up by Miss White herself from the seashore. Her garden is a profusion of flowers and quaint trees. Outside the door hangs a rope. We pull rather nervously at this. Clang! clang! goes the cow bell which is attached, there is a sound of soft footsteps, the door is opened wide and you are confronted by Miss White. You feel she might have stepped out of one of George Eliot's books as she stands there smiling a welcome. As you step inside you are struck with the artistic simplicity of everything. What wonders this gentle lady has accomplished all by herself. The mere shell of the house was built by a carpenter, but everything else has been constructed by the delicate, but practical hands of the artist.

The walls are completely covered by Dutch East Indian matting deftly sewn together and adorned by some choice specimens of her work in water color. The artist has also fallen a victim in a measure to the beauties of the sea and is moved with profound admiration of masterly handling of that most difficult subjects, the breaking surf. She has worked with many famous people, such as Jules Guerion, whose exhibition at San Francisco obtained for him wide notoriety. Miss White is also a painter of miniatures and we saw some exquisite specimens of her dainty work. One of the most interesting objects in her studio is an ancient organ which lends an antique air to her room. It was found in an old, old barn and being useless was cast out upon the Laguna highway where it lay for many a long day waiting to be adopted by some kind person. But nobody seemed to want it until one day Miss White chanced along and taking pity upon its forlorn old state had it carted to her studio where she removed the keys, redecorated its worm-eaten panels, polished its surface and now uses it as a receptacle for her paintings.

Before passing on we lingered a moment in her garden and admired its loveliness. As we left we turned to wave good-by to the silent figure silhouetted against the blue sky.

riffith Sketching in Santiago Canyon

WILLIAM A. GRIFFITH left Monday for a sketching trip in Santiago Canyon, the scene of the painting which won first prize for him at the Riverside Fair this year. He returns today.

William Griffith's pastels from Laguna Beach have the color and charm that lead to popularity—and incidentally to the "advertising" of the beauty of our shores. His "Divers' Cove," shown in a recent exhibition at Santa Cruz, was so well liked that it was reproduced in the March number of The Argus.

William A. Griffith has sold "The Desert Road." It will be hung in the Corona High School, where Mr. Griffith has just closed an exhibition of his paintings.

ART LECTURE

William A. Griffith is holding an exhibition of his work in the High School at Corona. Monday Mr. Griffith will give a lecture before the school, speaking in connection with his pictures.

Pastel is handled with directness and power in William A. Griffith's "Near Palm Springs," yet I like even better his oil, "On the Cliffs," where blues and grays are handled with great refinement, but still without loss of vitality.

William A. Griffith occupies one whole panel of the Gallery wall with his "Desert Verbenas." Filled with charming color effects and with a foreground of the pink verbenas of the desert, Mr. Griffith has used the deeper tones of the purple and rose sunset as a background. The mountains rise in the background.

[illegible] Honorable mention went to William A. Griffith's bright pastel study of sand and figures and umbrellas from Laguna Beach, "Diver's Cove." To [illegible]

MASTER OF PASTEL ART

FORMER K. U. INSTRUCTOR'S EXHIBIT IN LOS ANGELES PRAISED.

California Scenes, Rich in Vibrant Color, Predominate in Sixteen Landscapes, the Work of William A. Griffith.

Sixteen landscapes in pastel by William A. Griffith of Laguna Beach, Cal., for twenty-one years the head of the art department of the University of Kansas, have aroused enthusiasm in Los Angeles, where they were exhibited recently, the Los Angeles Times says.

The artist, who was a pupil in Paris under Jules Lefebvre and Benjamin Constant, has a happy faculty of blending the rich colors without smudging them, according to the Los Angeles Times critics. The little cones of colored chalk have all the vital energy of tubes of oil paint and, in painting, the results that may be obtained by them are not in any way inferior. With this added gain, the pastel gives a bloom a delicate refinement of vibratory tone that it is next to impossible to get with a smear of oil paint.

Nor is the pastel less lasting than the oil. Properly shielded by glass it will live through the centuries, keeping its original freshness as no oil painting can possibly do, since all oils darken with exposure to light and air. Therefore, the popular superstition that pictures painted in pastel are ephemeral is absolutely without foundation.

CLEAN-CUT STROKES.

Griffith never smudges his pastels, he never resorts to the easy trick of scumbling them together and thus attaining an "effect" without effort. Each stroke of the cryon is as clear-cut and individual as the line of a pencil drawing, the colors are placed side by side, and occasionally one is superimposed on another for the sake of the blended color or a more subtle harmony.

He draws beautifully, all his forms have the solid precision of Nature itself, though they are never topographic in spite of the fact that he works a good deal out of doors, often painting his entire picture in the open. The result is great brilliancy and beauty of color, a bit of landscape that sings to the beholder, a truly lyric piece. Griffith gives us true esthetic form with the lyricism.

PORTRAYS DESERT FLOWERS.

Every picture in the gallery is worthy of close study. One of the loveliest is the autumnal scene called "Sycamore," a scheme of pale blues and melting winey colors. In several of his subjects Griffith handles the flowers of the desert—those endless acres of yellows and pinks and purples—with consummate skill, making real pictures of them, pictures that are as lovely as the flowers. Generally the California poppy is an almost impossible subject for a picture, in spite of the tourist's predilections for a "souvenir," but Griffith has subdued it without permitting any loss of orange luster. So with the wild verbena and the lupin—all are placed in schemes of perfect harmony and delightful contrast. Notable among these studies of desert and flowers are "Sand Verbena," "April Near Palm Springs," "Antelope Valley" and "Beyond Baldy," the last named being a truly remarkable study of poppy fields.

Griffith gives us peach trees in bloom, green foreground pleasances, eucalyptus sparkling in the sun, mountains and hills lost in dream wunderment at the beauty of the world they look down upon. He is as truly a poet as he is a painter.

William A. Griffith is exhibiting several interesting landscapes and marines at the Ebell Club, Pomona, during the month of April. There will be about fifteen canvases in the exhibit, which was secured through Miss Alice Ring, Chairman of the art department of the Ebell Club and a member of the Laguna Beach Art Association.

Wiliam A. Griffith is exhibiting at the Ebell Club, Pomona, the exhibition having been secured by Miss Alice Ring of the Ebell Art Committee. Mr. Griffith sent over twelve pastels and oils, including "A Lonely Road," "And the Desert Shall Rejoice and Blossom Like the Rose," "Mt. San Gorgonio," "After the Rain," "Monterey Pines," "The Old Oak Tree," "Smoke Trees," "San Fernando Valley," "Departing Day," "Opal Sea," "Coward's Cove" and "Nicholai Fechin Sketching."

At the studio of William A. Griffith last Monday evening the Monday Night Club of Santa Ana was entertained. A lecture by Mr. Griffith on Art was the feature of the evening.

"Visions of great things are before us. Great responsibilities are ours. We must soon decide the exact kind of an Art Gallery we want to build and then work out ways and means of doing it. We have set ourselves a splendid task and already we begin to feel the thrill of accomplishment.

"With sincere appreciation of the loyal support of the officers who served with me, I now turn over the future of the Association to our new President, William A. Griffith, and his assistants. May we have your loyal support in the strenuous but splendid year that is ahead."

William A. Griffith, in taking the chair as the new President of the Laguna Beach Art Association, asked for the support of the association in the future as it has stood by the retiring President. Said Mr. Griffith, "I hope that I may keep up the standard that has been attained and it is only with your support that I can reach that goal."

Mr. Griffith did not make a long speech. He got right down to business with the announcement of his choice for the various committees and his calling for the Secretary's report on the various legal phases through which the association had to pass to become owner of the property they acquired:

W. Griffith

LAGUNA BEACH ART ASSOCIATION

19 SPRING EXHIBITION 24

Please return to the desk.

HELEN BALFOUR
1-Santa Paula Valley

IDA RANDALL BOLLES
2 -Cloudy Morning

J.V.CANNON
3-In the Plaza-Tucson
4-Still Life

CURTIS CHAMBERLAIN
5-After the Rain
6-The Reef – Sold
6- " " – Sold

NORMAN CHAMBERLAIN
7-A Sketch

R. CLARKSON COLMAN
8-Wild Buckwheat

F. W. CUPRIEN
9-Golden Sunset – Sold
9-A Summer Day - Sold

LOUISE EVERETT
10-The Surging Sea

MARY EVERETT
11-A Summer Bouquet

LILLIAN PRESTON FERGUSON
12-In the Shadow of the Cross
13-Old Baldy

A. V. FULLERTON
14-First Touch of Autumn
15-May Morning
16-In Old San Juan

ARTHUR HILL GILBERT
17-Threatening Weather

J. DUNCAN GLEASON
18-After the Rain Sold
19-Dorothy
Study for the Whaler

CONWAY GRIFFITH
20-The Lowland

WM. A. GRIFFITH
21-Early Spring
22-Green Woods

M. J. HAIG
23-Idlewild

A. J. HAMMOND
24-Monterey Coast

ANNA A. HILLS
25-Frances

CLARENCE K. HINCKLE
26-A. Sketch

THOMAS I HUNT
27-Morning Light

THEODORE JACKMAN
28-The Model

WM. LEES JUDSON
29-A Canyon Trail

JOSEPH KLEITCH
30-Portrait - Grace

EVELYNA NUNN MILLER
31-Tokyo Harbor

EDGAR PAYNE
32-Desert Peaks
33-A Mountain Lake

E. GREEN PERINE
34-On the Way to the Hills

JULIE RAYMOND
35-Where the Fish are Unloaded
36-The Old Wharf

HELEN SMITH
37-The Blue Bowl

CATHARINE STROBE
38-To the Sea

MINNIE TINGLE
39-Autumn

HAROLD WEAVER
40-Dawn - Arizona Desert

WILLIAM WENDT
41-Tangled Sycamores

NONA WHITE
42 -October Woods - Illinois

MAX WIECZOREK
43-Portrait -
Mrs. Arthur Smitz

KARL YENS
44-Grandmother

There have been some changes: Mrs. Headlie, the former curates having been called away, and Mrs. Lee taking her place. Death has come into our midst and removed two much beloved and active members, Emily White and Conway Griffith, and several associate members have also been taken.

FRANK B. CHAMPION, (President Chamber of Commerce)—The Art Association is one of the important organizations of Laguna Beach supported by many noted artists, also many people of this community and elsewhere. The artists have had a large colony here for many years, this being one of the finest places on the coast for securing some of the best subjects for their work. The work of the artists of Laguna Beach is known far and wide, and through efforts of the members of the Art Association. It will be a wonderful boost for the artists when they have their beautiful Art Gallery completed; it will be a monument to their efforts and I am sure the residents of the city are back of the movefent 100 pe rcent. Yours for future success.

Noted Sculptor Has Taken L. A. Studio

ROGER NOBEL BURNHAM is living in Los Angeles as a permanent citizen. The noted sculptor has taken a studio on West Third Street near Vermont Avenue. His home is at 643 South New Hampshire Street.

Mr. Burnham, with Mrs. Burnham, came down from Berkeley, where they had been invited by the Chamber of Commerce to make their home, after a five-year stay in the Hawaiian Islands. Berkeley was able to hold the sculptor and his wife but two years.

Mr. Burnham is associated with the Otis Art School, and is a member of the Committee on Art and Education sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. Burnham is a dramatic interpreter and producer, and with Mr. Burnham was a member of Professor Baker's celebrated "Workshop 47" of Havard.

Art Association Head Pleads for Town Beautiful

By ANNA A. HILLS.

TO LAGUNA BEACH LIFE—Greetings:

At this anniversary season it gives me great pleasure to express not only my personal appreciation of the interest you have shown in the art and artists of Laguna Beach but also do I wish to express the appreciation of the Art Association whose interests you have always so gladly presented in your pages.

You have considered the artist colony an asset to our village and have recognized the fact that the work of the Art Association has brought the best kind of publicity—and attracted the finest kind of visitors. For this we thank you and at the same time seek your continued co-operation in our effort to work out our ideals for Laguna Beach.

We want our village to become more beautiful, for we believe that beauty has an influence for good which can bring to the humblest home joy and gladness. Can we not all strive to make of Laguna Beach the most beautiful town in Orange County? Nature has given us a wonderful start. It remains for us to so plant our gardens with trees and shrubs and flowering plants that we shall make of each one a perfect picture.

A critical observer from the East said to me not long ago that a little well directed planting was all that was needed to make of Laguna the most attractive town she had seen. And so I ask you, Mr. and Mrs. Editor, to carry this appeal to the citizens of Laguna Beach, that they may each have a part in making this perfect picture. Urge them to plant trees for the painter to paint, the visitor to admire and everyone to love, for so shall we make of our village an ideal place in which to live.

DISPLAY OF PAINTINGS BY MISS A. V. FULLERTON TO BE SHOWN AT INN ADOBE

By MARGARET SEBURN

Pre-eminently a painter of trees, Miss A. V. Fullerton of the Laguna art colony has brought a group of interesting paintings to the adobe gallery of the Mission Inn. Miss Fullerton has a decided feeling for trees, and her pictures of trees stand out in this collection.

Eucalypti at Laguna beach form the inspiration for "Grey Mood," a water color study of charm and feeling. "Haze of Moon," another water color tree picture, entrances the onlooker.

Mysterious in its soft dull greens, lighted by a cloudy moon, "L'Heure d'Amour" holds the imagination.

Another tree picture of charm is called "Misty Moisty Morning," depicting eucalypti at Arch Beach.

Alice Fullerton to Exhibit New Works

MISS ALICE V. FULLERTON is to have an exhibit of her recent work, done in Zion Park and Bryce Canyon, in the Woman's Clubhouse. These sketches are most colorful and will give the onlooker a splendid idea of the gorgeous country which Miss Fullerton has so ably translated through the medium of her water colors.

Atmospheric in everything she does, Alice Fullerton has surpassed herself in her "A Moisty, Misty Day." It is all poetry. It is a typical Fullerton bit.

"A Misty, Moisty Day," by Alice Fullerton, was as good as sold last Sunday, but the artist could not be located and so the deal is still in the making.

Older Children Hear Art Talks at Old Gallery

THE class in Art Appreciation last Friday at the Art Gallery was addressed by Miss Alice Fullerton. She had for her audience the children of the seventh and eighth grades. Miss Fullerton, with a blackboard and a piece of chalk did wonders in showing to the children the difference that lines will make in a composition. She gave them a definite idea of how to form a composition that would bear investigation by an artist and brought their attention to the various ways in which artists choose to carry their public into the scene painted. The pupils showed a keen appreciation of this talk when they were allowed to examine the Gallery exhibition and proved that Miss Fullerton's words had not fallen on unfertile ground. Miss Fullerton has promised one of her own paintings of the San Juan Mission to the school as have many other of the artists of the Laguna Beach art colony.

ALICE FULLERTON PAINTER OF DREAMY WATER COLORS

"To make the picture say what I see in nature is the hard think in art," says Miss Alice Fullerton. "It simply means work, work, work. No one can give this ability to another nor can it be bought wih money. It must come from within.

"Although I do oils and pastels, I rather specialize on water colors. They are so easy to take on sketching trips.

"The illustration above is entitled 'Misty Moods of Morning,' though it was named 'Fairy Woods' for the Pageant program.

"I made up the composition from different places in the village.

"I love the eucalyptus trees and the dreamy shadow effects which can be obtained from woodland scenes."

From the Griffith place I went to Alice V. Fullerton's home on Jasmine Street. Miss Fullerton was gone; the house was sad-looking and the windows were shaded. The only cheerful looking thing was an enormous pink rose blooming in the front yard.

Miss Alice Fullerton has been away for some days. The door is closed and her studio is forlorn. The reporter in the little old Ford misses the Peter Pan smile of the painter who lives in the forlorn looking studio when the painter is not there.

Alice V. Fullerton's "Tahunga" is a dainty water color. Full of action, the picture shows a babbling brook dancing over stones and rocks.

Alice Fullerton's Pictures of Canyon Shown by Santa Fe

Miss Fullerton's bit, "The Old Adobe," is beautifully toned.

A letter was also read from Miss Alice V. Fullerton, who is motoring through Yellowstone Park, following a trip to the Grand Canyon via Bryce Canyon and Zion Park. In the letter she says: "I am having the time of my life."

MISS ALICE V. FULLERTON is in Zion National Park, journeying along easily and camping by the way. A trip to the north rim of the Grand Canyon and the scenic splendors of Bryce Canyon has been included.

THE paintings of Bryce Canyon and Zion National Park which Alice V. Fullerton brought back with her last Summer are now on exhibition in the Los Angeles ticket office of the Union Pacific Railroad through the effort of C. E. Miller, publicity manager for the road.

Miss Fullerton's Show at Riverside Is Warmly Praised

MARGARET Seburn in writing of Alice V. Fullerton's exhibition at the Mission Inn, Riverside, said:

"Pre-eminently a painter of trees, Miss A. V. Fullerton of the Lagune art colony has brought a group of interesting paintings to the adobe gallery of the Mission Inn. Miss Fullerton has a decided feeling for trees, and her pictures of trees stand out in this collection.

"Eucalyptus at Laguna Beach form the inspiration for "Grey Mood," a water color study of charm and feeling. "Haze of Moon," another water color tree picture, entrances the onlooker.

"Mysterious in its soft dull greens, lighted by a cloudy moon, "L'Heure d'Amour" holds the imagination.

"Another tree picture of charm is called "Misty Moisty Morning," depicting eucalyptus at Arch Beach.

"Miss Fullerton finds her great pleasure in the use of water color, varying this medium with oils and pastel. Several pictures of the little known Bryce and Zion canyons in Southern Utah are of interest, the contrast between water colors and pastel being noted especially here.

"Lovers of Capistrano Mission will rejoice in the several studies of this enchanting spot which are included in the collection.

"While Miss Fullerton has a subtle feeling for fog, she has a clear sunlight which glows in several of her pictures, notably 'Balboa Park, San Diego.' Two smaller pictures are of interest, "The Old House," now purchased by the Laguna Woman's Club for the clubhouse, and "Place of Memories."

Ida Randall Bolles

Mrs. Ida Randall Bolles, one of the older members of the colony and now secretary of the Art Assoiciation, gets the inspiration for her painting mainly from the ocean. She is one of those, too, who have given of themselves as well as of their art for the upbuilding of the Association and the things for which it stands.

Studio Going Up

Ida Randall Bolles is having built a studio with two apartments and double garage. The studio is of brick and faces the boulevard. The rest of the building is of stucco and faces the sea. Ropp and Mackey are the contractors. The building probably will be ready for occupancy by about April 15. The building is on Coast Boulevard between Brooks and Oak Streets.

—o—

Counterfeit Presentments—XIV

Rather a handsome chap, isn't he? Tall and square-jawed and everything. Oh, you know—sort of distinguished looking.

But he certainly looks proud and haughty. He must be awfully successful—and you know how we feel about successful artists. Somehow or other we soften up wonderfully to the artist who's hitting rock-bottom hard. But show us a haughty, handsome, successful painter, and—why the deuce do we stiffen up?

That chap paints well, he surely does. Not in a thousand years could I make rocks and hills so absolutely lifelike, and not in a thousand more should I want to. They're just too altogether perfect to satisfy me. His painting is distressingly good—and the public knows it, and he knows it, and we know it.

But for one man to be handsome, and capable, and successful is too much of a good thing. Let's throw mud at him.

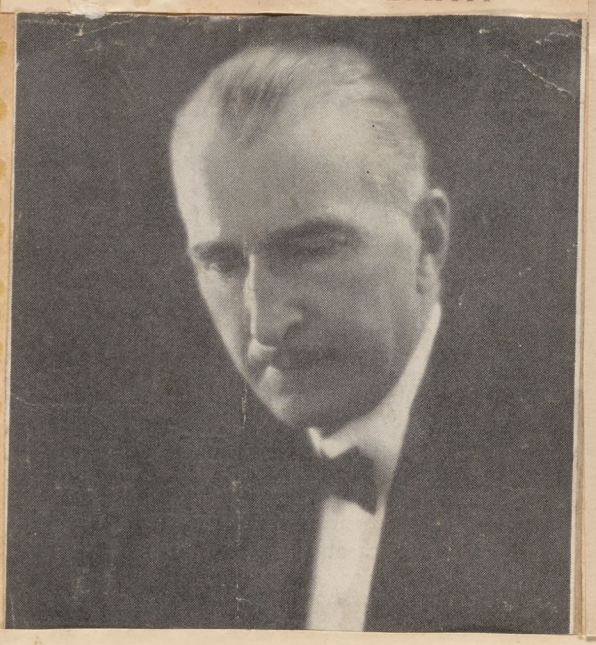
He's cold as a clam. He never smiles so you can smile back. He's so darned well poised he gets on my perves. He wears a dress suit as though he liked it. He ignores us jealous chaps as though we made no difference in hi[s] scheme of things—and of cour[se] we don't.

Everyone admires him. [E]veryone knows his pictures. [He] forever winning prizes and [sell]ing large canvases at large pr[ices]

Drat him!

His name is very ordi[nary] anyway.—[Benjamin Blue.

JACK WILKINSON SMITH



Born, Paterson, New Jersey, 1883. Studied at Cincinnati Art Academy and Chicago Art Institute. First Vice-President California Art Club. Member: Municipal Art Commission, Los Angeles; Ten Painters Club; Cincinnati Art Club. Silver Medal, San Diego Exposition, 1915; Bronze Medal, San Diego Exposition, 1916; Silver Medal, Sacramento Exposition, 1917; Silver Medal, Sacramento Exposition, 1918; First Prize, Liberty Fair, 1918.

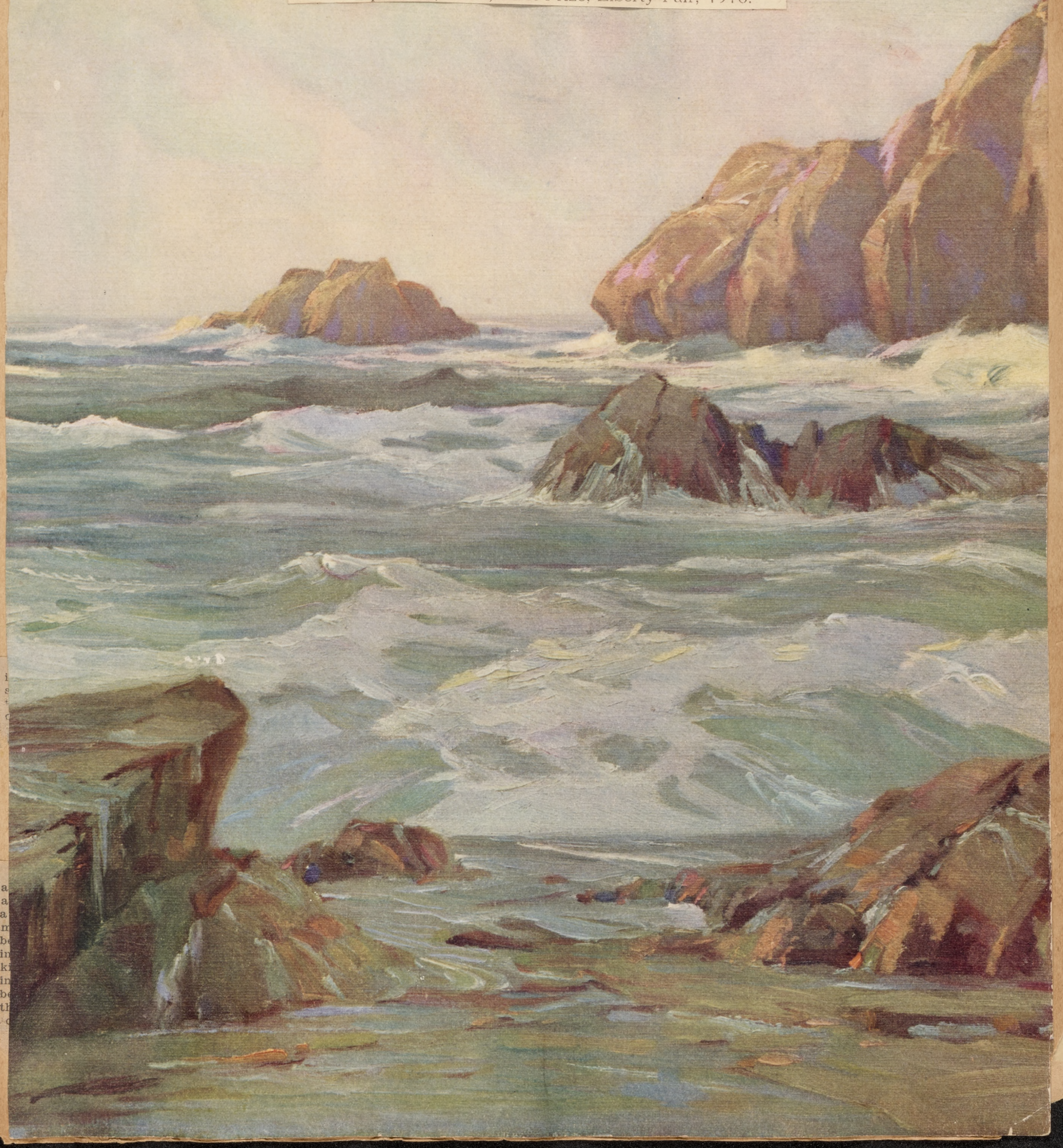
"JACK WILKINSON SMITH is today one of the best known artists in California. He has practically developed his art in this section, and long camping trips into the wilds have brought him in touch with every phase of the West.

His feeling for vast aerial perspective and organization of masses, combined with an understanding of elemental forces, lift his landscape renderings above the mere pictorial quality.

Mr. Smith paints the West with the feeling and understanding of a true Westerner, the happy result of his long years of careful observation and study."

Jack Wilkinson Smith's exhibition at the Biltmore salon is especially redolent of California and Smith's love for the West. The exhibit is practically a marine one. Mr. Smith has been a Laguna Beach visitor for years and has painted here many times.

JACK WILKINSON SMITH



ARTHUR HILL GILBERT

THE OLD WHITE BARN — BY ARTHUR HILL GILBERT

The son of a business man, Arthur Hill Gilbert, living in Chicago, as boy and youth, dropped naturally into a business career. But it did not continue for long. Luckily for him, he has a brother-in-law who is a distinguished painter, and young Arthur, obeying a healthy impulse, used to go sketching with him. A delightful pastime at first, but soon turning into a habit, a recurrent necessity. Business be—well, business soon took a second place in his life, and now it has no place at all.

California turned the trick. If Arthur Hill Gilbert had remained in Chicago he might possibly have turned his back on painting and returned to business. We cannot know. But we do know that he did no such thing in Los Angeles, for he looked toward the Sierra Madres and yielded to his love for landscape. The wisdom of this whole-hearted surrender cannot be doubted when we study the present exhibition of pictures from his brush in the Biltmore Salon.

Gilbert's sincerity of outlook, coupled with a genuine talent, has brought him a due reward. Nor is our gain less than his, for he is rapidly taking rank among the strongest of Southern California's landscape painters, and this means that he is already ministering generously to our need for beauty, and that he will continue to do so in ever-increasing degrees.

Indeed, the rapidity of his advance as a painter is no news to the faithful readers of this column. It has been spoken of here more than once. The spirit of Southern California is not one of hostility to art; rather, we are beginning to welcome it as one of our urgent necessities, and we are more than eager to give the artist his place in the sun. Nor do we deny him his booth in the market-place—we have learned to realize that he has something very valuable to sell.

ARTHUR GILBERT AT ATHLETIC CLUB

Five of Arthur Hill Gilbert's recent landscapes of Southern California are on exhibition at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. They will remain there to Christmas. They are among the most admirable examples of his work, and they declare the freshness and variety of his talent.

I hailed Arthur Gilbert as one of our coming men the very first time I saw one of his canvases. I believe the occasion was an exhibition held by the Laguna Beach Art Association, and I had journeyed down to the village by the sea to study the show for your delectation and mine. I thought I saw that Gilbert on the way, and he has been going steadily ever since.

Of course, he hasn't "arrived" as yet. It takes a painter a long time to reach the goal, and Gilbert is still a very young man—for 30 is decidedly young for an artist. But I am sure that some day he will get there with both feet—to put it vulgarly, but forcibly. After all, if he is running the race—as he surely is—that's exactly how he will get there, isn't it? If "life is a race where some succeed while others are beginning," as the poet assures us it is, why, so is art.

The Gilbert brush, never thin and dry, has become even fuller and juicier than ever in California, and as a colorist the artist is expanding and blossoming like a flower—a rich tropical flower, at that. Wherever red is found, Gilbert pounces on it. Where the grass grows green, he is to be found. He introduces them into compositions that are built up "with a bigness," for this artist is never pinched and meager, even in his failures—for, of course, he has them, in common with all other painters.

Sincerely
Arthur Gilbert

ORIGINAL OIL PAINTING
BY
ARTHUR HILL GILBERT

TITLE _____

¶ Arthur Hill Gilbert was born in Chicago in 1893 and took his preliminary art work in the evening classes of the Chicago Art Institute where his pictures have since been accepted for important exhibitions.

¶ During the World's War he served as a Lieutenant with the U. S. Battleship Fleet in European waters and upon the signing of the Armistice received permission from the Navy Department to paint in France. Later, through the Navy Department, he had an opportunity to paint the beautiful landscape of the West Indies, including Cuba, Jamaica and Barbadoes.

¶ In Chicago he was a member of the Society of Chicago Artists and since taking up his residence in Los Angeles has been elected an associate member of the California Art Club.

P. and S. Club Will Move to New Home

THE Painters' and Sculptors' Club of Los Angeles will be housed in a new home the first part of April, according to an announcement made by Paul Lauritz. The new home is to be at 4715 South Wilton Place and was formerly the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Tingle. Mrs. Tingle was better known as Minnie Tingle and her pictures have been hung in the Laguna Beach Art Gallery at many shows.

The gift of the Tingle home was made in memoriam for Mrs. Tingle for the advancement of art. The new club home will include exhibition galleries and working studios.

MUSEUM HANGS MISSIONS ART

Canvases by Minnie Tingle Find Home in Gallery

Fullness of Artist's Talent Disclosed in Paintings

Love of State Finds Vent in Art Studies and Verse

BY S. FRED HOGUE

Some paint for profit and some for fame; but others paint to give an expression to the emotions that stir their souls in the contemplation of nature in all its wondrous beauty. In this small but generally highly talented group may be classed the late Minnie Tingle, whose canvases of the twenty-two California missions received a permanent home last week in the historical section of the Los Angeles Museum at Exposition Park.

Minnie Tingle loved California. And she loved to give expression on canvas to the emotions that stirred her breast when she was alone with this nature; in the morning when the lupins were still damp with the dew and the poppies were opening their petaled lips to the first caresses of the rays of the returning sun; and at sunset when the lengthening shadows from the purple hills stretched across the flower-tapestried valleys. She took her noon siesta with the birds and bees, for the colors she loved were produced by a mingling of light and shadow.

She loved the picturesque spots where the Franciscan fathers located the missions. They were her friends, and she loved to sit before her easel in the twilight and listen to the spirit voices that whispered quaint legends of the past as she painted. Her sunsets on the old missions of California, painted about three years ago, form a group of historical canvases that add to the art treasures of the Southland.

Minnie M. Tingle

best.

Her life was as beautiful as her art.

MISSION PICTURES LEFT TO MUSEUM

In the recent death of Minnie Tingle, landscape painter, we lost not only an artist of much talent but a devoted and constant worker for the cultural advancement of Los Angeles. A woman of high ideals, she was tireless in her efforts to realize them.

Mrs. Tingle spent the entire year of 1924 in painting the beautiful and historic missions of California, journeying from one to the other. For each of these pictures she wrote a descriptive sonnet, for she was a poet in words as well as in paint. This consecrated task proved to be more arduous than she had anticipated, and her health broke down. Splendidly courageous and hopeful to the very last, she expected to recover to take up other important work in art—but it was not to be.

A few days before her death she requested her husband to give her entire set of Old Spanish California Missions to the Los Angeles Museum, and this has now been done. The set comprises twenty-one paintings, 20x24 inches in size and framed in special hand-carved frames. One of the last of Mrs. Tingle's utterances was in regard to this bequest. She wanted coming generations to look on them and realize that the missions were the original landmarks of Christianity and civilization in the State she loved so well.

T. R. Tingle, husband to the painter-poet, will publish the mission sonnets in book form, for distribution among Minnie Tingle's friends, who are many. Thus pictures and poems will remain with us as a monument to the memory of a noble and gifted woman.

of the canvases show missions enenlarged, restored and still used for divine worship; others show only abandoned ruins. At one place just a wooden cross and the end of a crumbling wall; at another only a grove of towering trees that were but tiny shoots when the mission was founded.

San Antonio de Pala is aglow with light and color. It has been restored. The bells are in place. Panes of glass are in the windows—something the old mission padres never saw. Great swaying evergreen trees spread their branches over the low roof.

San Antonio de Padua—broken roofs, broken arches and broken walls. The facade is about to fall. Sunset and the evening glow, and the dying echo of bells that will never ring again. There are human bones buried under that debris and a generation of stupid but pious Indians sleep in the inclosure now reclaimed by the desert. The canvas is a study in blue and purple, with a few splashes of sunlight to charm the wild flowers.

Mission San Antonio de Padua

SAN ANTONIO wrapped in silence
Broods within a lonely vale
Years ago, withdrew the Highway,
Leaving here a faltering trail.

Here at eve the owl's complaining
Echoes the coyote's bark;
And at morn the quail's soft piping
Blends the notes of meadow lark.
Sagging walls and crumbling arches,
Sunken graves and pear trees old,
Soon their story will have finished
And the final tale be told.

—MINNIE M. TINGLE.

San Luis Obispo is painted in the moonlight. One forgets the mission in studying the color effects. There is a certain idealization that distinguishes it from the other canvases. It is not a ruin, but the mission as it once might have been. As I stood before this canvas I wished the artist might have painted more by the moonlight. Her colors are cold in tone but have a mystifying warm effect. Here was a field that, cultivated, might have won for her more than contemporary fame.

MISSION STUDIES BY MINNIE TINGLE

Minnie Tingle's oil studies of the missions of Southern California, now on exhibition in the Los Angeles Museum, are so complete and of such authentic quality that they were considered worthy of an entire page in the rotogravure section of The Times two weeks ago by the editor of that important department.

The pictorial comment was revealing, in fact, that a further comment of words is assuredly not needed. The highly attractive page convinced every lover of art and every lover of the beauties of the old missions that Mrs. Tingle's admirable collection has an interest and a value even beyond those of art, since the pictures are a record of the missions as they stand today, before too much restoration has obliterated the charm, in some instances, too much ruin and decay in others.

Mrs. Tingle brought to her work a good deal of reverence for her subjects and an adequate technical equipment for a clear and convincing exposition of their unique beauty. The missions have been "done" often, but never before, I think, with such whole-hearted completeness. The artist has been content, for the most part, to paint the missions under sunlight—the warm and effulgent sunlight of Southern California, under which they rest through the round year. It is this simplicity and directness of "attack" that helps to give her work, in this instance, unique and permanent value. California's future historians will make use of these pictures.

VERSES INSPIRED

Minnie Tingle possessed the heart of a poet, and she expressed her inspired thoughts equally well with brush and pen. The birds sang to her and the breezes whispered to her from leaf and branch while she painted; and she gave expression to these voices in charming verses which form a choice collection of California nature songs. God was generous in giving to her two mediums of expression, and she did not bury her talents in the earth but gave them forth as a service to those capable of receiving impressions of the beautiful, but unable to give to them adequate expression.

Minnie Tingle studied the technique of painting under good masters. She was an inspirational painter, and the colors on her canvases are as varying in tone as her changing moods.

Minnie Tingle will live in the canvases she painted; not only the missions but the landscapes that she and her husband presented to numerous societies and clubs.

Virginia Woolley has painted a brilliant canvas, using Pat Ryan's picturesque place in Arch Beach. Great splotches of sunlight brighten the walls and the roadway. The picture is fairly bathed in sunshin

Miss Virginia Woolley won $50 in gold as a prize for her oil painting "Village Street," painted and exhibited in Laguna last fall. The awards were made at Atlanta. Ga. Only Georgia painters were featured. The show was held at the art gallery of Macy's Store where unusual crowds visited the store to see the pictures. it is said. Art talks were also given daily and the affair was catalogued under "Public Service."

"Personally I did some of my best work in Taos and enjoyed the encouragement of my fellow artist-acquaintances. The mountains were so clearly outlined. It is such a clear atmosphere there. The clouds in the mornings stand still in their formations for such an indefinite period that one can easily catch them.

"It gets very cold in Taos in the winter time. The snow is now on the ground. The atmosphere is so dry and adobe houses are so warm one does not mind the drop in temperature, however.

VIRGINIA WOOLLEY
GEORGIAN COTTAGE
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Virginia Wooley has hung a charming bit of Laguna Beach. It shows a bit of hill, a few trees and a feeling that the beach is just beyond.

Miss Wooley Improves.

Virginia Wooley is improving immensely in her California coloring. She is exhibiting a Monterey bit which she calls "Monterey Cypress," a hackneyed name for pictures, but an unhackneyed translation of the cypress itself. It seems to me that Miss Wooley is improving by leaps and bounds.

Virginia Wooley has two paintings on view, "Capistrano Door" and "Village Street." The last named picture will be a great favorite with visitors to the Gallery, for it shows a well-known bit of Laguna and is done in a sympathetic way.

Miss Woolley Wins Atlanta Show Prize

MISS VIRGINIA WOOLLEY was awarded second prize in the recent show held at Atlanta, Ga., with a picture of Laguna Beach. It was a bit of the ocean and some fine eucalyptus trees. Miss Woolley is represented in the permanent collection of the museum by two pictures, one of them a Laguna subject and the other painted in Portsmouth, Mass.

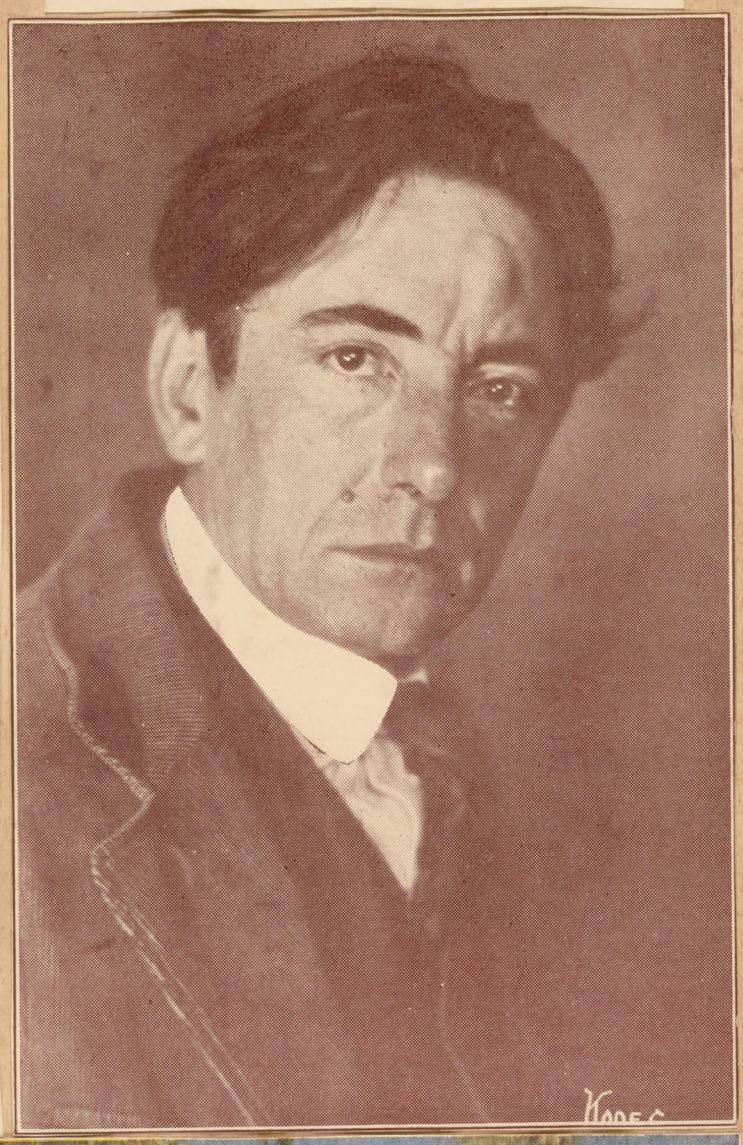
"OUR VILLAGE"—By Virginia Woolley

The Art of Joseph Kleitsch is founded upon the elements of truth and beauty and will endure.

JOSEPH KLEITSCH
AND
HIS WORK

Kleitsch has painted in Europe and America, and wherever he went, has delighted us with the works he did. His portraits of men are virile transpositions of character; his portraits of women have that sensitive fineness in expressing grace and beauty. He has developed an individual type of California Mission painting that is unique and full of romance and historic beauty of bygone days; his interpretations of the California landscape are filled with the glowing color of sunlit hills and valleys and are accurate to an absolute fineness and painted with simple dignity; his marines have that vital quality of the Pacific which makes it so much more interesting to paint than any other body of water, the iridescency of his water and the dancing lights reflected on the golden rocks fill his canvas with luminous and glowing color; his paintings of oriental still life are as fine as some rare Persian rug in color, and as finely drawn as an intricate mosaic, the texture of solid objects and fragile silk-stuffs is done in a masterly way—in fact, every subject he attempts is with that positive knowledge of the true artist, and his words have gleaned richly for the art of our time.

Whenever any artist does some one thing better than it has been done before, distinction is sure to come to him sooner or later. But when he does something that strikes the finest cord in human nature better than anyone else has done it, fame will mark that artist as one of her own.



Christmas Time at Laguna Beach, California

THE TECHNIQUE OF JOSEPH KLEITSCH

There are those who maintain that, in art, it matters little how you say a thing so long as you have something to say. But I think they are wrong. They deny the very intention and function of art. Take away skill, skill in selection and skill in synthetic rebuilding, and where does art come in? Nowhere. What is the use of the artist? Nothing.

Technique is cultivated skill. The born painter acquires it without undue strain. The born artist may not have much of it to start with, but if he doesn't get it he will suffer under a heart-breaking handicap, and he will never be quite able to deliver his message, which, of course, is one of esthetics, not of morals. If he doesn't give us beauty, he really gives us nothing of permanent value. Raphael's madonnas are not preachers. They are not even religious. They are simply beautiful.

Twice lucky, then, the man who is at once a born painter and a born artist—technician and interpreter. Paint and canvas hold no terrors for him. Beauty speaks to him, and straightway, with exquisite precision, he translates the message, word for word and phrase for phrase. No stammering, no mumbling, no indecision. And that's technique.

Has anyone seen the "California Graphic" for March 20? On the front page there is a reproduction in colors of one of Joseph Kleitch's pictures painted in Laguna Beach. It is very different from the usual Kleitch painting. The original is on exhibition in the Stendahl Galleries.

Laguna Artist Is Painting Portrait

Joseph Kleitsch, Laguna Beach artist, is in Los Angeles, engaged in painting a portrait of Elia Teodorovitch Morganstiern.

Morganstiern was the physic of the late czar of Russia.

As a matter of fact, no man in Los Angeles paints a better portrait. By a good portrait I mean, of course, one in which technique, the mere handling of paint in color, composition and drawing, is on a par with insight into the character of the sitter. A portrait is not a representation, it is an interpretation of the sitter in his best and finest aspect—it is, if you like, a synthesis of his personality expressed with a brush, or an etching needle, or what you will.

Kleitsch has this synthetic tact. Else how could he have painted that virile portrait of Maj. John C. Walker, Jr., those equally puissant portraits of E. B. Good and Dr. Elias Morgenstiern, and the splendid figure he calls "Rhapsody," a violinist superbly posed, lost to the world in an ecstacy of musical interpretation? The very spirit of music seems to pervade the canvas, so richly harmonious are lines and contours, so subtle is the color scheme.

* * *

To Do Pope's Portrait.—Joseph Kleitch of Laguna Beach, has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the Pope by a New York organization. Mr. Kleitsch now is in Spain but will leave shortly for the Vatican.

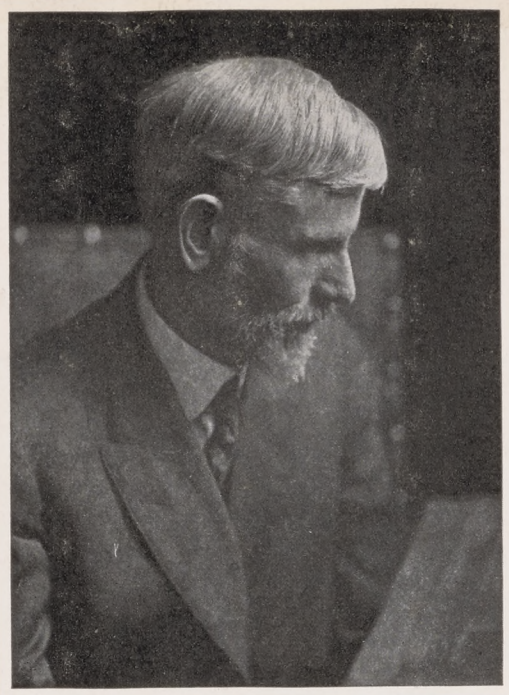
Joseph Kleitsch Is Painting in Spain

JOSEPH KLEITSCH is in Spain at the present time, according to a letter just received from Mrs. Kleitsch, who is still in New York, where the son of the House of Kleitsch is in school. Mrs. Kleitsch also said that she was leaving for Europe as soon as school is out and will join her husband in Italy where he is going after his work in Spain is finished.

Joseph Kleitsch to Do Portrait of Pope

Joseph Kleitsch, Laguna Beach painter, has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the Pope by a New York organization, according to word received in Laguna Beach this week. Mr. Kleitsch now is in Spain, but will leave shortly for the Vatican.

BLUE SHADOWS ON SNOW



Benjamin C. Brown is not only a painter; he is the dean and leader of artists in California

BENJAMIN C. BROWN
120 N. El Molino Ave.
Pasadena, California

A LAGUNA VISTA

CALIFORNIA ARTIST GETS RARE NOTICE

Benjamin C. Brown Canvas of Wild Flowers Used for Cover by Magazine

Los Angeles Times Dec 18/25

Southern California's wild flowers in all their native beauty and flaming colors as depicted on canvas by a California artist, feature the current issue of the Literary Digest, cover design for which is a reproduction in natural colors of an oil painting by Benjamin C. Brown, 120 North El Molino avenue, Pasadena.

Appearing in the same issue is a short sketch of the artist and a high tribute to his canvases which for twenty years he has been painting with California beauty spots as his subjects. Additional tribute from a California magazine is also given in the Literary Digest.

Brown was born in Marion, Ark., according to the Literary Digest sketch and starting early in pursuit of art, he studied at the famous Julien Academy in Paris and under John Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. After a short time devoted to painting of portraits, he turned to landscapes and etchings and for the past twenty years has devoted his activities to this State.

In the current issue, Literary Digest gives marked recognition to California's natural attractions in a lengthy article under the heading of "Winter Trips and Playgrounds."

For the last twenty years Mr. Brown has lived in Pasadena, painting the beauty about him, even for miles up and down the coast and into the land of the high Sierras.

California sunshine is pigment for his brush. His pictures sparkle with it and one may almost feel the tang of the morning and evening cool that pervades his sunbathed mountain peaks. Life and color vibrate on his landscapes. There is a joyousness in his field of yellow poppies and nodding blue lupin, and a majesty in the mountains rising beyond the stately trees. No scene is painted with a narrow vision. The artist is one who comprehends the changing moods of nature and with loving sincerity transfers her tenderness, her beauty and her majesty to a canvas full of personality. A panorama seen through his eyes assumes new meaning and adds vision to our unseeing glance.

The man who took off his shoes to step across the brook because he had been misled so many times by this clear atmosphere would see more truly in the vista opened to him by Mr. Brown's brushes. In his canvasses the mountain peaks are clearly chiseled, but over the valleys hangs an opalescent, elusive haze which fades before your eyes as you seek to penetrate it. You look to the mountainous mass looming beyond and through it, yet you are conscious that the distance is great.

Indeed, if one could not come to California one would scarcely need to if he could spend time in a room filled with the glory of the sun and color and air of the Southland reflected from one of Benjamin Brown's pictures.

As a youth, Mr. Brown studied in Paris at the famous Julian Academy and under John Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. Turning from portrait and genre work he has confined his later work exclusively to landscape paintings and it is in this branch he has won flattering recognition.

Mr. Brown is a frequent exhibitor in the art museums and galleries of Chicago, New York and Washington, but living in Pasadena he finds a ready sale for his paintings among Pasadena people and visitors of distinction from the eastern states.

In the exhibit now open to the public at the Ely gallery and reproduced, in outline, at least if not in color, on these pages is his picture "The Brook in Winter." This was one of 2000 paintings sent to Washington and one of 335 to be accepted and hung in the biennial exhibit of American Art at the Corcoran Gallery.

It was afterward sent on a traveling exhibition to many cities in the East by the American Federation of Arts. When shown in California it received first prize in an exhibition of note, and on the jury of awards was Mable Urmy Seares, and William Howe Downes, the critic of the Boston *Transcript* for many years.

A recent article by Mr. Downes, for the American *Magazine of Art* contained ten illustrations of paintings by Mr. Brown. In this article Mr. Downes pronounced him "an artist of distinction."

Among the many paintings by Mr. Brown owned in Pasadena and elsewhere are "Sierra Peaks in Autumn," owned by G. Lawrence Stimson of Pasadena; "Evening In the Matilija Canyon," owned by Mr. and Mrs. Earl Armstrong of Pasadena; "Winds of Spring," owned by Mrs. Charles W. Gates of Pasadena; "The Frozen Pond," owned by Mrs. H. O. Everett of Cleveland and loaned by her for exhibition in the Cleveland Art Museum;

Studio Is Mecca

"There are confreres, Chicago millionaires, tourists, traveling artists, et al; while Benjamin Brown, kindly, hospitable, free and easy, without egotism, but with a good deal of rigid self-criticism, drags out his canvases in all stages of completion, from sketch to finished painting, for the inspection of his guests.

"Benjamin Brown paints all there is to paint of California. When he first began to exhibit in the Far West his pictures were of the missions—the pictorial Spanish phase of the Pacific Coast, foreign in character, and totally unlike anything else in the United States. Mr. Brown turned from the missions to the spring, a ravishing season to paint. By the last of January and the first of February the great, deep orange-colored poppy-cups have turned the fields into burning, glowing plains. The large yellow splotched areas are rich in contrast with the green of the growing meadow and grain fields, and the vivid color leaves an indelible impression upon the Easterner who is spending his first winter in California."

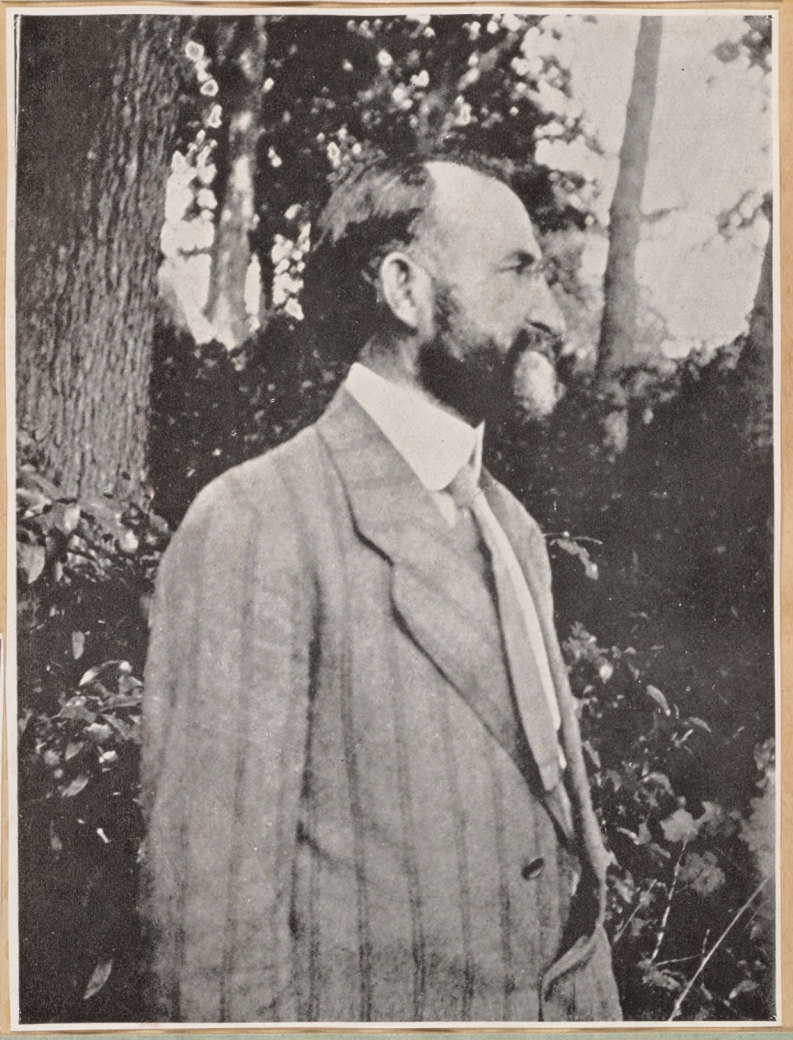
As I said, Benjamin Brown is a painter who never disappoints.

"Wind Swept," owned by J. Porter Tirrel of St. Louis, president of the Graham Paper Company of that city; "Gold of Autumn" and "Valley of the Ojai," owned by Mrs. Merle Smith of New York City, who was Miss Kate Fowler of Pasadena.

One might continue this list, and mention among other owners the fact that the British Museum has purchased six of his works—color etchings—but we cannot enlarge upon other phases of Mr. Brown activities in the present article, nor could we complete the list, for every day finds him busily at work in his picturesque studio on El Molino street.

GUY ROSE

NO. 93—"ARCH BEACH COVE"



GUY ROSE

The sixty-three pictures that Guy Rose is exhibiting in the Stendahl Galleries, Ambassador Hotel, through the month of October, are an almost complete exposition of the artist's diversified talents as a painter, for no phase of his development is missing. Unless, of course, we think of the work of his prentice hand, which assuredly is not to be found here.

It is difficult, indeed, to think of Guy Rose ever having been a beginner in the art of painting, so complete and so finished, so delightfully sophisticated, are all the pictures from his brush that have ever come to our notice. We are therefore led to believe—what is probably the exact truth of the matter—that he has always destroyed the weak or maimed with a fine and impartial Spartan fortitude. Or at least they have been relegated to dark corners of the studio—the hospital, the asylum, so to speak,—from which they will never emerge.

The present exhibition, we are informed, may be the last ever held by Guy Rose. The news of the stroke of paralysis that came upon him almost a year ago, was received with an astonishment, a grieved questioning that almost bordered on incredulity. We simply could not believe that this vigorous painter had been halted in his work in such a sudden and tragic way, that Fate had snatched his full brush from his hand and bade him turn his bare canvases to the wall. Recent events give us the hope, and almost the assurance, that after all Fate was kinder than she at first seemed, and that Guy Rose will some day paint again.

This hope grew stronger when we learned that the stroke of last year was not the first, that the artist had suffered a long time from lead-poisoning, and that, though he h once before been compelled to give up painting, he was enabled to take it up again after ten not unprolific years in other lines of artistic endeavor. In those ten years he made a name for himself as an illustrato in black and white, contributing regularly to the best of the American magazines.

he left. For Guy Rose was a born painter and had the rare gift of being able to capture on canvas his own spontaneous response to beauty and color. There is no bitterness in them.

The International Studio for January prints an appreciation of the landscape work by Guy Rose. This article, "A Painter of California," written by R. V. S. Berry, has six illustrations, one of which, "Rocks and Sea, Point Lobos," is in color.

Rose died in Pasadena last November, and a memorial exhibition of his unsold works—pictures, studies and sketches—is now being held at the Stendahl galleries. It is, needless to say, an exhibition of great beauty.

Guy Rose, American landscape and figure painter, was born in San Gabriel, California, on his father's ranch, "Sunnyslopes," March 3, 1867, and is therefore to be numbered among the very few "Western artists" who are actually so by birth and inheritance. He died in Pasadena, November 17, 1925.

Although a figure painter of high attainment, Rose gave his greatest love to landscape. The poet in him was responsible for this, and made him an exponent of the highest form, as well as the newest mode of expression that civilization has developed in the artist.

There can be no doubt now as to Guy Rose's place in art. The last obstacle to his recognition has been removed—the painter is dead. He will become a tradition in California and one of the state's glories. His paintings, once neglected, will become the prized possessions of collectors, and some day, through gifts and bequests, there should be "Guy Rose rooms" in the museums of Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego.

Guy Rose was most versatile in the use of his brush, and in this picture his mastery is given full play in the treatment of moving, swirling water, one of the most difficult things in art. The beauty and depth of color obtained proves the artist to be a true poet of the sea. The distant mist that obscures the sky line serves to intensify the glorious strength of the foreground.

Yours very sincerely
Guy Rose

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Greetings to Laguna

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Daniell received a letter this week from Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Payne in New York, in which they sent greetings to all of their Laguna friends.

The ysaid that they were enjoying the art page of the South Coast News and there read of the purchase of Mrs. Payne's picture by the Daniells and were glad it had so good a home.

Mrs. Payne gave a little description of their recent trip abroad. She said that they went from Paris to Venice, staying over one day at Lake Geneva. They then went to Chioggia where they did some sketching, then went on to Nice and acquired a Ford sedan which took them around the Mediterranean and up the valley.

They traveled from Garrone to Bordeaux along the coast to Brittany, Concarneau, Fongere and other fishing villages and chateau towns and thus back to Paris again.

Mr. Payne got 80 sketches and Mrs. Payne 50.

Elsie Palmer Payne shows another of her European water colors. "Street in Brittany." She has felt the personality of these old homes and set it off by a well-studied pattern of color, light and shade. Though she has worked alongside her artist husband, none of his style invades hers. She shows us a definite viewpoint of her own.

Mrs. Payne Exhibits.

Elsie P. Payne's pictures are always interesting for they advise the passer-by of something which he wishes to remember. They are distinctly reminiscent but adorably friendly. Somebody said one time about Mrs. Payne's work, "I do wish she would illustrate a children's book some time. I know I would want to read it."

Elsie Palmer Payne has employed a water color in a full and decorative manner in her Swiss pieces, and Bessie Hazen shows two pleasantly warm pictures in the same medium. Lucy B. Jack's bold use of color and form in "Early Morn" is very effective indeed.

Elsie Palmer Payne shows a vital water color from Brittany entitled "A Street Corner."

Mr. and Mrs. Payne Off for New York

MR. AND MRS. EDGAR ALWIN PAYNE and their daughter, Miss Evelyn, have left Laguna Beach for New York City, where they expect to remain for some time. Stops will be made in San Francisco and Chicago.

Elsie Palmer Payne, always pleasant, is showing two decorative pictures—one "A Street in Douarnanez" and the other "Lake Shelton."

PEN SKETCHES OF LAGUNA, BY MRS. EDGAR PAYNE

Elsie Palmer Payne is exhibiting another of her charming water colors. This time she has sent a view of Notre Dame, Paris.

Elsie Palmer Payne, who has gone to New York with her husband, Edgar Alwin Payne, has two interesting water colors on exhibition. One is a bit of the continent and the other was painted in the High Sierra. Both are decorative and distinctive of this excellent artist's temperament.

Elsie Payne, who is also a chronicler of the unusual, does her work in the water color medium and brings to her work a freshness and vivacity most engaging.

Elsie Palmer Payne is exhibiting two charming bits of old country life which she knows so well how to do in a decorative way. One would like to have them in one's home.

The MacDowell Club of Allied Arts will hold open house Sunday afternoon April 11, from 2:30 to 5:30 in honor of the spring exhibit of the West Coast club, which is made up entirely of women painters.

The artist themselves will present the program. Among other interesting features will be Mrs. Edgar Payne's talk on "Touring Europe in a Ford." Mr. and Mrs. Payne recently returned from a trek across the old world's highways and byways in a flivver.

This afternoon, at the exhibition, West Coast Arts will present a program to which the public are freely invited. The presiding officer will be Miss Bessie Hazen, president of the club, and the principal speaker, Mrs. Edgar Payne, who will tell her experiences while "Touring Europe in a Ford."

Elsie Payne has two decorative bits. In one picture a view of far off snow-clad mountains is gained through a spray of apple blossoms.

Elsie P. Payne's pictures are always interesting for they advise the passer-by of something which he wishes to remember. They are distinctly reminiscent but adorably friendly. Somebody said one time about Mrs. Payne's work, "I do wish she would illustrate a children's book some time. I know I would want to read it."

Yours very truly
Elsie Palmer Payne.

WILLIAM WENDT, N. A.

"WHERE NATURE'S GOD HATH WROUGHT" By William Wendt A. N. A.

Won Balch prize at Pan-American exhibit in Los Angeles

FAMOUS LAGUNA PAINTER WINS $2500 IN CASH

Picture Will Be Purchased for Permanent Collection of Los Angeles Museum.

WILLIAM WENDT of Laguna Beach has been given the Balch Purchase Prize at the Pan-American Exhibition for his painting, "Where Nature's God Hath Wrought." The price of $5000 was divided with John Carroll, another American artist.

William Wendt, the man, is as unassuming as William Wendt, the painter, is great. He goes about the streets of Laguna Beach with an air of quiet reserve that has nothing of the egotist in it. His simplicity of life is notable. Living in a charming, rambling sort of house that overlooks the Pacific, Mr. Wendt finds time to meet his friends and have a quiet evening. And yet, he is an inveterate worker. A sign on his door announces that the artist is working, and few there are who dare ignore the sign. When William Wendt is painting, he sometimes forgets to even eat and time passes him by. What good fortune has come to the painter is because of his indefatigueable keeping eternally. Wendt knows neither fatigue nor hunger when he is at work on one of his inspired canvases.

Whatever the cause for success, the success is there and the glory that has been gained by William Wendt is reflected on the Art Colony where he has his home, where he exhibits his pictures in the local gallery, and where he paints. One astounding thing about the Wendt canvases is this—although the painter's house is on the edge of the sea and every window gives a glimpse of the shining waters, yet there are few sea-scapes among them. Wendt paints the hills, the trees. Yet, one would expect him to paint the moods of the Pacific when his door looks out on its every caprice.

Mr. Wendt, who is a simple, unassuming man despite his great honors, lives in a gray house on the edge of the boulevard at Arch Beach. He and his equally unassuming car can be seen any day at mail time in front of the post office, waiting just like any undistinguished citizen for the daily mail. His democracy is understood and liked, "he is equally at home buying his daily supply of groceries as in the studios of the mighty and powerful," said another artist.

All of the Laguna Beach Art Colony is delighted over the honor that has come to the great painter of the village by the sea, and the thought is held generally that it is a deserved honor. Both artists and townspeople are glad for William Wendt.

Among the artists who early discovered the charms of Laguna Beach as a place in which to work was Wm. Wendt. Nearly twenty years ago he began to come to Laguna on sketching trips with Gardner Symons when Laguna was a tiny little village, asleep in the warmth of the California sun. Protected by a line of hills from the north winds it faced the dancing waters of the blue Pacific in a manner altogether ideal from the painter's standpoint.

As an artist, success came to Mr. Wendt early in life. Born in Germany in 1865, he came to Chicago in 1880 and there among the art influences of that city developed his own talent without the direct assistance of either teacher or school.

From a technical standpoint one is impressed with the sureness of touch, the great sense of solidity and fine feeling for form. His drawing of intricate tree forms is masterly and his modeling of rocks and rolling hills gives the beholder a feeling of reality which is most convincing. His is not an abstract interpretation. He does not take nature as a motive, a theme from which to depart into some weird or mysterious land of dreams, but rather does he with reverence record for us her greatness and her charm. Even a perusal of the names of his canvases reveals, in a measure, the dignity of his ideals. His color is sometimes rather somber, various keys of either greens or browns usually predominating.

No exhibition is complete without their counsel. The Laguna Beach colony is indeed fortunate to be able to claim them as its own.

Mr. Wendt was elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts in 1912. He is also a member of the Chicago Society of Artists, the National Arts Club, California Art Club and Laguna Beach Art Association.

Mr. Wendt is represented in many permanent collections including the Cincinnatti Museum, the Art Institute of Chicago, Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis; Hibbard High School, Richmond,Indiana, Cliff Dwellers Club,Chicago, Association of Fine Arts, Des Moines and Los Angeles Museum of Art.

Mr. Wendt is considered a giant among American artists. He has chosen Laguna Beach for his permanent home. He is of Laguna Beach and is a part of this town. To the people who desire to see a Wendt prize picture it may be said that the Balch prize picture, "Where Nature's God Hath Wrought," is still on exhibition in Los Angeles in the Pan-American show, ad in the Harrison Gallary at the Los Angeles Art Museum hangs 'The Land of Heart's Desire."

Wendt is, of course, great beyond the need of praise or the lack of it. He is one of the masters of the Pacific Coast and as such is claimed by more than one town. It is noticeable that when any mention is made of William Wendt that his address is given as Los Angeles. And yet Laguna Beach is where he has his home. Strange what fame will do when it comes to a town claiming a successful man. One critic says of Wendt, "He builds the forms of his pictures with an almost faultless sense for composition."

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Ruth Peabody Is Prize Winner at California Fair

WITH a third prize at the California State Fair, an honorable mention at the Orange County Fair and an honorable mention at the prize August show in the Laguna Beach Art Gallery, Ruth Peabody is getting her share of the good things of the season. Mrs. Peabody, who won the honorable mention with "Innocence," a charming, late picture, done in her most delectable manner, sent a canvas to the Sacramento Fair at the request of Mrs. Jané Amundsen, who came to Laguna some months ago to secure pictures for the Fair exhibit.

Other Laguna Beach exhibitors who were in the prize winning class were Benjamin Brown, Hanson Puthu, Carl Oscar Borg, Neil Brooker Mayhew and Mabel Alvarez.

Ruth Peabody has hung the finest thing that she has ever exhibited in the Laguna Beach Art Gallery. "Liberty and Self Expression" it is named, and well named, for it is the expression of Mrs. Peabody's own self and is, besides, a vast liberty achieved by the young painter who has been trying to get away from the eternal floral effects for which she has gained an enviable reputation. Mrs. Peabody has reached her goal of "something different." "Liberty and Self Expression" is bound to be one of the most popular pictures in this exhibition. It is sure to hit the popular fancy as well as kindle the admiration of the artist. The scene is that of a finished feasting table which has been preempted by a monkey. Fruits lie about the table and Mr. Monkey is examining with intentness a blue vase filled with many colored flowers. Especially fine is the handling of the shadows falling on the table and the shadows upon the shadows caused by the unusual lighting.

Ruth Peabody, young member of the Laguna Beach art colony, and her latest painting, "Innocence," which will be exhibited at the Southern California Fair at Riverside, September 21 to 26.
—*George E. Hurrell Photo.*

Ruth Peabody with her "Chrysanthemums" is not quite so happy in her arrangement as is her usual manner. The flowers seem quite too overpowering for the dish and the standard on which they rest. The coloring, however, is very beautiful.

Going along the Boulevard in the rattling Ford I saw Ruth Peabody sitting on her front steps under an enormous umbrella. She was painting a still life of—but why spoil a surprise? I will not tell what she was painting. Mrs. Peabody's house and studio is beginning to be one of the interesting places to see in Laguna Beach. The quaint touches here and there give it such an air of the unique and unusual. For instance, the flying pelicans on each window blind! And the curve of the balustrade that leads to the front door! And the entrancing pergola at the back!

Mrs. Ruth Peabody Has Modeling Class

A GROUP of energetic women are going each day to the studio of Ruth Peabody, to learn modeling. They are making things in terra cotta—such things as bird baths, garden vases, garden furniture and so on. The work is done in the lovely Peabody garden, near the lily pool, and embodies design as well as modeling.

Mrs. Peabody, who has considerable reputation as a painter of flowers, has also a flair for modeling. She has designed many clever and unique things for the homes of her friends, as well as for her own.

"THE PET COCKEREL" RUTH PEABODY

Awarded Special Prize at Third Annual Southern California Artists' Exhibition—Fine Arts Gallery, San Diego, July, 1928.

Portrait Bust of Mrs. Clarence K. Hinkle

Noted Oil Painting

By Fern Burford

The oil painting "Mother", a portrait of Elanor Colburn, painted by her daughter, Ruth Peabody, is of unusual interest as a first prize winner of the Anniversary Art Exhibition of Laguna Beach in September. The mother and daughter are both well known in art circles in America as well as in the Southland.

Ruth Peabody is one of the coming young artists, according to the critics, who have given her various awards. The jury for this prize was composed of three of the Big Eight.

She also won a gold medal from the West Coast Artists and has had recent exhibitions at the Biltmore and San Diego Art Museums.

Besides expressing the life which is the essential thing back of all art, the natural setting is made to fit into the scheme of design patterned in her mind and carried out by use of the figure in true color and values.

The figure itself is a splendid likeness of the mother, who was one of the most talented students and teachers at the Chicago Art Institute when the daughter began her studies as a young child.

There is balance and individuality in this work which shows the artist to be a serious and indefatigable worker with great talent and promise.

Ruth Peabody's colorful and interesting over-mantel decorations are always in demand. Her feeling for form is strong, perhaps because she began her work as a sculptor. Her little figures are in numerous collections.

Several of the new members of the club are exhibiting interesting work. Especially attractive is Ruth Peabody's flower study, "Petunias," and another charming effort by this Laguna Beach artist is a rhythmic statuette entitled "Liberty and Self-Expression." (This once appeared as a painting by the same facile hand.)

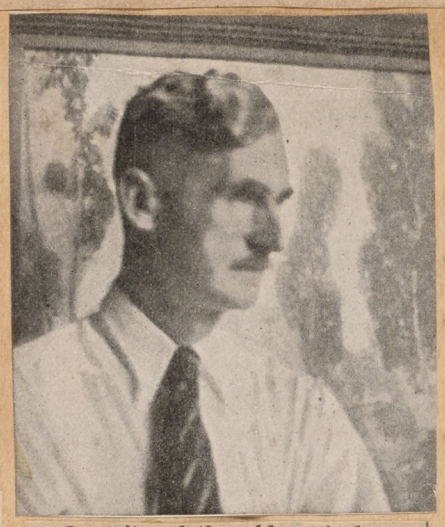
¶ We consider that MR. PUTHUFF has in this, his latest work, presented to picture lovers his impressions of America's greatest scenic wonder in a way that has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. We take great pleasure in being the first galleries in Los Angeles to exhibit these superb examples of a great painter's art.

Born of Kentucky parentage. Studied at University Art School, Denver, Colo.; graduated with honorable mention. Came to Southern California 1903. One of the founders of the Art Students' League of Los Angeles. Charter member Art Club. Past Member Palette and Chisel Club Chicago and San Francisco Art Association. Member Los Angeles Water Color Society. Life Member Laguna Beach Art Association.

Awards

Second prize Painters' Club, Los Angeles. Cash prize and Honorable Mention, California Art Club. Diploma Pacific Youkon Exposition. Two silver medals Panama California Exposition. First prize California Club. Gold medal, State Fair Sacramento, 1918. Silver medal State Fair, Sacramento, 1919. First prize Laguna Beach Art Association, 1921. Second Prize Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, 1921. Member Salmagundi Club New York. Exhibitor at Pennsylvania Academy; New York Academy; Art Institute, Chicago; with the Society of Western Artists, etc.

HANSON DUVALL PUTHUFF



In spite of the old cynical saying concerning prophets, in Puthuff we discover one who is not without honor in his own country. He has also been received with acclaim in foreign parts.

Year by year Los Angeles has watched the steady growth of Hanson Puthuff, a crescendo of power, a widening range of color, an unchanging sincerity toward nature.

Hanson Puthuff finds his own subjects. His work reminds one of nobody else. "Winding Trails" shows him in his later more subtle manner.

Hansen Puthuff left on the 15th inst. for a sketching trip of two months in Mexico City. With him went R. S. Taylor of San Antonio, Tex., and Aaron Kilpatrick—and we may, therefore, expect some highly interesting things from the brushes of these three artists in the fall.

PUTHUFF CROSSES MEXICAN BORDER

Hanson Puthuff must have studied the art of magic.

At all events, he is forever performing new feats of legerdemain with his brush. His latest box of tricks—though, of course, they are not really tricks—he is too sincere an artist for such easy dexterities—consists of studies made in Mexico. A dozen of them are on exhibition in the Biltmore Salon. Go see them, and be amazed, intrigued, delighted.

First Puthuff was a figure and portrait painter. A good one, too. Then he turned his attention to landscape. Here he was even better than before, becoming finally a top-notcher. You all know Hanson Puthuff's landscapes of Southern California. You all like them. Then, even as Alexander, he looked around for new fields to conquer. He sighted Mexico. He went. He came back. And here, after a few months of hard and happy work, he is. On the walls of the Biltmore Salon.

Nobody at my elbow, looking at Puthuff's pictures from Mexico, said that he found himself, at last. But I answered that Puthuff has always been finding himself. Many-sided as he is, he has to express himself now in one way, now in another. And the pictures from Cuernavaca are only his latest expression. Being his latest, they are also his best.

Red-roofed buildings with walls tinted pink, all straggling in the happy Mexican way under a blue sky. "His buildings grip the earth," said I, "in the way of his mountains. Solid architecture," Said the lady at my elbow, the same lady who had hailed Puthuff's arrival to himself: "Do you know what the artist calls that picture?" "No." "'Back to the Earth.'" And I straightway plumed myself on my discernment, and agreed with my charming friend that Puthuff really had found himself, had really arrived. I had recognized his intention and its success.

This high intention and this fine success may be noted in every one of the twelve pictures in the Salon. In the sympathetic study of "Humble Dwellings." In the sunlight and halcyon sky of "Cortez Palace." In the close values and luminous atmosphere of "Home of a Peon." In "Edge of the Baranca," in "The Mirador," in the yellows, grays and dull reds, and in the stately architectural simplicity of "Weathered Doorway." In the beautiful simplicity of the well-named "Bella Vista." In all. I don't know what a baranca is, nor a mirador. But what matter? I see the pictures of them and their surroundings. I see the fine, simple, forceful and beautiful art of Hanson Puthuff.

Street in Cuernavaca
by
Hanson Puthuff

THE LYRICISM OF HANSON PUTHUFF

Puthuff is a lyricist, but as essentially masculine in his lyricism as an Elizabethan sonneteer. Some painters are moved by an austere religious sense which shows them nature in grand forms, a nature stripped of atmosphere, of color, even of geniality. The hand of a just God, just and forbidding, perhaps, is at work, building majestic pyramids, leveling vast valleys, creating a world for Himself—but not a world for His people. Tragedy and fate cling about such pictures, wherein no Pan-pipes are heard, no rustling of little furry gods among the underbrush.

Puthuff's lyrics in color come like balm to the tired spirit, like an invitation to happiness. They bid you look about at the ever-changing color mood of California, at the gayety of mountain peaks illumined by warm sun rays, invite to watch the yellow, green, and russet-hued pageant of marching sycamores. The first impression tells you how faithful the artist is to his changeful mistress. No two pictures are alike.

Also a true painter, one to the manner born, His technical proficiency is the envy and the marvel of his fellow craftsmen, and it has been so since the very beginning of his successful career. He paints because he must, and he always paints well because he can't do otherwise. He wields—wields is the word, because it expresses authority—a truly magical brush, and his little blunders are never held against him, since he enthralls us so completely with the beauties that surround and submerge the blunder. We can even pass by, and hardly see, the very bad drawing of the building in the very lovely little moonlight in the present exhibition. If this doesn't mean magic, what does?

But Puthuff is much more than a technician, a painter. He is also an artist, a poet. Every picture in the twenty-one at the Biltmore proves that, and some of them are so poetical—not sentimental, if you please—that they speak as rhythmically to the inner ear as to the outward eye. They fulfill the true mission of the picture. Which is why they are as grateful to the layman as to the artist—and which is why, again, they appeal even to the art reviewer, to whom art

CONCERNING LOREN BARTON

And Elanor Colburn

The etchings that Miss Lor
Barton is exhibiting at A. E. L
tle's in conjunction with etchings
old and modern masters of
needle are full of refinement in li
and always delicately colorful. V
are given scenes from Chinatow
boats in harbor, a portrait or two.

Miss Barton's touch has been lik
to that of Whistler, and not witho
reason. Yet her straight lines a
not Whistler's—they are too pun
tiliously done, and therefore la
color and quality. A more broke
effect would be better. Miss Ba
ton must not be too conscientious.

At the reception recently given i
honor of Robert and Bessie Potte
Vonnoh by the William Preston Ha
risons, Miss Barton gleefully told thi
good story on herself:

"It is not given to many people t
read letters of condolence on th
own death," she said, "but that wei
experience came to me not long ago
The New York dealer who had been
handling my etching died, and one
of the San Francisco papers some-
how or other got things so mixed
up that they published one of my
etchings with the sad news that I
was dead. The account ended with
this sentence: 'Miss Barton's many
friends round the Bay are much
grieved at the news.'

"Then letters of condolence came to my father and mother, and when we read them at breakfast I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. I concluded not to take them too seriously,

"PRIMORDIAL DAYS IN PALM CANYO

This picture by a Laguna painter wo
the present show of Painters and Sculpt
Los Angeles Museum.

Elanor Colburn Wins Art Prize at San Diego

"The Leisser Farnham prize of $100 was won by Elanor Colburn of Laguna Beach, who won the P. F. O'Rourke purchase prize last year.

"The Leisser Farnham prize painting call "Fishwives" by Elanor Colburn, is a work that has a preponderance of strength in certain directions rather than a balance of good qualities.

Ruth Peabody has painted with delicate and affectionate touch a picture of appealing heart interest as well as high artistic merit.

Colburn, who is painting
ntitled "Mothers of All
d Nations," exhibits
other" this month in the
Beach Gallery. "The
Mother," now showing in
ant spring exhibition of
geles Museum, won first
mention, the jury on
g Charles Reiffel, Wil-
hel and Theodore Van

Colburn ting Winner ig L. A. Show

"BATHING BABY"

y Eleanor Colburn,
own at Los Angeles
useum.

Mrs.
Colburn was first with
inting, "Primitive Mother,"
n a prize at the San Diego
and Clarence K. Hinkle was
with "In the Hammock." The
town jury included such well
artists as William Ritschel and
Reiffel, members of the La-
Beach colony are expected to
ate interest in the new Art Gal-
lery.

Birger Sandzen, who is nothing if not original both in treatment of a subject and in coloring, has gone himself one better in this exhibition and is just about six laps ahead of the appreciation which is his due. If one could stand at least a quarter of a mile away from Mr. Sandzen's latest offering one could probably get Mr. Sandzen's idea; but with the limited space of the Laguna Beach Gallery at his disposal the painter is at a distinct disadvantage. In other words, I am not enamoured of this particular Sandzen canvas although I have used up much good typewriting material in extolling Mr. Sandzen's virtues before this.

Birger Sandzén is an excellent painter, a strong wood-engraver of decorative effects, while in the field of lithography he is one of the greatest artists who have lived among us, one of the big men of the world today. Not only is Mr. Sandzén enriching America through his own artistic expression. He is also enriching it through his teaching. The man and his work inspire his students. Big, simple, charitable in viewpoint, strengthened by the years of unrecognized effort, Birger Sandzén has not only remained himself, but has helped others to be themselves in their individual expressions. Fortified by his strong teaching of the letter and lifted by his fine enthusiasm into the spirit of art, his students go out, leavening our great middle and far West. Such sons as Birger Sandzén, America should be proud to claim as her own, by adoption.

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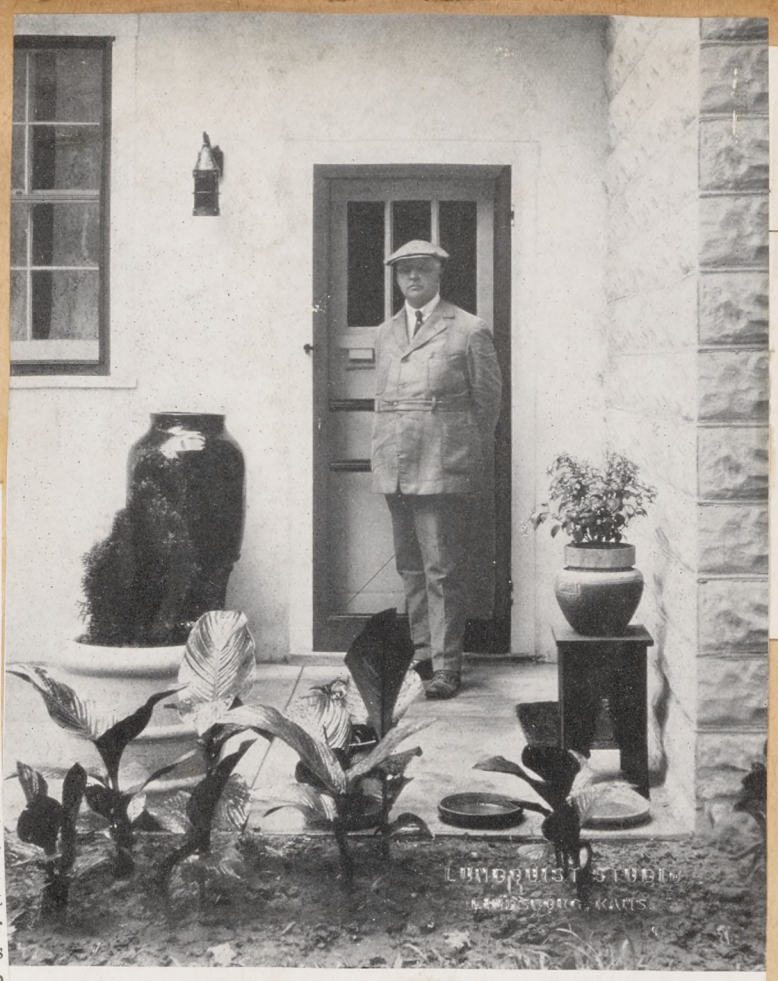

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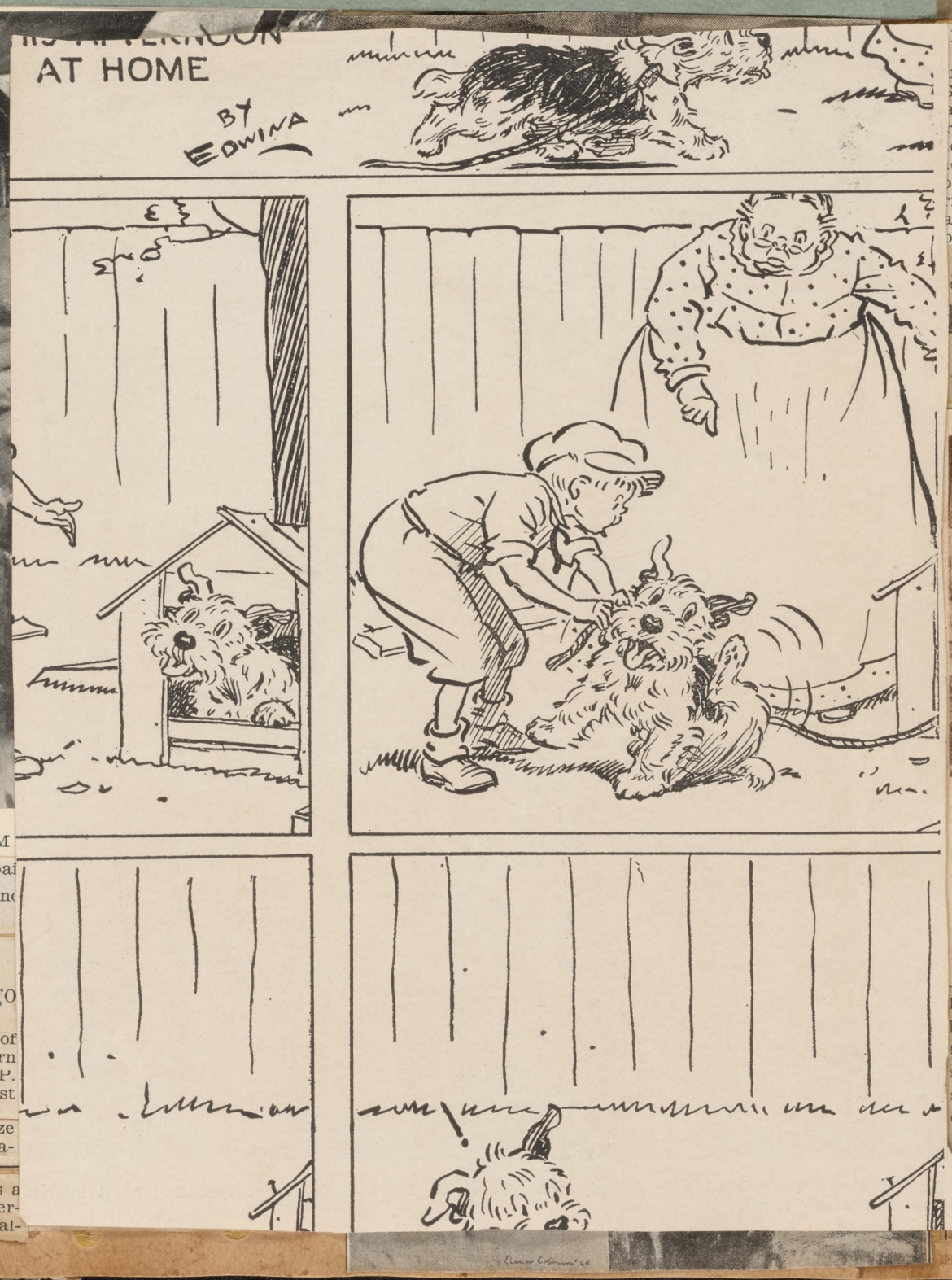

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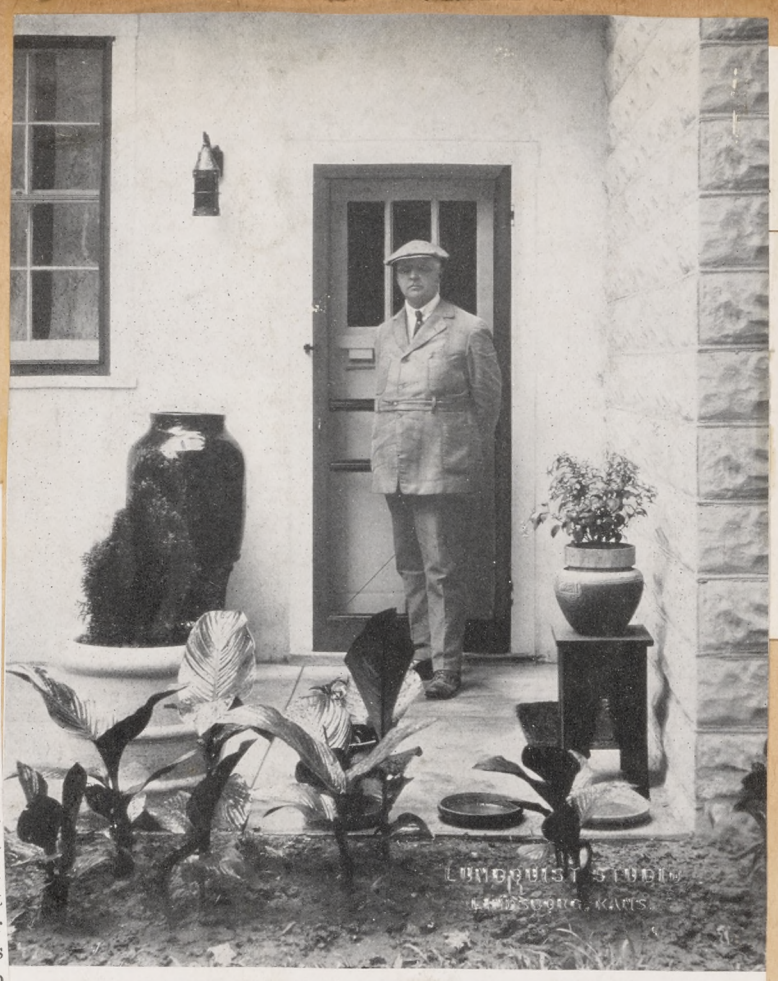

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"PRIMORDIAL DAYS IN PALM CANYON" ELANOR COLBURN

This picture by a Laguna painter won first honorable mention at the present show of Painters and Sculptors of Southern California, Los Angeles Museum. It is a figure arrangement and its strength and importance lies in its rhythmical structure and a certain charm of color. It is evident that the arrangement has been achieved by the theory of dynamic symmetry — too evident, perhaps, but not so much in defiance of the time honored adage that real art bears no semblance of labor, but a slight disturbance that the markings effect. The brown bodies of the Mexican fishwives' children and the old wives are interesting, as they relate to warm grays and a touch of blue water."

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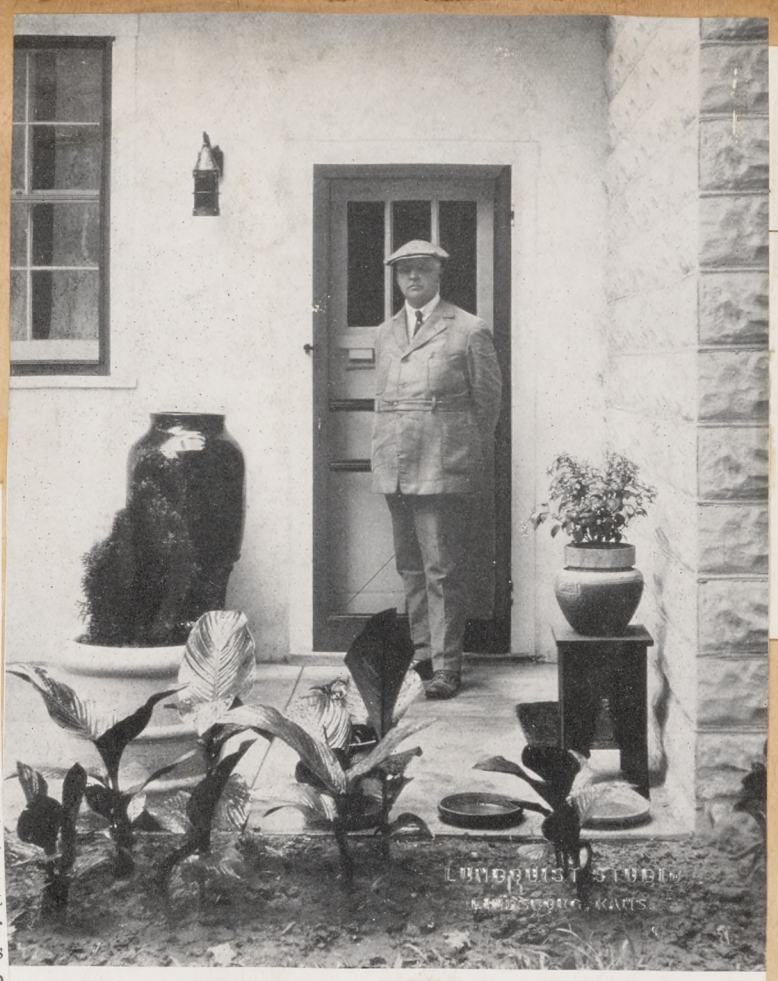

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F. W. CUPRIEN
THE VIKING STUDIO
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Edgar Payne, absent but not forgotten, is honored with enough canvases to make a small one-man show, and these are from the Alps as well as our own high Sierras.

FRANK W. CUPRIEN, noted marine painter of Laguna Beach, has lost his remarkable cat that had become famous in art circles in Southern California. Nancy died from a "hair ball," although Mr. Cuprien did everything possible to effect a cure. She was born in the studio at Arch Beach ten years ago and was known as a one-man cat. Her master was the only one who could pet her and she had a remarkable affection for the artist. One of her characteristics was a love for music. When Mr. Cuprien sat down to play and sing, she would first climb up on the piano and then on the artist's shoulder, purring softly or vigorously as the mood of the music varied.

Cuprien Picture Sold From P.-T.A. Exhibit

The first picture sold from the traveling exhibit sent out by the Art Association under the sponsorship of the Parent-Teacher Association, was one by Frank W. Cuprien. It was purchased by a citizen of San Juan Capistrano. This first traveling show of the P.-T. A. will be followed by others until the entrie county has seen many examples of the Laguna Beach painters.

CUPRIEN'S BEAUTIFUL MARINE 'DRIFTING' IS SOLD FROM GALLERY

"REVERIE" FRANK W. CUPRIEN
President 1921—1922

A visitor at the Viking Studio must needs divide his interest between Frank W. Cuprien, the artist, and Nancy, his pet cat, an established institution in the household.

Mr. Cuprien, quite the most picturesque figure in the artist colony, is a bit exclusive. One must strike the bell at the garden gate three times at the fewest and very gently at that to command his attention. That is, on a week day.

On Sundays he is "at home" to all callers and his gallery is frankly open to the pubic.

Once he has decided to admit you, though, the long wait is forgotten. Mr. Cuprien is delightful and altogether as approachable as are any other of the Laguna celebrities.

He paints the sea in its many moods though he prefers it at the evening hour when the sun makes a golden path across the water and the gleaming light plays on the wet sands. He has spent many years studying and painting the sea both in America and Europe and has exhibited in many of the large art galleries.

Cuprien's Offering.
Frank W. Cuprien, who is noted as the painter of the "Path of Gold," has departed from his favorite coloring and has painted Catalina in a gown of gray. The foreground of the Cuprien picture is a mass of well painted rocks. It is titled "Placidity."

Mr. F. W. Cuprien is planning several new canvases the motives for which he found in the Italian Alps. We are looking forward to these with much interest, for he has been exhibiting only marines for the past ten years.

Frank W. Cuprien, going away from his beautiful iridescent sea effects, is showing the ocean in another mood. A storm is passing and a glorious bit of brilliant silvery light is deluging one part of the water.

Frank W. Cuprien returned home January 25 from a three weeks' trip to Palm Springs and other desert points. He left here January 3. Some unusually fine studies were obtained as the atmospheric conditions were just right and lent themselves exceptionally well to painting. He visited El Mirador Hotel and other well known places and encountered two painter friends, Jean Mannheim and Arthur Hill Gilbert.

Sincerely.
F. W. Cuprien

Cuprien's Surprise.
I went about the Gallery looking for a Cuprien. I could not find it. What was my surprise to see an exquisite thing, like a print from Japan, done in dull greys and greens with a foreign atmosphere. Gone were the opalescent pinks and greens and blues of the Cuprien sunset and in their place was a nocturne of the night. It was titled "Tranquil Night." It is a very lovely thing, poetic, unusual and delightful. It is, although it looks so foreign, a view of Point Loma.

Frank W. Cuprien is showi about the finest example of l "path of gold" that has ever bee shown here. Both artists and laymen are charmed with its appeal to the eye and mind.

ART ASSOCIATION HAS ELECTION MONDAY NIGHT

Anna A. Hills Made President For Third Consecutive Term

Miss Anna A. Hills was elected president of the Laguna Beach Art association Monday evening at the annual meeting of the association in the art gallery.

This is the third consecutive time Miss Hills has been elected president of the association.

Anna A. Hills is showing two water colors in the Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the Washington Water Color Club at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Miss Anna A. Hills is exhibiting in the Spring show at the Los Angeles Museum and also at Ainslie Gallery, Los Angeles, in the Barker Brothers Building. Last Monday Miss Hills spoke before the Ebell Club of Los Angeles, her pictures on exhibition there being the theme.

Miss Anna A. Hills' one-man" show at the Ebell Club, Los Angeles, came in for a goodly share of praise from the critics. Her pictures made at Hemet were especially well received.

Miss Anna Hills has just been re-elected president of the Laguna Beach Art Association for a third term. Other officers are William A. Griffith, first vice president; Frank W. Cuprien,

But Miss Hills has done many other things besides helping to raise an art gallery, since 1914. She has painted, she has taught —and she has bought lots and sold them for a profit. And in 1915 she penetrated the desert in Arizona, traveling in a truck to Ajo, which is not far from the Mexican border, and which then consisted of fifty white men, eight white women and 150 Papago Indians. Ajo is now a town of 4000 souls.

Once again we have chosen a landscape painter—see "Wind Blown" on our cover. But like many artists, Miss Anna A. Hills does not confine her work to one phase only—some of her interiors of Dutch and French peasants' homes are charming.

Miss Hills, who is a native of Ohio, studied in Chicago, New York, and then went to Europe. Wilhelmina H. DeKoning, in Rijsoord, Holland; Jean Paul Laurens, in Paris, and J. Noble Barlow at St. Ives, England, all influenced her work. Since her return to America, Miss Hills has lived at Laguna Beach, California, where she helped to organize the Laguna Beach Art Association, of which she is now president.

As a further evidence of her versatility, Miss Hills uses both water colors and oils for her landscapes.

ANNA HILLS HOLDS WATER-COLOR SHOW

No. 1 in the exhibition of water colors that Anna Hills is holding in the print room of the Los Angeles Museum is titled "The Sunny Sea," and No. 35 is called "East Wind, Surrey, England."

As "Sunny Sea" was painted on the Pacific Coast, it offers us an indication of the distance in space and time that Miss Hills has traveled since she painted "East Wind, Surrey." Technically she has, so to speak, traveled even farther.

The spirit of the English water-colorists breathes through "East Wind," and through the whole small group beginning with No. 29, "In Brittany." We note a liberal flow of gray through the color, a striving for harmonious tone rather than for crisp and sparkling color. There are signs of much "washing out," of rubbing and of scouring, with an almost academic precision in drawing.

But we find no marks of such arduous and conscientious labor, such a desire to be conventionally right, in the group of twenty-eight that precedes the group of seven. These small water colors (a few are positively tiny) were painted in California, the most of them at Laguna Beach, where Miss Hills has her studio, and in them we feel the thrilling and venturesome fearlessness of the soul of the West.

It may be said, of course, that Miss Hills's present method of painting water colors has also become a convention, since it follows many of the rules laid down by the modernists. The first of these laws is pure colors so placed that they form a brilliantly vibratory harmonious whole. There is small attempt at imitation in the old sense, there is a conscious and unremitting effort at esthetic completeness. Each spot of color must be beautiful in itself, and it must help to enhance the beauty of its neighbors. And this, too, may be called a convention, don't you think?

However, it is a convention far removed from the imitation of the past. It vitalizes its subject. It eschews the sentimental in painting, and it even looks askance at the "poetic." Its only aim is visual beauty, for its practitioners believe, with the poet, that "beauty is its own excuse for being"—and so do we, for the modernists have carried us along with them. Are they sometimes a trifle jazzy? Well, this is a jazzy age.

But the freshness of Miss Hills's delightful little water colors does not suggest jazz. It has delicate restraints, soothing rhythms, and though the colors flash like jewels—emerald, beryl, topaz, lazuli—their "setting," so to speak, subdues them to perfect pictorial uses.

Miss Hills has painted a case full of miniature portraits of the Pacific Ocean, giving us, for the most part, the wonderful profile that is turned toward Laguna Beach. Hence some sameness in the pictures, though a sameness with exquisite differences.

ARIETY MARKS ART OF LAGUNA PAINTER

Anna Hills is holding a one-man show in the auditorium of the Ebell Club this month. She has hung some of her finest works here and the showing is both happy and impressive.

A born colorist, she has never ceased to study and experiment. In consequence she has no machine-made technique for all occasions but allows fresh subjects to suggest their own treatment.

I suspect she was particularly happy at Hemet, for two or more of the most compelling canvases were done there. "After the Storm" is extremely decorative in a fine blue and gold color scheme. Great wet clouds tower above blue-shadowed mountains, whose forms are well felt and drawn. A little valley emerges in green and yellow light, and all through the canvas runs a flow of color which never loses the beautiful variety of nature.

"Song of Spring," a fine bit of lyricism, also hails from Hemet.

"The Desert, Palm Springs," has a great sweep, an excellently managed distance and a vast luminous sky. Also from the desert comes a full moonlight. A deal of moon-magic crept into this picture. The light about the moon itself is bravely painted and finely distributed throughout the sky, ending in the faintest caress on the distant low-lying mountains.

"Spell of the Sea," the largest work shown, is very charming. Done in a mood of reverie, a high key is maintained throughout to give us one of the ocean's most dreamlike moments.

The sea in a different temper is seen in the bold inrushing water of another marine. The handling is strong and masculine, the rocks square and hard, the water threatening in its force and mass.

Courtesy of Laguna Art Gallery

"Wind Blown"—Monterey Cypress—By Anna A. Hills

"Tuna Fishermen" (Concarneau, Brittany), by Edgar Alwin Payne.

This will probably be the last exhibition from Mr. Payne's brush for several years, as it is his intention to sail for Europe next summer, with his wife and daughter, to remain for two or three years. He will paint in Italy, Spain, France and Switzerland. The output of those immediate years—well, the probabilities are that Edgar Payne's first exhibition, on his return, will create something of a furore!

It is very likely that this exhibition will be the public's last chance to see Payne's work, as he is leaving after his show for an extended sketching tour in the high Sierras, and after that will go to New York, where he expects to establish a studio. Another European trip is also contemplated so that there is little likelihood of seeing more than an occasional Payne canvas after this show at the Standahl Galleries. Of course, it is to be expected that many pictures will be sold this next month, as this will be really the first time that the general public has had a chance to look the Payne pictures over.

So the public is to have chance to view the Payne pictures. It is Mr. Payne's first big show since he came West this time. He has been showing in the several exhibitions, having secured some of the prizes of the year, but this will be the first time that the public has had a chance to view all of his pictures.

I refer, of course, to the Los Angeles public and that part of the Southland that makes the City of the Angeles a Mecca of the Art world. Laguna Beach has seen the Payne pictures. The showing will be remembered by the throng of people who crowded the studio belonging to Harold Weaver, whose guest Mr. Payne was during the first few weeks of his return to Laguna Beach, when Mr. Weaver held open house that all who desired might view the work of Mr. Payne.

While the greater part of the exhibition will be devoted to Mr. Payne's European things, enough other canvases will be distributed throughout the show to make an interesting panorama, stretching from the mountains of California to the highest peaks of Switzerland. And then, of course, the boats will be there. The colorful, romantic, epoch-making boats into the making of which Mr. Payne seems to have sunk his very personality. The Payne pictures of the fishermen's boats of Brittany and Italy are the last word is glowing, shimmering color. They are modern, most modern, but modern with a keen sense of decency and the fitness of things. It is never difficult to conceive of what Edgar Payne is thinking in his pictures. One needn't puzzle over whether the canvas represents a boat, or a turtle with the woes of the world resting on his back in a state of mind bordering on the impious. No, Edgar Payne is not so modern as that. But his use of color, his brilliancy of execution are modern. And the play of light on the water is so modern that even the modern of the moderns can't solve his secret.

EDGAR A. PAYNE OPENS ONE-MAN SHOW ON 15TH

Edgar Payne, who is now in Rome, is winning honors in Italy. He had three entries in the Second Biennial International Exhibition at Rome and one of his pictures, "Barche Veneziane a Choggie," has been reproduced in the catalog. But it must not be forgotten that his pictures have also been reproduced in The Los Angeles Times.

Edgar Payne, who, by the way, will be witn us soon, gives us "Sardine Fisherman," tossing boats with red and pink sails, a vigorour piece of work.

Edgar Payne Heads California Art Club

EDGAR A. PAYNE has been elected to preside over the destinies of the California Art Club for this coming year. Other officers include E. Roscoe Schrader and Fletcher Fore, vice presidents; Barse Miller, corresponding secretary; Leland Curtis, treasurer; Loren Barton, recording secretary; Mary Everett, chairman entertainment committee; Julia Bracken Wendt, chairman admission committee; Sam Harris, publicity committee, and Ralph Holmes, chairman bulletin committee. As a testimonial to Anthony Anderson, the retiring art critic of the "Times," Los Angeles, who has been writing for that paper for twenty-two years, the Art Club, the Stendahl Galleries and Mrs. Guy Rose presented him with a Guy Rose picture which he had greatly admired. The painting is now on exhibition at the Stendahl Gallery in the Guy Rose memorial collection.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar A. Payne and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Griffith were dinner guests at the home of the Misses Nellie and Anna Hills on Monday. After dinner a happy evening was spent around the studio fireplace listening to tales of European travel via a Ford.

The scheme of greens and blues in Edgar Payne's "Morning Mist" is very attractive. The picture is full of broken lights.

M. Antony Anderson est invite a visitor l'Exposition de Sculpture et de Peinture des Artistes Americains bien connu, Nancy Cox McCormack et Edgar Alwyn Payne, chez Jacques Seligmann et Fils. 57 Rue St. Dominique, Paris. But as the exhibition opened 15 Mars and closed 1 Avril, and the invitation did not reach M. Antony Anderson till April 2, he could not accept. However, he is able to inform you that our old friend from Los Angeles, Edgar Alwyn Payne, was represented by seventeen landscapes, only one of which, "La Sierra Nevada," came from "Californie." The list of titles is enticing, even thrilling—"La Glacier Haut," "L'Hiver," "Neiges Eternelles, Mont Blanc," "Sottomarino," "Paysage, Grindelwald," "Haut Sommet," "Versant du Wetterhorn," "Barque de Peche," and so on. The prophet is outside his own country—he is now an American gien connu. Friends, pause and ponder. Don't forget it when he comes back.

CATALOG

OPENING EXHIBITION

of the New

LAGUNA BEACH ART GALLERY

February 16, 1929

Open Daily One to Five P. M.

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(1) MABEL ALVAREZ.....“Seated Figure”
(2) CHARLES PARTRIDGE ADAMS, “Among the San Juan Peaks”
(3) *FRANZ A. BISCHOFF.....“Utah Farm Yard
(4) GEORGE K. BRANDRIFF.....“Turmoil’s Respite”
(5) ANNI BALDAUGH..... “Margarita”
(6) BENJAMIN C. BROWN.....“Lone Pine Peak, Autumn”
(7) IDA RANDALL BOLLES.....“A Dreaming Day in Monterey”
(8) JOHN COTTON.....“Fading Light”
(9) FRANK W. CUPRIEN.....“Opalescence”
(10) ELANOR COLBURN..... “Hattie”
(11) NELL COOVER.....“Chrysanthemums in Nippon Vase”
(12) FRANK COBURN.....“Flower Market in Los Angeles”
(13) H. A. CHALMERS.....“Algeria”
(14) J. VENNERSTROM CANNON.....“Flower Study
(15) W. GALEN DOSS.....“Sunset”
(16) HENRI DE KRUIF.....“Ballad of the Eucalyptus”
(17) ALICE V. FULLERTON.....“Enchanting Hour”
(18) C. A. FRIES.....“Cuyamaca Mt. from Kilmore’s Point”
(19) J. DUNCAN GLEASON.....“The Highlands,” Carmel-By-the-Sea
(20) WILLIAM GRIFFITH.....“Laguna Beach
(21) ARTHUR HILL GILBERT.....“Autumn”
(22) JEAN GOODWIN.....“Old Blacksmith Shop”
(23) RAYMOND HENRY.....“Storm King”
(24) LETA K. HOUSTON.....“Thro’ the Sycamores”
(25) ANNA A. HILLS.....“The Spell of the Sea”
(26) CLARENCE K. HINKLE.....“Houses” (Arch Beach)
(27) THOS. HUNT.....“In the Harbor”
(28) ARTHUR HAMMOND.....“Fisherman of Gloucester”
(29) JOHN HINCHMAN.....“Interior Arrangement”
(30) HELEN HODGE.....“Ancient Gate of Ronda” (Spain)
(31) LUCILLE HINKLE.....“Grey Ramparts”
(32) F. TENNEY JOHNSON.....“Night in the Canyon”
(33) AARON KILPATRICK.....“Cerro Romauldo”
(34) JOSEPH KLEITSCH..... “Portrait”
(35) FERNAND KAUFMAN..... “Wanderlust”

(36) PHILIP KRAUTH.....“Laguna Rocks”
(37) LUTHER MANSHIP..... “Building”
(38) EDITH H. LOOP.....“Portrait of Mrs. W—”
(39) IVAN MESSINGER.....“Into the Land of Shade”
(40) NELL BROOKER MAYHEW.....“Jewelled Cove”
(41) EVYLENA NUNN MILLER.....“Citadel of Zion—Jerusalem”
(42) PEGGY NICHOLS..... “Iphigenia”
(43) RUTH PEABODY.....“California Matilijas”
(44) EDGAR PAYNE.....“Peaks of St. Gervais, France”
(45) MARY POTTENGER (Decoration).....“Harvest”
(46) WM. A. PAXTON.....“Welcome Shade”
(47) CHARLES REIFFEL.....“Desert Ranch
(48) IRENE B. ROBINSON.....“Toward Capistrano”
(49) JOHN HUBBARD RICH.....“A Mexican Woman”
(50) JULIE E. RAYMOND.....“A Street in Mexico”
(51) MILLARD SHEETS.....“Old Timers”
(52) E. ROSCOE SHRADER.....“Boy With Watering Pot”
(53) GARDNER SYMONS.....“Below Flows the River”
(54) ELMER SCHOFIELD.....“Landscape”
(55) KATHERINE SKEELE.....“Taos Indian”
(56) DONNA SCHUSTER.....“Rita, Vender of Birds”
(57) F. CARL SMITH.....“Where Peace Reigns” (High Sierras)
(58) EDITH TRUESDELL..... “Noise”
(59) NELL WALKER WARNER.....“Oriental Shop”
(60) VIRGINIA WOOLLEY.....“A Street Scene in Taos, N. Mexico”
(61) BLANCHE WHELAN.....“Indian Girl”
(62) WM. WENDT.....“Nature Still Delights in Joy”
(63) WM. WOODWARD.....“Biloix Art Colony—Biloix, Miss.”
(64) KARL YENS.....“Birds of the Holy Grail”

SCULPTURE

(1) ELI HARVEY.....“Lioness Recumbent”
(2) ELI HARVEY.....“Maternal Caress”—Lioness and Cub
(3) JULIA BRACKEN WENDT.....“Mermaids”
(Loaned by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Crookshank, Tustin)
(4) RUTH PEABODY.....“The Sprite” (Fountain figure)
(Loaned by Mr. and Mrs. John Jehle, Laguna Beach)
(5) BEULAH C. MAY.....“Child’s Head”

*Deceased.

Credit Workers On New Gallery

Those who helped in the building of the new Art Gallery were: R. W. McCommon, foreman, and Elmer Parker, Huntington Beach; D. L. Helwig, F. L. Lattin, Glen Watkins, A. G. Mummy, Frank Hawley, F. O. Sullivan, U. P. Sayles, Clifford Harmon, Wilford Duarte, V. A. Walker,, R. B. Walker of Laguna Beach; Clifford Hill, Clarence Jiles, A. E. Shields of Santa Ana.

Laguna Beach Gallery

Few people ever visit Laguna Beach without taking a trip to the Art Gallery. Thousands of people from nearly every State of the Union and many foreign countries registered last year. This year, with the attraction of a new modern fire-proof building, the attendance at the monthly exhibits of the Laguna Beach Art Association will no doubt be greatly augmented. Laguna people and art lovers from all over Southern California are looking forward with great interest to the new exhibition featuring the opening of the gallery February 16.

By ANNA A. HILLS

The president and board of directors of the Laguna Beach Art Association wish to take this opportunity to express their most sincere appreciation to the workmen by whose labor the gallery has actually been built.

Due to the unfailing courtesy, good will and spirit of fair play on the part of Roy M. Ropp and B. C. Mackey, contractors, and R. W. McCommon, foreman, the work was done without friction, a spirit of loyalty always being evident among the men.

Several times during the pouring of the concrete it was necessary to work long past the usual hour, but every man did his part, even after the street lamps and the moon furnished the light for the old concrete machine to grind out its precious mixture.

To each and every one of the sub-contractors who have been interested in this “different” building and especially William J. Harris, the painter, whose understanding and skill we appreciated:

To our architects, Myron Hunt and C. C. Chambers of Los Angeles, to R. D. McPherson, the draftsman, and Mr. Turpening, the superintendent of construction, we wish to express our appreciation of their patience in helping us to solve our problems. Their wisdom and advice kept us steady and showed us the way to build for the future, a real gallery, which will be of service, not simply for today, but for the unending tomorrows down the ages.

Built as it is, with reinforced hollow concrete walls, it will last as long as the cliffs on which it stands!

And about these walls lurks no memory of unhappy moments lived through during the process of erection. We can look both ways, either back over the past or forward to the future with joy and satisfaction.

The Board of the Laguna Beach Art Association, who for the past two years has worked over the problems of financing and building the new gallery had among other things a determination to have the best light available. As a result over eleven hundred square feet of glass in the roof lets in the glorious California daylight. That this may not be too intense, there is a beautiful diffusion screen which subdues the glare.

The artificial lights running around and concealed by the frame of the diffusion screen are on a three-way circuit, which allows ample opportunity to vary the intensity to suit the need.

The lights in the lobby are not yet satisfactory. We should like something interesting in the way of fixtures which would be in keeping with the beauty of the beamed ceiling in this room. We shall look to the future for the fulfilment of this desire.

On the outside, beside the beautiful “mission” doors in the pergola, are two charming hammered copper lanterns made by Laura B. Hampton of Los Angeles and Laguna, as her gift of light to the new gallery.

On one of these doors is to be a knocker, modeled by Julia Bracken Wendt and cast in bronze —the gift of Mrs. E. F. Ray of Los Angeles and Laguna.

To these and all friends who are helping the gallery to become more useful and more beautiful, we wish to express our sincere appreciation.

The value of an art gallery lies not in its exterior, nor yet in its interior, unless these be the perfect background for exhibitions of high character. This, then, is our hope: That this gallery which we have builded with so much care and thought may be continually filled with splendid works of art. May we as artists, each and every one, take upon ourselves a feeling of personal responsibility and may we ask ourselves, not how many pictures may I exhibit a year, but how high a standard can I set for myself?

We no longer have a little old shack for a gallery—dear as it was—where we perhaps had some excuse for thinking that ’most anything, if fairly good, might pass; but now we have in the words of one of our own members who has recently been in all the big cities of the East, “the finest gallery to be found anywhere.” Let us strive to live up to the challenge it presents.

We have often been asked, Are we going to have a permanent collection? The answer is, No. This gallery, at least for the present, is for the living artist who is sincerely at work on the ever-changing problems of the day. Here we hope may be continually found the best in contemporary art.

We wish to acknowledge the helpful co-operation during the past two years of the Stendahl Art Galleries of Los Angeles. They have greatly assisted us in keeping up our standard. The Biltmore Salon has promised to cooperate in the same way in the future.

Our method of completely changing the exhibits in our gallery every two months is perhaps somewhat of a tax on our artist members, but surely each one might plan to be represented at least three times during the year with a truly fine work of art.

During these past two years Alice T. Parker has served most faithfully and acceptably as our curator. We regret to announce her resignation that she may be associated with her brother, in business. However, we are glad to say that she remains on the Board as corresponding secretary. Her place as curator will be filled by Lucy B. Long, who for five years, from 1920 to 1925, served as librarian in the Laguna Beach Library so needs no introduction. We are glad to entrust to her the privilege of meeting the many friends and visitors who will find their way to our new gallery. She will be serving in the capacity of hostess for Laguna, and we feel confident that she will do it well.

Our campaign for securing the building fund has necessitated the sending out of many letters to all of the 700 members of the association. As her gift to the gallery Miss Josephine Larkin has been of great assistance in preparing the stencils for the mimeographing, not only of these, but of the letters and notices sent out during the past two years.

Our New Gallery

And is not this
Laguna’s own “Acropolis,”
This fair height—
By Nature set apart
That we might
Rear thereon
Our “Parthenon”
To art,
Even that all the world may see
The exalted purpose of our artistry?

—ISAAC J. FRAZEE.

Many Artists Attend New Gallery Opening Reception Saturday

Among the well known artists of Southern California who signed the register at the new art gallery Saturday were:

Gardner Symons, Elmer Schofield, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stendahl, Mr. and Mrs. William Wendt, Hanson Puthuff, Mr. and Mrs. John Cotton, F. Carl Smith, Elanor Colburn, Ruth Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Brandriff, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Yens, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hinkle, Mr. and Mrs. H. Raymond Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Griffith, Dona Schuster, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Kauffman, Mrs. Marie B. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Doss, Antony Anderson, Elmer Wachtel, Marian Kavanaugh Wachtel, Mr. and Mrs. Kanst, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Modra, Mrs. Grace Gilman, Mrs. Everett, Miss Louise Everett, Beulah May, Evelyn Nunn Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richter, Lillian Whiting, Lucile Hinkle, F. J. Schwankovsky, Leta Horlocker, Josephine Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Manship, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Frazee, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Harvey, Harley Nicholls, Irene Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Paxton, Miss Edith Loop, Julie Raymond, Mrs. Mabel Haig, Anna Priscilla Risher, Amanda Jacobson, Annie Baldaugh, Edith Truesdell, Glenn Lukens, Mrs. Seiwert, Mr. and Mrs. M. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. John Hinchman, Mr. and Mrs. William Riddell, Jean Goodwin, Francis Egge, Frank Coburn, Ida Randall Bolles, Charles Partridge Adams, Benjamin F. Horning, Mrs. Lewis Fleckenstein, Reginald Polland, Alanson Bryan, Louisa Merritt, Peggy Nichols, Edith Truesdale, Mr. and Mrs. Algot Nordstrom, Violette R. Jackman, Theodore Jackman, Alice Fullerton and Anna A. Hills.

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LITTLE PORTRAITS. XV.

The immovable silence, the almost breathless silence, of the man is contagious. One is hushed before it.

I used to think he measured us quietly, found us unworthy of his further notice, and ignored us. And it made me feel very humble and still.

He has the appearance of a man who looks calmly and knowingly at the world, finds nothing in it that interests him, and looks further—away past this world, at things we cannot see,—or else retires within himself and finds there complete satisfaction.

He looks all of that. He commands a great deal of respect by simply standing still and saying nothing.

But I gradually learned it was shyness. Shyness so intense that it resembled a magnificent poise—perhaps like the shyness of the Cowardly Lion in "The Wizard of Oz."

He's so shy he stayed a bachelor for years and years and years. And now he has a wonder of a wife. She must have understood him from the first and taken him in hand at once. She's done wonders for him. For instance, he has produced a prodigious number of paintings since the happy event of his marriage, and his pictures show such a spirit of adventure and experiment that they never fail to thrill the veriest dallier with art.

A daring and a fearlessness—an almost flippant adventure into most difficult and untried paths—and always with a decided artistic effect—a dash and nerve which seems totally lacking in his social character—pervades all his paintings.

Sometimes the results are far from pleasing, but they are never lacking in artistry. One feels often an incompleteness, which might mean that a new adventure has grasped him before he finished the old, and that he deserted the old love for the new. He's so reserved in speech that one must glean wholly from his paintings.

There's a large chance of his developing into a really fine big painter—providing he rounds out his experiments eventually to create complete things that his present stage so richly promises.

His wife and his industry are his most valiant aids in this campaign. —The public be damned!—But the public greatly appreciates his work

From Clarence Hinkle we have "In Indiana," one of his beautiful improvisations—or experiments—some pigs and their keeper, two pigs being an ochre yellow, one as red as a damask rose, against a background of sunlit fields. When Hinkle makes up his mind really to paint, he paints.

Clarence Hinkle

The Hinkle Cottage Arch Beach Thursday

Clarence Hinkle, master painter, has had hung "Through the Kitchen Door." It is amazing how many changes this artist can ring on the small studio home which he occupies at Arch Beach. First one sees the living room, then the kitchen with many bowls on the table, then the balcony overlooking roofs, then the garden seen through an open door. What a treasure house of ideas that Hinkle home must be. Or is it the painter who sees? Are all our houses thus interesting, I wonder? Anyway, the Hinkle house is interesting and it is especially so in the picture which Mr. Hinkle is showing just now.

"STILL LIFE" CLARENCE K. HINKLE
Honorable Mention, Pasadena 1930

"The Visit," by Clarence Hinkle, which was awarded first prize at the recent show of the Laguna Beach Art Association. Mr. Hinkle is to be an exhibitor at the Southern California Fair at Riverside, September 21 to 26. —*George E. Hurrell Photo.*

Hinkle Portrait.

Clarence Hinkle is well repre sented with a portrait piece, beau tifully done in colors that wi surely please the most fastidiou critic. The model's dress is of persimmon shade, a scarf of bril liant blue is carelessly thrown o the window seat beside her and piece of handiwork of white give just the proper handling of the colors. Mr. Hinkle's picture will be one of the admired ones of this month's show, if the comments of the Gallery visitors are to be trusted. He is also showing a small canvas called "Early Mass." It shows a mother and her little girl seated in a church at an early hour; the child is too sleepy to keep awake and is leaning against her mother's arm. The mother holds a prayer book, reverently.

Mr. Hinkle is represented by one large and two small canvases. The big picture is of a woman seated in a chair in a garden with a little child at her knee.

The picture depends upon its coloring for any popular appeal it will make, but for the artist observer there is much to study. There is less formlessness than in most of the recent things which Mr. Hinkle has shown, but it is still very loosely done. The two smaller things are bits of the Laguna coast line and are like gems in coloring. The paint has been applied in masses to get the desired effect of the scintillating water..

"Clarence Hinkle won a five-hundred-dollar prize at the Carmalita House Exhibition in Pasadena early in the year and Eleanor Colburn an honorable mention in the same exhibit.

"At the Summer exhibition soon to close at the Museum in Balboa Park, San Diego, Mr. Hinkle won the one-hundred-dollar prize;

Clarence K. Hinkle. "Vacation Time." Of great charm in color and grouping, three girlish figures bent over a book—

Clarence Hinkle's Study in Black and White Wins Favor With Critic.

This oil painting was exhibited in the Laguna Beach Art Gallery ast season and has been admired by thousands of visitors in other exhibitions of Southern California. Mr. Hinkle is one of the popular judges who has officiated at numerous exhibitions lately.

Of Brandriff Millier writes:

"George K. Brandriff is considerably older than Millard Sheets, but he still is properly classed among the younger artists and it is only during the last few years that he has come into the open with his paintings. His first comprehensive one-man showing is attracting much favorable comment from visitors to the Biltmore Salon, and again it is the freshness of an unjaded painter that is at work.

"From the first time his paintings appeared they evidenced a fresh, personal point of view, something closely akin to the general view of our landscape school, yet with a distinct variation in composition, variety of subject matter and atmospheric quality."

George Brandriff's exhibit at the Biltmore Salon contains 32 landscapes and marines, all subjects from California, a few from the North. Among the appetizing titles are "Gale," "Drying Sand," "An April Sky," "Rain-Drenched Meadow," "Spring Song," "Swirling Foam," "Gull Rocks," "Monterey Headland," "Across the Meadow," "The Clearing Mist." Brandriff, it would seem, shows as fine a talent for naming his pictures as for painting them.

George K. Brandriff

GEORGE K. BRANDRIFF is one of our younger California landscape painters—certainly the very youngest to have attained the reputation that is already his. He ranks with our truest interpreters of the landscape beauties of Southern California, and the day seems not far away—indeed, it may be tomorrow—when he will take his place among the great painters of America.

More, George K. Brandriff is an artist as well as a painter. He not only manipulates his materials with amazing facility and ease, thus showing that he is a born painter, but he has always something to say, something poetical, important and vital—something truly beautiful as art. His pictures will live because of this happy conjunction of the painter and the poet.

He is settling into his stride, with astonishing rapidity. I have met few artists who have his avidity, his flair, for paint. Nothing significant as art escapes his keen eye. He discovers the picture in everything that comes his way, be it a mountain or a valley, a church or a house, a man or a horse. Being superbly equipped, as I have said, he makes attractive every canvas he touches, and comes very near to immortalizing man and mountain alike.

In brief, George K. Brandriff is an artist to his fingertips. He is so known and recognized among his fellow-artists, who have honored him with membership in the California Art Club, the Painters of the West and the Laguna Beach Art Association.

ANTONY ANDERSON.

"SOLITUDE" GEORGE K. BRANDRIFF

Brandriff Returns

George K. Bandriff but recently returned from a sketching trip in Europe says, "Yes, I am glad to be back. Europe is beautiful and interesting but to me, in a very tragic sense." When asked how it felt to be back in Laguna he said, among other things, "I shall build my permanent studio here in the near future for I believe of the many favorite fields for painters in California Laguna undoubtedly has the greatest art consciousness."

Is it difficult to learn to paint? George K. Brandriff's rapid progress in technique assures us that it isn't (if you have the talent for paint) and so does Nell Walker Warner's almost equally rapid rise. Personally, I agree with George and Nell. When I was a student in the Art Institute of Chicago I was told by one of my instructors that I would paint better if I painted worse. He meant, of course, that my technical facility was a handicap toward progress as an artist, and that my brush went ahead of my knowledge.

I have often feared that Brandriff's ease with his brush would land him in a quagmire from which he would never be able to pull out, but I'm glad to say that this danger is now past. How that feller can paint! And now he is himself and nobody else. If you doubt me, look at his stunning canvases in the exhibition on the hill, "Shorty's Outfit" and "In From the Banks." "Shorty's Outfit" is hardly short (no pun intended) of masterly.

"All Weather Friends" - - - by George K. Brandriff
In the permanent collection---Los Angeles Museum

"MARKET PLACE—DOUARNENEZ" GEO. K. BRANDRIFF
Silver Medal, Painters of the West, 1929

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Carl Oscar Borg

Art, itself, was an adventure for Borg. Wholly without academic training, "self-taught," as Who's Who phrases it, critics generally now rank Borg among the leading American artists. But his eminence was arduously won. Antony Anderson tells the anecdote of his criticism of the skies in Borg's paintings at a time when the artist was a mere beginner and not long after he had abandoned the sea for art. Always susceptible to intelligent suggestions, Borg readily admitted the justice of the criticism and during the succeeding three months painted nothing but skies!

But behind the serenity of Borg's canvases lurks adventure personified in shipwreck, involuntary participation in Latin-American revolutions, sorties into the movies as an art director, participation in the tribal life of aboriginal Americans and marriage!

Borg is peculiarly Los Angeles' own, for his first artistic endeavors were undertaken here, and his earliest critical recognition, commendation and encouragement emanated from the kindly, but discriminating pen of Antony Anderson, The Times' astute art critic for years. He is married to a Los Angeles girl and they occupy a home in that nebulous borderland between Los Angeles and Hollywood.

Although, for Borg, art is both vocation and avocation, his tastes are catholic and his varying interests cover a wide range. His extensive collection of California books entitle him to rank as a bibliophile of the first water and they are books which he has read, too, so that his knowledge of the early history of the West is surprisingly extensive.

BORG'S WATER COLORS AT PUBLIC LIBRARY

No medium for expression in graphic art is foreign to Carl Oscar Borg's talent. He makes use of all of them, and always with distinguished success. The oil, the ..water color, the block-print, the pen and the pencil sketch—we have seen beautiful examples of each of these, though more of the oil and the water color, since they offer him his greatest opportunitites.

A much-traveled artist—he has been in Italy, Spain, England, Sweden and Mexico, as well as in various parts of the United States—he offers us, in his present exhibition of some twenty numbers at Los Angeles Public Library, a great variety of subjects in water color, pen and pencil.

The pictures from New Mexico and the Grand Canyon are in opaque acparelle. They have the strength and the solidity of oils. In drawing they are masterly. In color they have a rich fullness. In feeling they are warm and sympathetic, even when they depict such grandeurs as afternoon light and dark in the deep gorges of the Colorado River.

In "Navajo Mother," we have the swarthy heavy-featured madonna of the adobes, a picture strong in color but imbued with an almost religious tenderness of feeling. "The Red Abyss, Grand Canyon," is a glowing splendor of color, a magnificent study in monumental form. "Roman Street" brings us to another scene and another mode of life, though the many figures are as plastically reposeful as those in the pictures from Walpi.

Borg's pencil gives us the sensitively drawn "Hopi Houses" and "The Desert's Open Spaces," and from his pen, which is not less forcefully and delicately handled than his pencil, we have "At the Water Hole," and "San Pietro in Vaticano," the latter being reinforced with a few slight washes of umber or sienna.

LIKE a true son of Sweden's rocky shores, Carl Oscar Borg ran away to sea, plowing blue-black water to Valparaiso, putting into tiny ports in sun-gold islands of the Sapphire Aegean, clinging aloft to icy lines when the white bergs clashed ominously off the bow. And there were dream-like days ashore in the tinted streets of Tangier watching the white-robed veiled women swaving gracefully down mediæval lanes, looking in wonder at some bearded son of the prophet astride his Arabian courser, long flint-lock and date cluster swinging from the horn of his saddle.

Small wonder this roving, adventurous youth looked across the se with longing, romantic eyes at th great American desert, braved th Horn to see it and found there virile peace as challenging as th induced by the vast, rhythms of el mental ocean.

Art Director for "Doug."

Carl Oscar Borg was art director for Douglas Fairbanks in the making of Doug's latest picture, "The Black Pirate." The sets were all designed from Borg's paintings, and many scenes were made doubly effective by the aid of color photography.

Oscar Borg's wood-block prime Squaw and the Sewing Ma," won an honorable mentio

A KNIGHT OF THE WEST.—Carl Oscar Borg.

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ANNA HILLS PASSES FRIDAY; DEATH WAS NOT EXPECTED

Though Ailing for Months, Seemed on the Road to Recovery; Funeral Monday, All Business Houses Closed in Honor of Artist

Anna A. Hills, president of the Laguna Beach Art Association, passed away unexpectedly Friday evening at 8:40 at the home occupied by her and her sister, Miss Nellie Hills, on Coast boulevard.

Ailing for several months, slow

in recovering from a more serious illness, never strong, the strain of convalescence proved too much for her heart. Recent reports had led her many friends to believe that she was on the road to recovery.

Miss Hills had withdrawn from most of her many activities, forced to do so by her failing health. She was active as superintendent of the Community Presbyterian Sunday school, president of the Art association, and in many other organizations in which she took part.

Coming to this city many years ago, Miss Hills conducted an art school each summer, students coming from all parts of the United States. Her energy, resourcefulness, tact, enthusiasm and ability placed her at the head of the art association several years ago, and it is the expressed opinion of many that to her is due the fact that the new art gallery was built. That it is a memorial to her has been a frequent expression.

Anna Althea Hills was born in Ravenna, Ohio, 47 years ago, receiving her education in Chicago, New York and Paris. In Europe she studied under leading art instructors. She won many prizes in art exhibitions and many of her paintings were widely reproduced.

Active to the last, one of the plans being considered by Miss Hills was for the exterior decoration of the gallery and the finishing of the basement according to the architect's plans. Her interest in planning the city was keen and one of her last requests was that a member of the original planning commission be placed on the one being discussed to be appointed soon. One of her most recent conferences was with Thomas A. Cummings concerning the planting of trees on Coast boulevard from Aster to Myrtle street. Because of her intense interest in city beautification and her faculty of painting eucalyptus trees, it has been suggested that the row of eucalyptus trees being planted be made an Anna A. Hills Memorial.

Surviving members of the family are her father, Rev. A. M. Hills of Pasadena; four brothers, Rev. James A. Hills of Dayton, O., H. M. Hills, San Bernardino; Charles F. Hills, Pasadena, and Dwight Moody Hills, New York; and two sisters, Mrs. Mary Hills Everett of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, and Miss Nellie Hills of this city.

Pall bearers were selected from organizations, being G. W. Prior of the city officials, G. K. Bingham of the schools, W. T. Lambert of the Masons, Roy M. Ropp of the Realty Board, W. A. Griffith of the Art association, and N. E. West of the city planning commission. Three of them are elders of the Community Presbyterian Church—Messrs. Prior, Bingham and Ropp. The latter was closely associated with Miss Hills as builder of the church and of the art gallery, she being active on the building committees for both bodies. Every business house in the city was closed Monday between two and three, the hour of the funeral.

A profusion of flowers sent by individuals and organizaions were at the church.

A blanket of Claudius Pernet yellow buds, ferns and lilies of the valley given by the artists, covered the casket. The artists were seated in a body by themselves in the church during the funeral service. The order of service was as follows:

1. Music by Miss Anna Priscilla Risher and Miss Josephine Hills.
2. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" by the children of the Sunday school; Miss Sadie Shields at the organ.
3. Scripture reading; Psalms 124:8; Psalms 103:8-13; Psalms 130; followed by the recital in unison of the Twenty-Third Psalm.
4. Prayer followed by the Lord's Prayer in unison.
5. Solo by Gretchen Garrett.
6. Remarks followed by the New Testament lesson, I Thessalonians 4:13-18; I Thessalonians 5:1-11; Revelations 21:1-4.
7. Solo by Gretchen Garrett.
8. Music by Miss Anna Priscilla Risher and Miss Josephine Hills.

Interment was at Fairhaven.

Rev. Raymond I. Brahams, conducting the service at the church, said: "I wish I were an eloquent man, and yet eloquence is not necessary in such an hour as this. Small of stature, yet no one was ever privileged to be in her diminutive presence even for a moment but felt the impact of her personality, the fineness and firmness of her character. The tremendous earnestness of her life could be seen in her face—the knit brows as she set herself to think or to work; a solemnity of countenance born of a rich and varied experience. And her smile—to have been welcomed by her at her home is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, her gracious, gentle womanliness as she, bowing, ushered you in! The light of life that always seemed to flash from her eyes; so expressive of all the best that there is in us. Hers was a great life and it seems to me that the principles upon which it was builded were four:

"First: Her tremendous capacity for labor. It is no secret that Miss Anna was never strong physically, yet by the power of her will she drove the none too strong body through almost fifty years of manifold usefulness. Her capacity for industry seemed almost exhaustless. This was true; because she loved to work. To the repeated counsel of her doctor and her friends that she must take things easier her characteristic reply was "But there is so much to do."

Bronze Memorial For Anna Hills at Gallery

The board of directors of the Laguna Beach Art Association decided at their last meeting to erect a bronze memorial tablet in bas relief with a portrait of Anna Hills and suitable lettering, to be placed on the art gallery building in the patio.

The commission was given to Ruth Peabody, sculptor and member of the association.

Anna Hills Bas-Relief

About 200 people were present at impressive ceremonies attending the unveiling of a bas-relief portrait in bronze placed in memory of Anna A. Hills at the entrance to the Laguna Beach Art Gallery, which building arose largely through the efforts of Miss Hills and William A. Griffith. The portrait is the work of Ruth Peabody, sculptor and painter of Laguna Beach, who was present.

Joseph Kleitsch, one of Laguna's most noted painters, viewing the memorial exhibition, said: "It seems too sad to let these beautiful paintings go out of our midst. I should think that everyone who knew and loved Anna Hills would want to keep one of her pictures."

Anna A. Hills began her study of art at the Art Institute, Chicago, then followed two years at Cooper Union, New York, with a summer under Arthur Dow as Ipswich and Rhoda Holmes Nichols at Gloucester, Mass.

After a period of teaching she spent four years under private teachers in England, France and Holland, where she laid the foundation for the strong work in landscapes and marines done in California after her return from Europe in 1912.

She soon discovered Laguna Beach, where she attracted large classes, and became a pioneer in the development of the art colony and the Art Association.

She exhibited regularly with the California Art Club and the Washington, D. C., Watercolor Club and the Chicago Galleries Association.

Her work was awarded prizes at the San Diego Exposition, the California State Fair, Orange County Fair and Southern Counties Fair at Riverside.

Her paintings are widely owned in public and private collections.

ANNA A. HILLS

This frail magician walks
Out in the sunlight
And the sun is brighter for her presence,
The busy whir of Nature
Is amplified by her alertness;
The glory of the natural world
Is magnified by her awareness.

Her figure has a cryptic magic;
She spreads her potent tubes of color
On a canvas bare
Materializing all the hidden beauty
Of her vision rare.
Within her spirit lies a strength
Surpassing all belief.

She reaches far into the sky
And lifts intact that argent cloud,
A captive, ever ours, translucent, proud.
That massive tree
She has uprooted and emplaced
For our delight,
Its branches ever waving
In the rippling light.
Her thin, frail hands
Seize rocky headlands
And set them in mosaic,
Still dripping tide-whipped foam.
The menacing, white-fanged waves
She brings to heel
And holds within her canvas cage.

Releasement of the ardent spirit,
Confined within the little space,
Transmutes the paint and cloth and brush
Into a record of her vision
When her soul reacts to beauty:
The mind and heart of genius
Bursting into flower.

—Perry E. McCullough.

Anna Hills Paintings In Memorial Exhibit

By ANTONY ANDERSON

Opening May 1 and continuing for some weeks, an exhibition of pictures that may be regarded as a memorial exhibition to Anna A. Hills will be held in the Fern Burford Galleries, Coast Boulevard. The exhibition will not be a large one—35 paintings are to be shown—and it is to be hoped (and expected) that the Laguna Beach Art association will honor the memory of this artist with a much larger exhibition in the near future.

For no one has done more (or nearly as much) for the cause of art in our town than Anna A. Hills. Though not strong in physique, she worked tirelessly, early and late, for the building of an adequate art gallery. A year before her death she achieved her great hope and big ambition—a hope and an ambition that was for us, not herself—and the gallery now crowns the hill at Laguna Cliffs, a house devoted to beauty, a memorial to her faith, and to her work, that can never pass away.

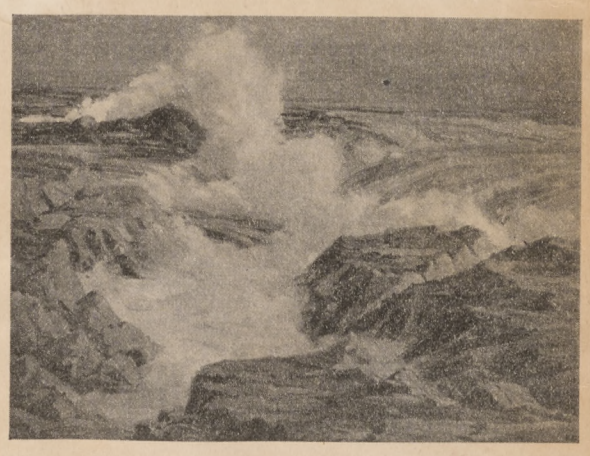
The pictures in the Burford Galleries were painted in various countries, for Miss Hills traveled and studied much before she finally found her place of rest—rest!—did that great and restless spirit ever rest when there was work to be done? However, she is resting now, with folded nands, for her work is done.

All the paintings at the Burford Galleries are in oil, though Miss Hills wielded a brush in water colors with equal, and perhaps even greater, facility and felicity. She was a born painter quite as much as she was a born organizer and teacher. Her life was a busy one, and, we feel sure, a happy one. Her name has become a household word in Laguna Beach, for she sponsored all that was best in our communal life.

The memory of Miss Hills is particularly fragrant in Orange county because, in addition to her ability as a painter and teacher, she was an untiring organizer, both of the artists themselves and of those lay groups which wanted a better understanding of art.

During the six years of her presidency of the Laguna Beach Art Association that organization was pushed steadily forward in the quality of its membership and exhibitions until it gained national reputation as one of the noted artist groups in the country. Largely due to her own efforts and those of William A. Griffith, the gallery funds were raised and the building erected. It is one of the best-lighted galleries in the West and has become a point of attraction for art lovers.

Memorial Exhibition of Paintings by Anna A. Hills



The Singing Sea

But California's sunny out-of-doors intrigued her completely. She has contributed regularly to all important exhibitions, taking not a few prizes. The sincerity of her work—its fidelity to the truths of nature as well as the demands of art—is appreciated by the public no less than critics of art, and her canvases find a ready sale. Her most recent water colors are all small quick sketches, full of light and air, fresh and sparkling in color, handled with a crispness of touch that is a delight to the connoisseur.

—A. A.

* * *

The gallery, a beautiful monument to the zeal and loyalty of Miss Hills and her coworkers, was opened to the public on February 15, 1929. Nobly situated, it overlooks both the charming little town of Laguna Beach and the superb shoreline.

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GARDNER SYMONS, N. A., AND ELMER SCHOFIELD, N. A., HONORED GUESTS AT BANQUET GIVEN BY THE LAGUNA BEACH ART ASSOCIATION TUESDAY EVENING

Gardner Symons—oil painting by Louis Betts and now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

GARDNER SYMONS PASSES IN EAST

Pioneer Laguna Artist Succumbs to Illness of Two Months

Gardner Symons, N. A., much loved painter of international fame, close friend of William Wendt and early pioneer and home owner in Laguna Beach, passed away Saturday night, January 12, at the home of his wife's brother in Hillside, N. J. He was for many years a member of the Laguna Beach Art Association.

Mr. Symons had been ill for about two months, or since his recent sketching trip to England. He was unable to hold any exhibition upon his return, although Elmer Schofield, his associate and joint exhibitor waited for his recovery before making his winter showing.

Mr. Symons leaves a wife, two brothers, Robert Simons of Santa Ana, well known local art patron, and Henry Simons of Chicago, and two sisters, Mrs. William Dawson of Santa Ana and Miss Louise Simons of Los Angeles. Services were held Wednesday, January 15, at Newark, N. J., both brothers of the deceased being present.

Gardner Symons was a schoolmate of William Wendt and came with him to Laguna Beach over 27 years ago when there was no art colony and scarcely a house in the place. They rented a little shack up the canyon and decided to try to paint some of the wonderful beauties of nature.

Their first sketching trip in California was made in the early 80's at Malibu Ranch near Santa Monica, and they later made a trip together to England.

It was at St. Ives, Cornwell, that Mr. Symons first met and married the talented woman who became Mrs. Symons.

In March, 1928, when the Symons-Schofield exhibition was held at the Stendahl Galleries, Los Angeles, and shortly after the home coming of William Wendt, an elaborate banquet was given to a group of these artists and critics, including Joseph S| Kleitsch, who had also recently returned from an European trip, Earl Stendahl, Antony Anderson and Fred Hogue, at at which Mr. Symons, special guest of the Laguna Beach Art Association, gave an inspring talk.

The charming ocean front place comprising about 600 feet on the Arch Beach coast, which was the early studio of the artist, is now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simons as a summer home.

The departed has friends all over the world but in no locality is he more beloved than in Laguna Beach.

Who's Who in America has this to say of his fame:

Gardner George Symons was born in Chicago in 1865 and studied art at the Chicago Institute and later in Paris, Munich and London. His principal works are "The Winter Sun," Art Institute, Chicago; "Snow Clouds," Corcoran Gallery, Washington; "Sorrow," Cincinnati Museum; "The Opalescent River," Metropolitan Museum, New York. He was awarded the Carnegie prize, Evans prize, bronze medal, Buenos Aires Exposition in 1920, Corcoran Dallsa and Saltus gold medal; became an A. N. in 1911 and member of the Royal Society of British Artists, Union Internationale des Beaux Arts et des Letters and is a National Arts Club life member.

A splendid portrait of Gardner Symons painted by Louis Bettes now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

And the Symons canvas! Exquisite, delightful! Full of the tender greens of a New England Springtime. "Tree Shadows," the canvas has been named, and the shadows are most alluring ones. The canvas is flooded with light and there is the feeling of Spring woven out of a color scheme of violets and light grays. The tiny white card underneath the picture says in small type, $2500.

DEDICATION

To the memory of George Gardner Symons, N. A., life-member of the Laguna Beach Art Association, one of the founders of our Art Colony, returning often for work or rest, welcomed alike by artists and townsfolk who have rejoiced in his triumphs in the world of art, we dedicate this booklet with real appreciation of his generosity and interest in our association.

"UNDER BLUE SKIES" GARDNER SYMONS, N. A.
—Courtesy of Stendahl Galleries.
Owned by Mrs. Fred Flint

"EVENING IN THE WOODS" GARDNER SYMONS, N. A

Art Banquet in Honor of Gardner Symons and Elmer Schofield Is Brilliant Affair

The little mission cafe of Las Ondas, by the sea, was a work of art in its charming setting at the water's edge and ablaze with color and light on Tuesday night, March 27, when the Laguna Beach Art Association gave a banquet for the distinguished artists, Gardner Symons and Elmer Schofield, recently of New York.

Nowhere in the world, perhaps, can such an array of talented men and women be assembled on such short notice as in Laguna Beach. Here the art colony is the largest west of Chicago and numbers among its members some of the best painters in the country.

After an elaborate dinner, served in artistic style with the tables decked with pink sweet peas, carnations and many colored candles in fancy cantlabra, Miss Anna Hills, president of the association, graciously acted as toastmaster and introduced the speakers of the evening.

Gardner Symons said "Art Is. We cannot do anything for art but it can do great things for us. Just look about you and on every side there are evidences of the artist's hand. History shows that he was the first to bring anything into notice by drawing pictures on stones. He is even the father of literature, as all writing was first done by the drawing of picture symbols.

William Wendt, when called upon for a speach, said that he could not speak but would be the little mouse and give courage to the lions.

Earl Stendahl gave a very humorous account of the hurried trip in his car from Los Angeles when they were accused of going to a funeral because of their evening attire.

After the speeches Miss Hills arranged for a reception in one wing of the building so that the guests of honor could meet their fellow artists and friends.

Among those seen at the dinner were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hunt, Karl Yens, Mr. and Mrs. William Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Lewis, Miss Virgina Woolley, Alice Parker, Alice Fullerton, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Isch, Mrs. Blenker, Miss Morrow Miss Martin, Miss Lindsay, Mrs. Seward Simons, Miss Maud Robertson, Josephine Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Krauth, Miss Edith Loop, Miss Marian Crandall, Mrs. Boyd, Miss Jessie Washburn, L. L. Berry, Miss Ann B. Mason, Mrs. C. Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. West, Mrs. Ida McDowell, Miss Ethel Gordinier, Mrs. A. B. Marshall, Mrs. Mabel L. Frost, Cap. Max Wardall, Julie Raymond, H. H. Henshaw, Nathan Coleman, Elenor Colburn, Ruth Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Griffith, W. G. Doss, Mrs. J. S. Castruccio, Marion Forest, Frank Cuprien, John Knox, Ida Bolles, A. J. Cronkshank, Harry Hamon, Hugh Irvine, Mrs. Aubrey St. Clair, Loren Holmwood, Mrs. J. W. Bishop, Mrs. Fern Burford, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. James Schultz, Anthony Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hinkle, Miss Anna Hills, Mrs. Doris Palmer, Miss Nellie Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simons, Earl Stendhl, Fred Hogue, and the guests of honor, Gardner Symons and Elmer Schofield.

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KATHRYN LEIGHTON'S NORTH AND SOUTH

Since coming to Los Angeles Mrs. Leighton has been indentified with many art, philanthropic and civic movements. She was for several years the vice-president of the California Art Club, starting, while holding this office, a movement for an exhibitional art gallery for Los Angeles, and while holding the position of art chairman for the Los Angeles District of the Federation of Women's Clubs she lectured all over the southern part of the State and put into effect many new measures for the furtherance of art.

One of e most versatile and voluminous painters, Mrs. Leighton has done everything from portraits to gigantic glacial scenery. She has exhibited at all the famous national galleries and has held many local exhibitions and instead of showing a dozen canvases as many painters do she astonished the art committee each year with scores of new pictures.

KATHRYN LEIGHTON

ART authorities, Antony Anderson, S. Fred Hogue and others have said of Mrs. Leighton's work:

"Her seascapes are splendid masses of rich color full of movement and her mountains and trees seem alive with nature's tones."—"To give intimacy to the cold peaks and gleaming glaciers of the Canadian Rockies is no mean feat for any landscape painter, yet Kathryn Leighton has done this very thing and simply by bridging the distance between them and herself by the keenness of her perception and the warmth of her temperament. The friendliness of treatment in several of her mountain glaciers shows an intimacy of understanding that would almost lead one to say she had mothered these mountains." . . . "Sincerity, fearlessness, felicity and technique are all blended in her magnificent landscapes."

The thing which the ordinary lay mind marvels most about Mrs. Leighton's career as an artist is how she finds time to produce so many pictures besides running a home, belonging to a number of clubs where she is an active worker, and to keep up the old New England traditions of spring cleanings, jam and jelly-making and manage to look like a French fashion plate at the same time..

IT's a far cry from Vermont to Montana. The peaceful slopes of the Green Mountains bear slight resemblance to the ice-carved peaks of Glacier National Park. But the modern painter never stays "put." He travels everywhere, sees everything, painting what he sees with a clear eye and a clean brush.

Kathryn Leighton, the subject of our brief sketch this month, and painter of the striking reproduction on our cover, "Going to Sun Mountain at Dawn," is a New Englander by birth, heredity and early training. And this may be why she is now a true Californian by election, selection and affinity.

Mrs. Leighton began her artistic career with placid landscapes showing green trees with reflecting pools. They were charming canvases and she had already made a name for herself with them when she suddenly decided to take a trip to Montana. Artists often have such "hunches." If anybody has a guiding and guarding angel, the painter has. Mrs. Leighton obeyed hers and came into her own with a suddenness that surprised her mightily. Her first exhibition of landscapes and Indian portraits from the Blackfeet region of Montana, held in the Biltmore Salon, Los Angeles, several years ago, was an overwhelming artistic and financial success. Every picture but one was sold.

"Going-to-the-Sun Mountain"—the subject of the picture I am contributing to TOURING TOPICS—was a shrine for the old Indians of the Northwest. They often assembled there to hold medicine with the Great Spirit. And they always went at dawn to greet the sun when it came up. When I painted this picture I started at three o'clock in the morning on July 30, walking alone to the spot where I planted my easel. I never touched this painting in the studio—it remains exactly as I painted it out of doors. Oh, but that dawn was cold! I returned to the hotel at eight o'clock, and never have I eaten such a cheering and warming breakfast."

Kathryn Leighton is not a Pollyanna either in looks or temperament. But she believes in spreading the gospel of art and is often to be found on the lecture platform. Her quite unique method of missionary work, however, was shown while her brother was mayor of Los Angeles. She covered the bare walls of his office with good paintings. Not many mayors can boast an office turned into a picture gallery, but Mayor Woodman of Los Angeles did. He talked of that office years after his retirement.

—A. A.

GOING TO THE SUN MOUNTAIN, Glacier National Park — *Kathryn Leighton*

But when Kathryn Leighton, trained in figure painting, came here from New England, the lure for her became California landscape. She "fell" for it as they all fall. She has not as yet repented of her choice, and since she offers us, in expiation, such excellent landscape pictures, we may not find fault with it. After all, mountains have a tremendously imposing physiogomy, and they have waited long to have their portraits painted by competent hands. But some day—

Till that day we will remain content, and more than content, with Mrs. Leighton's landscapes. They are from the North and the South, from Canada and California, and from the long strip of coast between North and South. They are done, as I intimated, in a big way, and as she likes to paint big things on big canvases we are quite prepared for many mountain subjects.

Kathryn Leighton approaches her theme with courage and candor, though never with bravado. The result is a fine sincerity in all her work. The golden mists of her pictures from Morro Bay are as true to her feelings and her perceptions as are the blue-shadowed snows and deep gorges in her pictures from the Canadian Rockies. Blue ocean and bluer mountain lake—they, too, have found the same happy directness of approach. We note it in "Grinnell Lake," in "Flowers of the Sand," in "Morro Bay," in "The Low Lands" and in "Ghosts of the Drifting Fog."

Mrs. Leighton's strength as a painter is shown in "Grinnell Lake," her delicacy and refinement in "Ghosts of the Drifting Fog." Yet each picture has many of the qualities of the other. Between the two and akin to them, lie all the rest of the landscapes, records made by a talent and a temperament whose possessor is always searching for fuller and freer expression. Her pictures honor the gallery founded by Painters of the West.

"The Lure," a ruddy rod-and-reel fisherman painted in a scheme of tawny browns. The flesh tones are admirably rendered, and we have life and character. The likeness cannot be doubted, for all know the fisherman so sorbed in his reels and hook decoys—it is none other th Leighton himself.

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"Paul Lauritz is an impressionist, not because he paints in a direct, free, spontaneous way; not because he refuses to niggle over his canvas with a two-haired sable, but because he paints the impression of the moment from nature as he sees her, not the memory of a vision from nature as she never was; because he paints the passing show of beauty as she goes before his eyes, not the semblance of a pipe-dream decorated with foolish idealism. For this reason there is nothing permanent in his art except its worth. For this reason there is not static in his expression. For this reason his sunrises look like sunrises, not like electric lights behind a row of soot-ocevered stage scenes. And for this reason his productions have all the freshness, the bloom, the life of a growing flower instead of a bunch of straw flowers found in the bottom of a disused ash-can—as is usually the case."

Another painter who will astonish and delight us on his return from a sketching trip is Paul Lauritz, who recently set sail for Norway, to be gone six months. Lauritz was born in Norway, emigrated to Alaska, and came south to California. He is now, and will forever remain, "one of ours."

Lauritz, as we know, is of Norwegian birth and early training. But though he was a young man—18 or 20, when he came to America, he quickly became an American, in the way of the Norwegians, in the way, indeed, of all the Nordics. Having begun his career as a painter on an iceberg, or at any rate near one, he went, naturally enough to British Columbia and Alaska in search of landscape material. Then he turned his longing eyes to the south, as all men and all races do, ultimately—and here he is.

He is so much "here," in fact, that all the twelve—the thirteen—landscapes in his present exhibition are transcripts of Southern California. Only once has he painted snow, and this is in the large and impressive picture entitled "End of Day, High Sierras." The other canvases deal with the sunlight and the clouds and the mists with which we are all so comfortably and happily familiar—sun and shade on foothills and valleys and the eucalyptus trees that have taken them with such valiant and irresistible grace.

Paul Lauritz

Out of the North, from the city of Larvik in Norway, came Paul Lauritz, bringing with him a new and stronger vision to the painting of California scenes. Gradually, through earnest effort and application, he has developed an art which is ever winning a higher and higher place in public esteem and recognition, he shows promise of becoming one of the elect among those artists who have chosen the sunny vistas of the Southland as their subjects.

In the artificial life of our modern cities one must go to the artist to keep in touch with the wonders of nature. One of Paul Lauritz's pictures will bring into your home a veritable window looking into the beauties of mountain, sea and sky, for through all his work shines a deep love of nature, beautifully expressed with that strength and simplicity with which Norwegian tradition has endowed him.

So we have the California artist, Paul Lauritz, native of Laurvik, Norway, and interpreter of the color of the Sierras, the desert and the seacoast and of the mood of California's quiet spots, her country lanes and her groves of eucalypti. California revealed herself to his artist eyes in tones so strong they startled him and now he is passing this revelation back to California herself and to the world.

NO. 30—PAUL LAURITZ

BY ARTHUR MILLIER

Paul Lauritz—long headed, slow spoken, raw-boned Norwegian-American painter—is about as far from the flowing-tie, velvet jacketed artist of the lay imagination as that or any other imagination could conceive. The air of the frontier clings to him.

WINTER TREES

A Little Home in California — *From a Painting by Paul Lauritz*

NO. 14—"INCOMING SEA"

NO. 27—"GOLDEN HOUR—WILLAMETTE RIVER, OREGON"

NO. 19—"THE OLD ROAD—CALIFORNIA"

For Lauritz is a thoroughly wide-awake painter, an artist in love with nature, whose exquisitely elusive aspects of form, color and light he studies early and late, and who never paints a really bad picture, though very occasionally he gives us a mediocre one. But there are no "middlings," no culls, in the present show, for Lauritz is a severe critic of his own work, and when his critical faculty weakens, his wife steps in with her candid opinion—not invariably flattering. Thus this artist is kept in a state of becoming modesty. And thus he develops rapidly into a remarkably good painter.

Therefore Paul Lauritz will delight you with his "Summer," eucalypts on a tawny foreground, sunshine and shadow, gold and green; with "The Sierra Madres at Sunset," a rich glow and a rich shadow; with "Jewels of Spring," a delightful bit of color and light, blue near-by hills seen through trees whose green foliage is like an arras sprinkled with gems; with "The Trout Stream," the stream reflecting an afterglow on far-off mountains whose base holds a thin and delicate show, the foreground fields vividly green.

These pictures will convince you that the wandering young viking painter has now become "one of us."

KARL YENS

Through the courtesy of the Los Angeles Times we are reproducing on our front cover a cut of the water color by Karl Yens, now on exhibition in the Los Angeles Museum, and which was awarded the Huntington prize of $100. The subject is Madam Vacha, the Oriental healer who spent some time at Laguna Beach.

In this connection some pertinent facts bearing upon the career of this artist, are given herewith, taken from an autobiographical sketch of him published in the History of Orange County:

Karl Julius Heinrich Jens, better known as Karl Yens, was born in Northern Germany in 1868. He studied art in Hamburg, Berlin and Munich, later in England and Scotland. He was a student at the Museum of Arts and Crafts in Berlin under Koch and Ewald, and later on at the Academie Julien in Paris under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens.

For six years after coming to America Mr. Yens was located in Cambridge, Mass.. and from there travelled extensively. He exhibited in the eastern cities and executed considerable mural work in New York and Washington.

In 1910 Mr. Yens moved to California, establishing a studio in South Pasadena. In 1911 he became a professor in the University of Southern California and for three years had charge of their College of Fine Arts. From 1916 to 1918 he was an art instructor at the Los Angeles Evening High School.

Mr. Yens has exhibited throughout the country and considerable of his larger work is shown in the leading exhibits in the East.. He took the silver and bronze medals at both the California State Fairs in 1915-16, was awarded the Black prize for excellence in landscape painting in an exhibit at Exposition Park, Los Angeles, and has received honorable mention at various exhibits.

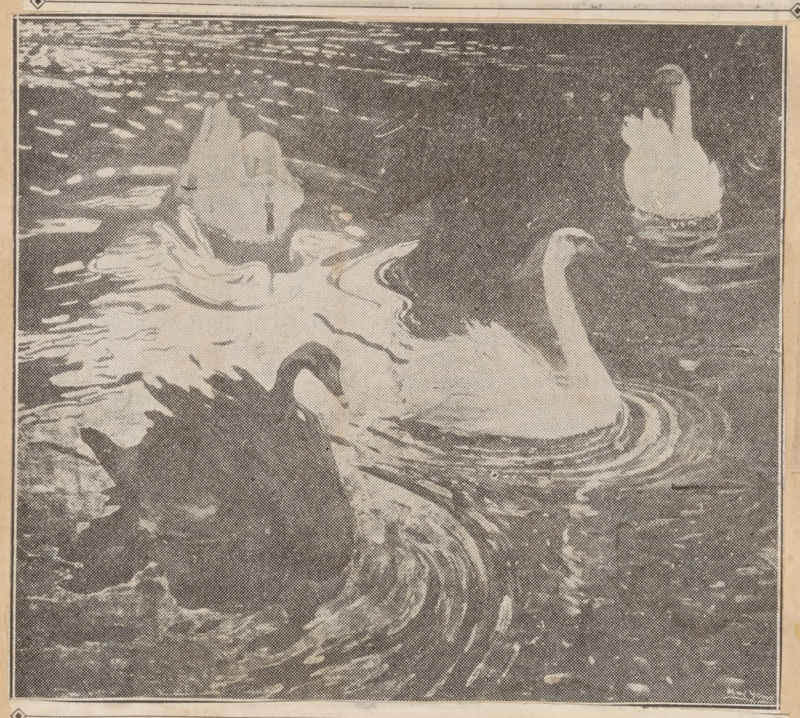
Mr. Yens located at Laguna Beach in 1919, and is a prominent figure in the local art colony. His studio at Arch Beach, where he resides with his popular wife, is a center of interest to art lovers and visitors in general.

Some time ago, when wandering along the foothills of Laguna Beach, I came upon a most interesting and unusual scene.

Up against the sky on a slight rise from where I stood a man and a turkey were slowly going around and around. The man, apparently of middle age and about five feet seven inches tall, dressed in high boots, with a pirate colored sweater and a jaunty feather in his soft hat, a sinfully burning pipe emitting clouds of smoke emerging from a vandyke beard. A kindly, earnest face was visible occasionally through the smoke screen. Slung before him, a strap over his shoulders in the manner of the city shoe string vendor, was a large sized sketch box, supporting an upright panel, on which he was most intently at work. The turkey, apparently sensing the attention he was receiving, was doing his best to respond by strutting about with quick mincing steps, tail spread and wing tips extended to the ground, whirling about and posturing anew. His artist friend following him about until I felt sure he must drop from dizziness and exhaustion. Slipping quietly away I made inquiries regarding the identity of this industrious artist and discovered that I had been watching Karl Yens at work.

KARL YENS

"Androgyne" (The Heavenly Virgin)—Karl Yens



KARL YEN'S "BIRDS OF THE HOLY GRAIL"

"Birds of the Holy Grail," also known as "Birds of San Greal" is the work of Karl Yens, second vice president of the Laguna Beach Art Association. It won the gold medal at the Southwest Exposition in Long Beach and will be shown in the opening of the new annex and art gallery at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. The exhibit opens Friday, October 26.

Some of the most beautiful legends of early medieval times center about the birds of the Holy Grail.

Karl Yens Wins Prize At Show In New Gallery

KARL YENS was a prize winner and at least ten other Laguna artists are represented in the exhibition now on view in the Fine Arts Gallery, San Diego, Laguna artists are well represented and much discussed. No less than eleven of Laguna's best known painters have pictures hung and many more are exhibiting who are members of the Laguna Beach Art Association but who do not live here. In addition the sculptor, Roger Noble Burnham, who is living here for the Summer, is also represented.

Characteristic of all branches of his work is the exhibit held by Karl Yens at the Mission Inn Adobe for the last two weeks in April. The Mission Inn, as we know, is in Riverside. In this attractive exhibition are several attractive canvases and water colors that have won honors and prizes in other shows. Among the pictures are found several studies of swans, studies made for his larger and more important picture, "Swans of the Holy Grail," which was awarded first gold medal at the Long Beach Exposition.

Mr. Yens differs in purpose from some of the other artists in that he aims to make every picture tell a story or teach a lesson. This is strikingly illustrated in his "Jacob Ignorancio" which adorns the walls of his own studio, a landscape fair in all its aspects, glint of sky and sheen of water, a beautiful rolling hill and there, a-top of it, clear-cut against the sky, -the figure of a braying jackass looking in effect for all the world like a troublesome insect upon the end of a handsome man's nose.

You are impressed with the incongruity and the question instinctively arises, why?

Mr. Yens will tell you.

It is exactly as it should be. The ordinary human, like the jackass, has beauty all about him but, lacking art appreciation, it is lost upon him.

KARL YENS AGAIN WINNER

At the Painters and Sculptors Club Tuesday evening the awards were made by a vote of the members. Balloting continued until after midnight and resulted in giving a bronze medal to one of Laguna's most honored artists, Karl Yens.

Carl Yens, who has won distinguished honors in the art centers of the Old World, traveled widely and studied much, fits into the Laguna colony as perfectly as though he had never been anywhere else. And his enthusiasm is as great, one can imagine, as when years ago he began his art education in the Museum of Arts in Berlin.

Carl Yens was in Los Angeles the early part of the week serving on the jury of the California Art Club. The exhibition opened at the Museum in Exposition Park Thursday evening with a reception given to the artists and their friends.

You can't suppress Karl Yens' "Birds of the Holy Grail," and you certainly don't want to. It's being reproduced all over the country. This time the Art Digest of New York displays it under an article entitled "Laguna Beach Opens Its New Gallery.' The Digest says: "The local paper, the South Coast News, celebrated the even't (i. e., the opening of the gallery) with a special edition almost as big as a metropolitan newspaper.' That's right, we did all that. Next!

Nicolai Fechin

Famous artist, now Southern California resident, at work on painting of "Taos Indian Girl," which is included in his current one-man show in the Stendahl Galleries at the Ambassador.

—*Keystone Photo Service.*

Fechin's Color to Glow

Recent paintings by Nicolai Fechin, Russian-American artist who has been painting during the last year in New Mexico and at Palm Springs, will form the February exhibition at the Stendahl Galleries. Fechin is frequently referred to as a "wizard of the brush" due to the glowing color he uses.

Nicolai Fechin is giving a one-man exhibition of paintings at the Stendahl Galleries during February. Among the canvases are several clever marines of Laguna painted last month when the great Russian painter and Mrs. Fechin were in Laguna.

"I was especially taken with the home of Nicholi Fechin, who lives with his wife and daughter in the most charming place. His patio and garden are a dream of lovely color. The flowers of many varities are so luxuriant. I never saw such dahlias and asters.

"The interior of his house has some quaint wood carving done by his own hand. The pillars of the balcony, the panels.. and chests ornamenting the rooms are works of art. He has indeed made a beautiful picture of his own home, admired by all visitors to Taos.

Fechin is not only a realist, a veritist; he is a xitalist; his portraits and landscapes alike are imbued with spiritual characteristics as truly as with physical likeness, and a very individual style illuminates both.

Fechin Exhibit First Delivered By Plane

For the first time in history a complete art exhibition was transported by airplane!

Nicholai Fechin's exhibit was scheduled to open at the Stendahl Galleries, Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, on Thursday, Feb. 8. On Wednesday, Feb. 5, not a single Fechin canvas had arrived. A letter notifying him to forward paintings had been sent early in January. No reply. The staff fumed. Earl Stendahl acted. A long distance call to a friend brought the offfer of a privately-owned airplane.

In half an hour Mr. Stendahl was at the Meptropolitan Airport and hopped off for Palm Springs, where Mr. Fechin was painting. In three quarters of an hour he landed one hill away from Fechin's camping-ground. The Russian artist had never received the letter, or if he had, was too busy painting to read it. In an hour, Fechin's studio was denuded of desert, canyon, marine and Indian paintings; the plane soared neatly away from cacti and smoke trees, and deposited the enterprising art dealer and his complete February show smothly within Los Angeles territory.

The Fechin show opened as per schedule.

The exhibition includes several dashing new versions of Laguna. Fechin's astounding technique conquers the lovely ceacoast as it does every subject that comes under his magic brush. His thundering surf leaves vivid a memory as Robinson Jeffer's verbal description: "The foaming white stallions of the sea." Fechin's delight in the juiciness of paint is here; he achieves varied texture through deft brush manipulation, and in the ebb and flow of the shallow waters in the foreground he realizes a subtle rythm peculiar to the sea.

A group of new paintings of the Indians at Taos, where Mr. Fechin is building a studio, will astound the art world. Known as a great virtuoso, a magnificent cilorist, and a fine draughtsman, Mr. Fechin lives up to his reputation in his latest group. Portraits, still-lifes and landscapes contribute much to his brilliant exhibition.

Technical virtuosity in painting is much rarer than one might suppose. Nicolai Fechin has it, Rubens had it, Titian, Velasquez.

In this country Mr. Fechin won the Proctor prize at the National Academy of Design, New York, in 1924. He is represented at the Imperial Academy, Petrograd; Kuingi Galleries, Petrograd; Museum of Kanzan, Russia; Albright Gallery, Buffalo; the Art Institute of Chicago, and in many private galleries. Mr. Fechin's portrait of a fellow Russian artist, Barluk, an astonishing performance in technique and psychological insight, was exhibited at the Los Angeles Museum three years ago.

The Bridge in the Forest — From a Painting by Nicolai Fechin — Courtesy of Stendahl Galleries

LITTLE PORTRAITS. XXI

This is to be the portrait of a name—a famed name that is the official appellation of a pair of popular painters—a name that when attached to a picture is as good as a check.

The flesh-and-blood man and woman who bear this name and made it what it is, who keep it bright and shiny, stay modestly at home, while their famous name goes up and down the highways, familiar to every passer-by who claims to dote on art, and it has lifted its forebears to an upper niche in our tower of fame—a niche so high up that there's no temptation to stoop to dabble in the isms that bubble and boil at its base.

These two have arrived up yonder by the sure route of a direct line, they have evolved a style so peculiarly their own that the veriest novice makes no mistake in pointing out their pictures. A connoisseur might go so far as to determine which is whose and whose is which.

As like are they as two peas in one pod.

Alike in theme, in treatment, in feeling, and tempo.

Eucalyptus trees in the foreground. Blue and purple hills in the distance. California!

Perfect team work, rare congeniality, two souls with but a single thought.

But ah! there *is* a difference.

Smell them! taste them!

Hisn are oil!

Hern are aquarelle!

And they say that water and oil never mix! Well, they surely mixed there. After you've decided which is oil and which isn't, you may state your preference. Since I'm dieting, I'll choose water color.

They are done in so clean and wholesome a fashion, with such professional nicety and correct framing, that one is impishly tempted to smear them up just a bit to smudge their everlasting irreproachable propriety.

If these twin souls should slip just a little bit down that lofty mount and daub their canvasses in so doing, they'd be more human and approachable. As it is, they are so devilishly exclusive that one can't get near enough to get the flesh tints, and one is must make a portrait of their souls, which, after all, is an "ism," and they got bit by it—in spite of their discreet isolation.

Benjamin Blue

"WHEN I hark back to the old Art Institute days in Chicago," said Marion Kavanagh Wachtel, "they seem sufficiently remote from my experiences in California, and yet, no doubt, the two are united by an unbroken strand. The continuity is there, so to speak."

Now, Mrs. Wachtel and I are old friends, I've known her and her work for a quarter of a century. I've also known that it is almost impossible to get her to talk about herself. So, with the thought of the natural curiosity of TOURING TOPICS readers in the work of the artist whose painting of Walpi pueblo appears on the cover of this month's issue, I led her on with careful tact, and this is what she told me:

"Those student days in Chicago, to which I had journeyed from Milwaukee, were very busy and very happy—with Pauline Doane, John Vanderpoel and Frederick Freer as instructors, and later William M. Chase. Though I worked hard in the Institute classes, I had to work almost as hard outside, painting little portraits for ten dollars apiece to eke out the monthly stipend from home.

"Unfortunately—or fortunately—I always had the knack of 'getting a likeness,' and some of the portraits, though crude, were not as bad as one might think. But some were *awful!* A few years later I came on one of them and begged to be permitted to destroy it and paint another. The friend whose likeness it was—I don't say 'whose portrait it was'—finally consented, and apparently the result was less happy than I had hoped, for another friend said to my sitter, 'Mrs. H., it looks as you *might* have looked had it not been for the grace of God.'

"At this time portraits and figures were the subjects that interested me, though I sketched whenever and wherever I could. One lucky day (for me) the then vice-president of the Santa Fe Railway bought a sketch painted by me in the mountains of North Carolina and said *en passant,* 'Whenever you want to paint in California the Santa Fe will give you transportation for some of your sketches.'

"So, on a blizzardy day in February, I went to the vice-president and asked him to make good his promise—and thus I came to the land of promise. Here I met Elmer Wachtel, and we decided to continue the great adventure together.

"Gradually I came to love the landscape better than the figure for painting, though I promise myself, when climbing about our hills and mountains with a sketching-kit a pack-mule would shy at, that I will and must return to painting figures and portraits!"

But Marion Kavanagh Wachtel hasn't, as yet, made good that promise. And we, reveling in the suave beauty of her landscapes of Southern California, are glad. One change, however, she has made, thus strengthening her pack-mule simile—she has begun to substitute oils for water colors, doing much of her later work in the heavier medium.

The water colors that flowed so easily, so inevitably, so perfectly from her brush have been the delight of connoisseurs for the past twenty years. Clear and pure in color, finely composed, always true to the "feel" of California to the nature lover, they possess a distinction all their own. To possess one is to love it forever, as I can prove. The proof is also found on the cover of TOURING TOPICS this month. Another proof is the enormous sale—well into the millions—of a color reproduction of one of them, which was launched some years ago and is still "going big."

It seems to me that Marion Kavanagh Wachtel is one of America's most brilliant water-colorists, and I see no reason why she should not become one of our most brilliant landscape painters in oil. The artist is there, and the born technician.

—A. A.

Marion Kavanagh Wachtel, whose painting of Walpi appears on the cover of this month's issue of Touring Topics

Such pictures as the *In the Shadow of the Canyon* and *The Majesty of the Hills* are full of the strength of the hills and the new promise of a young country. But, as with the growing life is always the decaying, so with the geological building up of a coast comes also the tearing down and wearing away, which is wonderfully expressed in the painting of the San Gabriel River Wash called *The Desert,* where, at certain seasons of the year, a mad torrent rushes down from the Sierra Madres to the ocean, leaving behind it a waste of gray sand strewn with granite boulders torn from the mountain sides.

Foremost among the landscape painters is Mr. Elmer Wachtel, of Los Angeles, who has worked practically all his life in Southern California and is thoroughly identified with the land.

By Permission Polytechnic High School, Los Angeles

THE MONARCH OF THE HILLS — BY ELMER WACHTEL

"Street in Walpi"

By Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel.

EUCALYPTUS TREES AT TWILIGHT. *By Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel*

Generally it is the mood of the artist, as stimulated by that of the landscape, which governs the character of a picture; it seldom happens that the mood of the artist and the mood of the land are the same, that the artist and the country are one. But when this oneness occurs, no matter whether it is a natural attribute of the man, or whether it has resulted from long years of study and association, his work cannot help but be true, masterful and satisfying.

This unity Mr. Wachtel possesses; it is the dominant quality of his work, which speaks as does the land itself, of the elemental forces molding the southwestern coast of the continent. He belongs to no school and follows no guide but his own understanding of the nature of the land in its primitive strength, untouched by man.

44

Frank Tenny Johnson, one of the foremost contemporaneous painters of Western life is exhibiting 22 of his latest paintings at the Biltmore Salon this month, closing this week.

His life in the great open spaces mixing with cattlemen, outlaws and horse thieves and living in the lodges of the Blackfeet, Pignans, Sioux and Navajos enables him to study these models at first hand.

He possesses the secret of color, of light and shade of technique and composition and he is a painter with a soul. He has won many medals and important awards.

Mr. Johnson lives most of the year in Alhambra, Calif. He is an exhibiting member of the Laguna Beach Art Association, where his canvases are outstanding.

Some of his paintings are:

Texas Cattle Rustlers, Mountain Meadows, Across the Big Divide, Splendor of the Moon, A Haunter of the Silence, Down From the Mesa, Between Canyon Walls, Indian Trading Store, The Journey's End, Dust-Stained Riders, Texas Cowboys, Land Beyond the Law, Cowboy Friends, An Evil Omen Through the Night, The Sunset Trail, Frontier Sheriff, Night Vigil, On the Alert, Rocky Steeps, El Patio, Casa Joaquina.

OUR ARTISTS IN PERSON

NO. 18—FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON, A. N. A.

BY ARTHUR MILLIER

[An exhibition of Mr. Johnson's paintings is now at the Biltmore Salon.—Ed.]

When Frank Tenney Johnson was a boy, back in the '80's, he would run barefoot out of the two-room house, in which a pioneer mother had borne him, to "git his larnin'" in the tiny log schoolhouse his grandfather had built. And through the open door the children could watch the prairie schooners rolling by on the Overland Trail.

Big Grove, Iowa was then open, rolling prairie. Frank's father had a blacksmith shop and a cattle ranch and liked to draw horses. The blacksmith had come west from Wisconsin with Frank's grandfather, and earlier yet from Shellburne Falls, Mass., where father and son had been stone masons. The neighborhood is still full of Johnsons and there is yet standing a two-story brick house, all the brick work of which was done by the pair for $46.

But the same longing for expanded horizons that sent the Johnsons and the Tenneys and the Clarks (his mother's family) out from quiet Kent and Yorkshire, Eng., in the first half of the seventh century, moved Grandfather Johnson to harness his ox teams and move his family (with prayer and ammunition) to Buffalo, where they embarked on shipboard not to go ashore until they reached the flimsy landing off the Indian village of Milwaukee.

Grandmother Johnson, cultivated woman who painted charming pastels of flowers, spun and wove, cut and sewed for her family in the two-room house at Big Grove, while Grandfather Johnson made the family shoes. Our artist's father drew horses in odd moments when he was not shoeing them and it was the sight of one of his unfinished drawings that gave young Frank—one of thirteen children—his life's ambition.

Until he was 14 years of age, Frank slept in the attic of the two-room Iowa farmhouse and went barefoot in the snow. During the blizzard of '88 his brother and he were alone. They led the horses to water over twenty-foot snow banks. In a temperature of 42 deg. below zero they sliced frozen beef and ate it raw. Expecting the arrival of their new stepmother they poured boiling water on the floor and, before they could mop, it turned to ice.

On the rolling prairie Frank saw his first Texas longhorns. Where the schoolhouse stood beside the Overland Trail his mother lies buried.

Frank trapped and fished on the west fork of the Nishna-Botna River and drew the animals. When he was 14, the family went back to Wisconsin. Frank was put to school and hated it. In his second high school year he ran away to Milwaukee and apprenticed himself to a panorama painter. His aunt left him $225 with which he contrived a winter's study at the Art Students' League, New York, after which he worked two years as newspaper artist and as foreman in a photo-engraving house. Back once more in New York he made a fat living as a fashion artist.

Theater Will Have Mural Paintings by F. Tenney Johnson

SAN BERNARDINO is to have a theater with mural decorations by F. Tenney Johnson, the painter of the West who lives in New York most of the time. He also has a home in Alhambra. The theater, to be called "The Cathay," will have thirteen murals depicting the struggles of the pioneers of the days of '49.

Johnson is a painter of horses, Indians, mountain trails and the desert. Traveling back and forth, Mr. Johnson often passes through San Bernardino, and admires the mountains, but at one time he received a favorable impression in a more material way. During the time of the biennial meeting of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, in Los Angeles, he passed through on one of the Santa Fe trains carrying delegates. He was gathered in by the reception committee of San Bernardino County clubwomen on duty, and refreshed with orange punch, for which he was very grateful, for it was a warm day around the station. One or more of Mr. Johnson's western pictures are usually hanging in the Biltmore salon or in the lobby.

Last year he was made a life member of the National Arts Club. But he has a collection of western hats, boots, saddles, ropes, weapons and memories which he values more than these honors. When he first saw the motto at the Salmagundi, "It is better to strive than to arrive," he was incredulous; now he understands.

He roamed all over it in the summers and in the winters he returned to New York to illustrate Zane Grey and other western stories.

In 1912 Johnson joined the Salmagundi Club. In 1923 he won the Shaw prize at the Academy, later

When he was only 22 he married Vinnie Reeve Francis, some of whose ancestors died on the prison ship Jersey in Brooklyn Harbor during the Revolutionary War

Reviewed by ANTONY ANDERSON

"The Covered Wagon" or "Camp on the Overland Trail." Late afternoon. The greenish sky holding clouds that march onward with a sort of dramatic grandeur. Tired oxen resting from their enforced labors in the deepening shadows of the wagon. A glow of gold and pink over landscape, wagon and oxen. An episode in the epic of the West.

Frank Tenney Johnson was born in Big Grove, Iowa, in 1874 and studied at the Art Students' League under Lorenz, Heinie and Henri. He is a member of the California Art Club, the New York Watercolor Club, the Salmagundi Club and a number of other prominent art associations. Among the honors that have come to him are the Shaw purchase prize of the Salmagundi Club (1923) and permanent representation in the National Gallery at Washington, D. C.

He can deliver the goods, for his training in charcoal and paint was of the best, and his flair for the cowboy and the bronco is of the keenest. He knows the stirrup, the lariat and the chaps, and he knows the shape, the location and the function of every muscle in man and horse. Which is why his wild riders are like centaurs, and why their movements are as supple as the ways of the wind. When we add that he also knows the desert like an open book, you begin to realize why his pictures are so popular with those art lovers who have kept a healthy fondness for open spaces and exuberant life.

Frank Tenney Johnson, whose studio is now in Alhambra, has won fame as a painter of episodes in the life of the cowboy, the Indian and the ranger. No one paints desert moonlight more beautifully than he—its subtle and glamorous mystery. "Singing 'Em to Sleep" shows us something of the romance of a cowboy's life. Sometimes, at night, a restless herd can be quieted only by the human voice heard in song.—Johnson, with Nicolai Fechin and Armin Hansen, is holding an exhibition of representative paintings at the Stendahl Galleries, Ambassador Hotel. Each artist has a gallery to himself.

Mr. Daniell's Recent Water Colors.

At last the busy painters are beginning to return from their summer exodus to seashores and mountains, and at last the anxiously waiting critics may begin to polish their rusting pens and prepare for action. Once more, and how pleasant it seems, an exhibition of pictures is going to open for our discussion.

The important event is a one-man show, and it takes place this very afternoon at Blanchard Hall. The exhibitor is William Swift Daniell, who has gallantly come to the rescue with no less than seventy water colors and a dozen oils. Mr. Daniell, it would seem, has not spent many idle moments during the past few months, for all the pictures are new. He would not have exhibited so early, perhaps, if it were not for the fact that he expects to sail with his family for Europe in October, to be gone for two years of further hard study.

These pictures show conclusively that Mr. Daniell's sense for color is growing keener and more subtle, and that he is gaining steadily in dexterity of hand. Some of them are technically most excellent, especially in the rendering of water and of sand. To be sure, Mr. Daniell has always painted the beach sand with facile felicity, but never quite so well as today.

Of his mission subjects, the most noteworthy, it seems to me, are these three: "Capistrano Cloisters," in the rich yellow-brown tints of Southern California's warm summer; it shows the red roofs and columns of the mission against a greenish sky. "An Old Door," a panel shaped picture, the old door, painted green, being very good in quality; bits of the crumbling adobe wall are to be seen at each side of the door. "The Ivy Walk," another panel whose gracefully curved columns offer us glimpses of sun-smitten hills and sky. All these pictures have the "tone of time," that belongs with peculiar force to Capistrano.

WILLIAM SWIFT DANIELL
313 West 3d Street,
Columbia Trust Building,
Los Angeles, Cal.

WILLIAM SWIFT DANIELL.

The only native son among the artists of Laguna Beach is William Swift Daniell and he was born in San Francisco, so that he possesses not only the freedom of thought inherent in a native born Californian but he also has the advantage of knowing ALL of California—not a small portion of it. So when "Life" asked Mr. Daniell what he thought of Laguna Beach as a place for artists to live in, the question was asked of a man who knows his State and his country as well as the Continent, where he studied.

Said the artist: "I can't say too much for Laguna Beach and its beauties. I have built my home here and I am pleased with the place." And from a man who toured Europe for two years, searching out the hidden places of beauty and seeing the wonders of both Nature and Art, that means much for Laguna Beach.

Mr. Daniell, who studied in Paris with John Paul Laurens, has been ill for some time and has not been painting, but the fact became known a few days ago that he has again taken up his work.

Mr. Daniell was the founder of the Painters' Club in Los Angeles, which was afterward known as the California Art Club.

He has exhibited in many places, notably in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the New York Water Color Club.

Mr. Daniell has bene most interested in "Life's" success and has expressed himself many times as being well pleased with the weekly paper of Laguna Beach, which, as he said, "has tried to forward the interests of the very best in all organized effort and to give place to each individual's work."

William Swift Daniell and Clyde Forsythe

WE take great pleasure in offering this exhibition of paintings by Clyde Forsythe, the first in three years.

Recognized as one of the foremost painters of the desert in its fascinating mystery, its poetic charm and stern merciless beauty, the artist, in his present showing, has departed from his usual theme to deal tellingly, yet poetically, with a variety of subjects. Moods of early morning, late evening and mystic moonlight characterize the present showing, which, by all odds, is his best.

"THE HALF-BURIED CANTEEN"
By CLYDE FORSYTHE

Clyde Forsyth, the other new member, has placed "Forest Ranger" and "Wandering" on display. Both are pleasing western subjects.

Clyde Forsythe and Jack Frost, out of the goodness of their hearts, must be rendering more easy the last years of a highly pathetic old man, not to speak of his dog and burro. They toss him about from canvas to canvas, and his pathos grows with each picture. Now we see him stumbling across the lonely desert, again discovering a nugget in his old age. This time it is Forsythe, who has nailed him down for posterity. Alone in the dying day, before the fire where simmers the well-known coffee-pot, the old man ravishes his faithful dog's ear with quavering notes on his trusty flute, etc. etc. . . . It

F. Carl Smith

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F. CARL SMITH.

F. Carl Smith has just moved to Laguna Beach from Pasadena and so of course he is well pleased with the town or he wouldn't move here. Likewise he must be well pleased with "Life" or he wouldn't read it. Mr. Smith is a well known painter of lovely boat scenes, and is evidently sketching most of the time, as "Life" has never been able to find Mr. Smith to ask him just what he does think of many things. However "Life" knows that the artist is fond of this town and that he exhibits here at each show and that his pictures attract a great deal of attention from the visitors to the gallery, and it hopes that he

F. Carl Smith, who is now living in Pasadena, where he has a studio, has gone back to his first love, boats, and has sent in a canvas showing a wharf scene.

"INTERIOR HOLLAND" F. CARL SMITH

F. Carl Smith spent four summers in Holland painting the fisher folk and interiors and was very successful in this type of work.

The above subject is of a French mother and child before a glowing fireplace.

F. C. Smith is a member of the Paris Art Association, Washington Society of Artists where he was chairman and secretary, member of the Washington Watercolor Club, the California Art Club and

secretary of the Pasadena Society of Artists.

Mr. Smith was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, receiving his art education in the art school of that city. He then went to Paris, was a pupil of Benjamin Constant, Ferrier and others. While there he met an art student who became his wife. After five years' study in Paris during the season and sketching trips in summer both Mr. and Mrs. Smith exhibited in the Paris Salon many times.

On their return to this country they settled in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Smith made a specialty of portraits. It was at this time that he painted a life size portrait of the wife of vice president Fair-

banks, which now hangs in the D. A. R. Building.

Illness in the family brought the artist to California. Here the wonderful scenery, especially of Laguna Beach, captured him. It seemed that all of the landscapes he had sketched abroad were as naught compared to the work he had done in California, the artists' paradise.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been summer residents of Laguna Beach for 10 years, owning a cottage on the ocean front and Sea Breeze avenue. Mr. Smith exhibits almost every season in the local gallery. He is a life and honorary member of the Laguna Beach Art Association.

F. Carl Smith and Edouard + Luvena Vysekal

Edouard — round, chubby, with cherubic lips (they call him "The Cherub") always breaking into spontaneous smiles between his little red mustaches and Whistlerian goatee; Luvena, of equal height, but hewn in one piece as out of hard granite. Edward seems always on the point of cutting a caper on tiny, pointed feet; Luvena one expects at any moment to square up in best ring manner, fighting light in her eyes, capable fists clenched and working.

The resemblance between the artist and his work holds true again in their cases. Edward, whether painting the nude or the hills that rise below his studio, finds a series of elastic, swelling, almost bouncing forms. (Fellow artists, wishing to be uncomplimentary, sometimes speak of his "india rubber nudes.") And the light that breaks over his canvases is irrepressibly gay in color.

Luvena, on the other hand, is all for character, searching out the particular little quirk in a nose or wrinkle round an eye that belongs to this and no other person. She leaves the light to her jolly spouse and goes after solid construction and rich color. No one who was fortunate enough to read the series of thirty-four "Little Portraits" which appeared in the Art and Artists' columns of The Times under the nome de plume of Benjamin Blue, during 1922, could possibly forget the observation, wit and malice with which that verbal short-order cook first broiled an artist on one side and then, inserting a sharp fork in his still white flesh, neatly flipped him over and browned him to a turn on the other. Benjamin Blue was none other than Mrs. Vysekal.

They are active elements in our art life, these two, whether as painters continually doing a new thing or carrying off prizes, as very active members of the California Art Club, or, in Edouard's case, as popular painting teacher at the Otis Art Institute, a post he has occupied since 1922.

Vysekal was born in Czecho-Slovakia in 1890. His father was a decorator (in a land of traditional folk - art) and young Edouard learned the rudiments of his craft in a practical school. He brought his merry disposition to St. Paul in 1907, decorated for a living and studied, going to the Art Institute of Chicago in 1909 and remaining there for five years, during the last two as an instructor.

-THE VYSEKALS

MET LUVENA

It was in the Art Institute's school that he met Luvena Buchanan, painter, who was to prove his perfect complement. When Miss Buchanan received the commission to paint a series of historical murrals in the Barbara Worth Hotel, then being erected at El Centro, she decided the job was too big for one lone woman and annexed a capable

partner in the enterprise by marrying Edouard. After preliminary sketches done in Chicago they moved into a studio on the roof of the Imperial Valley hostelry, strung and prepared their canvas and painted the series of pictures, still to be seen there, in which the history of the valley is recorded with unusual exactness.

No mere approximations of history would do. Harold Bell Wright in particular stickled for exactness in a manner worthy of D. W. Griffith or Cecil De Mille. Thus one may see there the valley's first surveyor using the identical transit of his early days; the first farmer, the first school-teacher. Mr. Rockwood, who conceived the idea of the hotel, was hunted up and transported from Central Mexico that his true portrait might be included.

"The Sisters," by Edouard Vysekal

EXTRACTED FUN

Out of everything they did these charming people extracted fun and never ceased to pursue their independent work as painters. Vysekal became a regular prize winner in the California Art Club exhibitions at the museum, his rich-colored, well-designed figure pieces often dominating the gallery by their force and personal quality. His work was never conventional, and despite the many careful studies that preceded each picture, had a spontaneous appearance that captivated juries and spectators. And Luvena, more sober and solid in her painting, would sometimes surpass her husband's accomplishment in a quieter portrait or still life.

Now, having weathered, they believe, their most difficult years, they have perched a house and a studio home of their own adjoining Antonio Moreno's "park" on one of the highest spots overlooking the western city. Sunset and Hollywood boulevards, long white ribbons of light, pierce the misty stretches toward the ocean.

Edouard Vysekal's "The Sisters," which was awarded the William Carter Harrison prize in 1923 is one of the best works this vital painter has shown. No collector could go wrong in picking this for a permanent example of Vysekal's art. Nothing here is painted with a surer sense for color and design. One can readily imagine the intense and delightful emotion of the artist when he first saw his little models in their rose-pink dresses on the green spring-clad hillside. The planes of the faces, the silhouettes of the figures, each component part builds up the design of the whole canvas. I was so entranced by the beauty of the picture—this is the first time I have seen it— that it was some time before I felt any curiosity as to what it represented. It is easy to

imagine such a canvas in other hands degenerating into a subject-picture of the type beloved by our Victorian ancestors. Under Edouard Vysekal's brush it acquired a life of its own, in other words it became a true work of art.

DR. FREDERICK R. GRAVES," BY JOHN RICH LOS ANGELES

John Hubbard Rich has been growing apace as a portrait painter year after year. He is submerged with orders, and he has painted many of our handsomest women and most prosperous men. Once in a while, however, he chooses his own model and paints to please himself. Then he gives us "A Chinese Boy" or "An East Side Girl" or—as in this case—"A Mexican Woman." Then he "lets himself go" and paints with an enjoyment and a passion that might have been subdued by a mere "order." So we have the sympathetic study. "A Mexican Woman," true in feeling, pathetic and almost tragic in expression, at once a racial type and an individual character. A very fine thing in portraiture—because it is more than portraiture.

"AUGUSTINA," A PRIZE PAINTING BY JOHN HUBBARD RICH

Look for Gallery C at the Los Angeles Museum and you come upon one of the most attractive and comprehensive exhibitions of portraits, figures and interiors ever held by John Rich, though this painter's exhibits are always of outstanding interest and beauty. You will even, on this occasion, find a few small landscapes, good ones, too, a quite new departure.

Rich's reputation as a painter of portraits has been growing apace, though it was by no means negligible even on the day, now more than a dozen years ago, that he opened his studio in Pasadena. He was then fresh from Boston, where he had begun as a student, winning a three-years' traveling scholarship for the high quality of his work in drawing and painting.

After Pasadena came Los Angeles for a few years. Then New York and Boston for a brief period in the company of his friend William Cahill, also a notable painter of figures and portraits. Then a return to Los Angeles with work as a teacher of painting in the University of Southern California and

THE ARTIST, JOHN HUBBARD RICH

the Otis Art Institute. Finally Rich built himself a studio on a Hollywood hillside, one of the most charming studios in Southern California. Here he painted all the pictures in the present show, and here he will remain to the end of a very interestnig chapter.

John Rich's success is merited. He has worked hard and unremittingly for it, and with a devotion to high ideals in art that has never once wavered. If he painted for "the trade," as he did on several occasions, he did not lower his standard, but produced pictures that, though frankly intended for reproduction in color and advertising purposes, were as good technically, as truly "art," as anything that came from his easel.

He is a born painter. You cannot see him working in black and white, or with the point. The brush is his tool, oil color his medium. Given a brush and a few tubes of paint and some square feet of canvas, he is perfectly happy and at ease, a consummate draughtsman and a suave technician. You cannot question the fact that he "has the instinct." Every one of his canvases stands ready to refute any such doubt.

Though Rich paints women delightfully—he loves the color and texture of pretty clothes and delicate skins—he is enamored of the harmonies of still-life accessories—he is not less successful with men. In fact, some of his very best portraits are those of men, and his studies of Chinamen are superb, for he has a close sympathy with the oriental mind and character.

He was recently fortunate enough to have as a sitter, Dr. Graves, bishop of Shanghai for forty-four years. This fine portrait will go to Shanghai. Another notable achievement is the portrait of Dr. Von KleinSmid, which, fortunately for us, will remain in Los Angeles. Then there is that delightful study in character, "My Flend," a subtle and sympathetic study of a Chinaman of noble character. Another notable picture of a Chinese is "Wo Hoy in American Clothes," painted in one sitting and a triumph of virtuosity.

But the ladies are not less than the men in our artist's eyes. Being American ladies they are, as a matter of course, much more so—as they are in the eyes of all of us, and as they themselves take good care to be. So John Rich's gallery of American girls is a very complete one. He has painted them assiduously, always charmingly, and he now shows us half a dozen or more of them. One of them is quite nude, and she is sitting by an open window. (Ah!)

You will delight to linger in this enchanting gallery, before "Helen and Louise," "The Flowered Dress," "Angeline Larrabee," "Youth," "Red and Gold" and "At the Window"—this latest being the pensive nude girl high above the housetops of Hollywood, and a charming figure she has.

Two of the canvases in the exhibition have been prize winners at previous shows, "Augustina" and "Frederico," both admirable pieces of painting. "Augustina," indeed, is one of Rich's highest achievements, a technical delight in character and color. I am hap-

John Rich and Millard Sheets

Millard Sheets in His Latest Exhibition Knocks on Door of America's Art World

BY ARTHUR MILLIER

It cannot have been more than three years ago that we viewed a modest exhibition of water colors by a student, totally unknown to us. Seated at the well-worn typewriter we produced a few of those rather patronizing adjectives anent them, of the kind art reviewers always have on tap. We doubtless told him what every young painter should know and lit a fresh cigar with the feeling of having given encouragement to a worthy young man.

Now behold Millard Sheets—the same still-young man—showing at the Dalzell Hatfield Galleries a group of oil paintings, water colors, decoration, lithographs and pencil drawings that call, not for encouragement, but for careful comparison with many of America's best-known painters. Here, right from the soil of Southern California, has grown an artist so completely endowed with everything necessary to a triumphant career, that the exhibition can only be regarded as the Los Angeles preview of an assured national success.

Sheets has one of the traits of exceptionally creative natures. He does not stick to a specialty. His subjects range widely, whether in Southern California, in South American ports, on the shores of Brittany, or in rural France. Not only his subjects change for he tries every medium in turn. If no etchings are shown it is because Sheets is waiting the quiet moment in which he may translate his pencil drawings of European towns into etching. He is just as gifted on copper as on canvas, paper or stone.

But it is the oil paintings that hold us this time. Sheets has developed his powers of composition, his knowledge of color and its power to advance or recede on the canvas, has refined his earlier tendency to spotty blacks and especially delved further into those depths and roundnesses, those adventures in space that are essentially the business of the landscape painter. And all this new growth is carried on without any outward sign of struggle in the pictures themselves. Each one, whether it be the brilliant mountain snow picture, full of vibrant air and patterns of blue-gray shadow, the delicate "Quiet Harbor" in France, a poem in delicately worked grays, sensitively seen and mixed, the gorgeous colored shadows of "Women of La Libertad," revealing a color sense unknown to the majority of painters, or such a commanding marine as the sonorous "Romantic Coast," in which the eye is delighted with a full range of colored grays leading to the water's delicate blue, wherever one turns in this showing some entirely new and different experience is translated into paint on canvas with a technical ease and ability that stamps the work with beauty and authority.

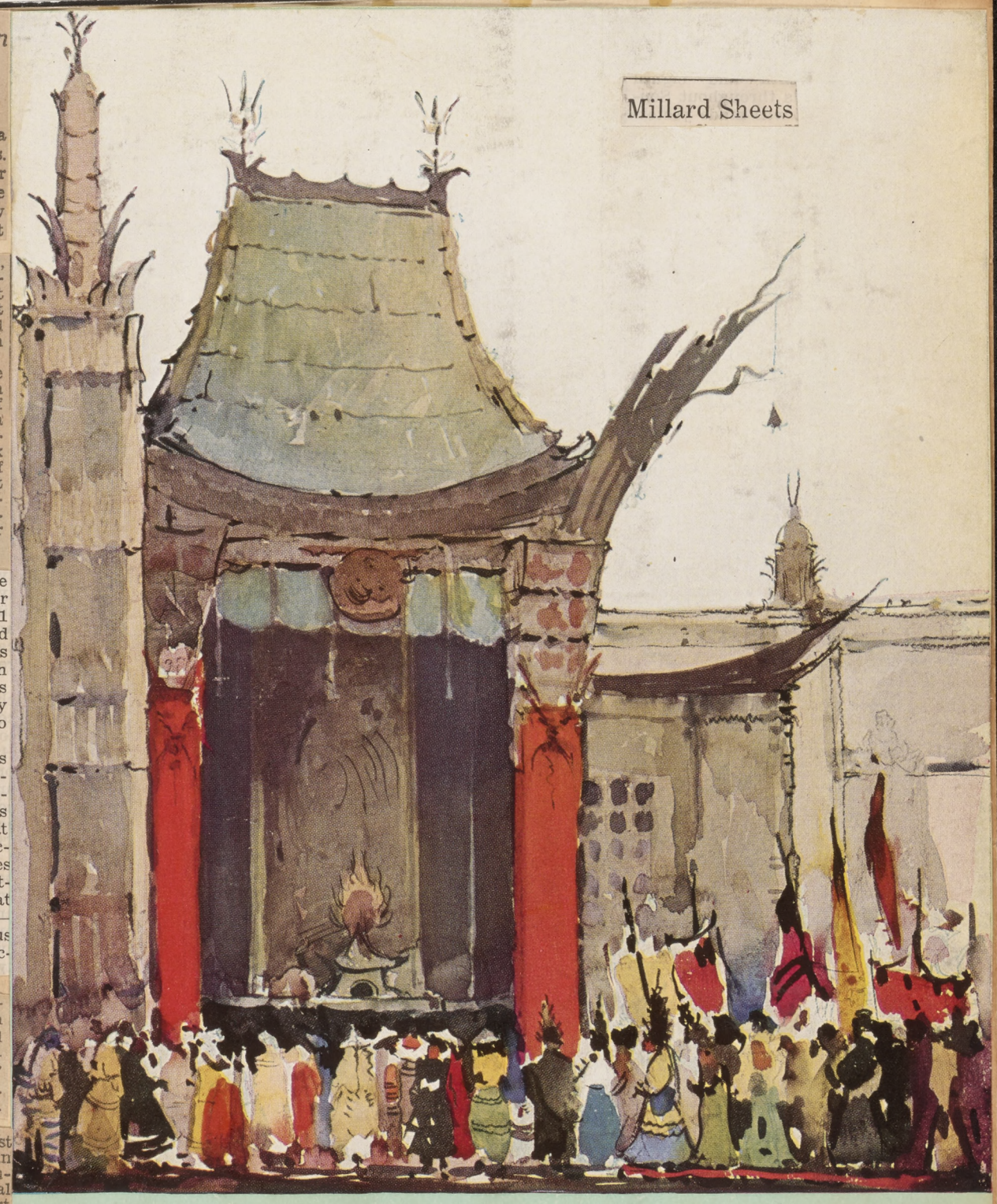
The second gallery shows delicate pencil drawings of French, German and Italian towns. A number of lithographs done in France and a delightful group of water color designs in strong pure color that fix the people and characteristics of the towns he visited in his recent European journey. These, especially suitable as illustrations, are unbelievably positive and original for such a young artist.

In the current art section of the Los Angeles Times Arthur Millier says: "Sheets, who is only 21 years of age, displays in a marked degree those qualities one wishes were more often to be seen in youthful work, and while there is plenty of room for further study and improvement, there is also plenty of time and will.

"The outstanding qualities of his art, as revealed in this first exhibition, are its joyful and buoyant response to the picturesque aspects of life in Southern California that appeal to him; an ever-present decorative faculty that sometimes makes a picture out of the slightest possible elements;and—what would seem to be a native talent—a feeling for beautiful, luminous color which already gives distinction to his pictures."

Millard Sheets, who is of Pomona, has had hung a sketch showing the yards of a railroad with many workingmen crossing the tracks. Mr. Sheets' draughtsmanship is excellent. His canvas has been well hung.

Mr. Sheets has exhibited in most of the important exhibitions in America, including the International Traveling Show, the International Water Color Show, the Chicago Art



Millard Sheets

The Chinese Theatre, Hollywood — From a Water Color Sketch by Millard Sheets — Courtesy Dalzell Hatfield Galleries

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The Braun Exhibit

To any one who is at all familiar with what the West Coast artists are doing, the announcement from the Vail Galleries of the showing of paintings by artists of Southern California, carried a thrill of expectation that is only eclipsed by a view of the canvasses themselves as Mr. Crandall has arranged them on the walls of the gallery.

All the old favorites are there and many new ones, at least new to Wichita art fans. In this group we are more than thrilled, even surprised, on viewing some of the new things by artists more or less familiar to us. There is present that spirit of adventure, so necessary to the growth of art, which is sure evidence of a healthy growth and development of this West Coast group that predicts even greater achievement for the future. These men have by no means reached their limit, they show no signs of chrystalization even though the canvasses now on view at the Vail Gallery seem complete and satisfying.

The more familiar names, like Maurice Braun, Benjamin Brown, Jack Wilkinson Smith, and Owin White, are each represented by works testifying clearly to the foregoing statement.

"Valley and Mountain" is the title given by Maurice Braun to the delightful bit of California landscape which leads the eye across a quiet valley into the rugged mountains which are bathed in that peculiar haze which Braun has become a past master in producing. One is reminded of Braun's one man show held at the Vail Gallery last season, and of the delightful evening arranged for the Wichita Art Association at which Hazel Boyer Braun talked very entertainingly not only of Mr. Braun and his work but gave a great deal of information concerning the development of West Coast art and the artists represented in the present group.

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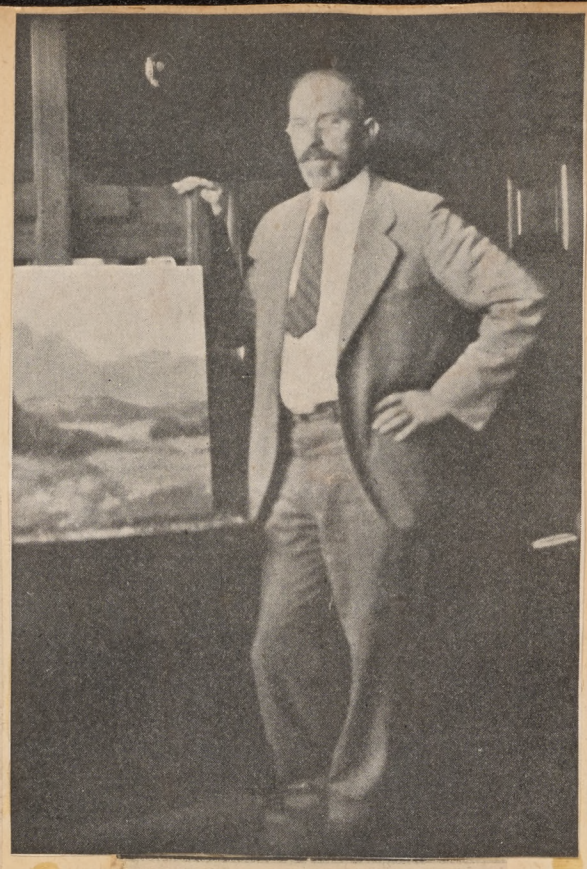
Maurice Braun's Schedule

Maurice Braun left his Point Loma studio in San Diego the 1st inst. for New York City, where he will make the Salmagundi Club his headquarters. He expects to make sketching tours into Connecticut and Vermont during the autumn and part of the winter.

Braun's schedule of exhibition for the season includes Santa Fe Museum, Minneapolis; Mulvane Museum in Topeka; Houston Museum, San Antonio and Dallas, Detroit, New York City and Los Angeles.

October is his month here. The Ebell Club has just opened an exhibition of nine large and important canvases; the Kanst gallery, at the opening of the new Hollywoodland gallery about the middle of the month, will show twenty-one recent paintings by Maurice Braun.

One of the first things to delight us in this charming group is Maurice Braun's snow scenes. To these he brings a sense of lightness which so many painters miss. Snow is not heavy; nor does not feel cold in a snow-carpeted country-side comparable with the cold of a bleak stormy day. Braun has caught the sunny exhilaration of winter in "Snow Clad Hills." There is a very delicate happy atmosphere in this small canvas — so gently does the soft white carpet press the earth. "Winter Morning," another scene in old New England, is one of the most subtly painted pictures in the exhibition. "Along the Road" is brighter and sharper, bare elm branches and white-clad roofs.



MAURICE BRAUN

"There is a power of silence in Braun's paintings that creeps into the spectator and translates a noisy world of affairs into the spiritual mystery it really is. His painting, like all true art, seems effortless. A true mystic, he never permits to intrude into his work a sense of struggle or of personal smartness; he forgets himself and approaches nature with discerning reverence, the only way in which her real secrets may be won."

MAURICE BRAUN IN DIVERSIFIED SHOW

Maurice Braun, coming from New York to San Diego a dozen years ago, almost immediately opening a school of art in the southern city, has so long been identified with our group of native painters that we have come to think of him as exclusively a painter of California landscape. We have, quite forgotten—if we ever knew—that he is also a portrait and figure painter, and that at one time he was an interpreter of the lanscape of New England.

But his present exhibition of nine canvases at the Ebell Club reminds us pleasantly and forcefully of all these things, and it convinces us, too, of the diversity of his talent. For here he offers us landscapes from both East and West, and one canvas containing three figures. We are happily familiar with innumerable pictures from him that are aglow with California sunshine, but now he lets us in to another of his secrets —which is that he can paint fields sunless and snow-blanketed with equal authority, with equal beauty. In fact, I am not at all sure that his snow isn't even better than his sunlight.

Very rarely, indeed, through the later years, have we had figure studies from his flexible brush. Landscape has exercised too great a fascination upon him for much indoor work. He has therefore, and perhaps inevitably, fallen off somewhat in his drawing of the figure, though his feeling for it has not abated.

I cannot give you the title of his study of a woman and two children, as there was no catalog when I visited the Ebell last Tuesday, but I can tell you of its tenderness and charm. We are shown a mother, seated and reading out of a book of fairy tales to her little daughters. The construction of the figures is far from impeccable, which is the more surprising in that Braun has not been innoculated with the virus of "modernism" —that virus so often destructive of good drawing. But the atmosphere, the tone, the placing and the rendering of all the accessories, are delightful. The floor, with its strip of delicately colored rag carpet, is perfect. So is the color in the transparent curtains, and so is the bit of landscape—a true Braun California landscape—seen through the open window.

But if Braun is not quite sure in his drawing of the human figure, he certainly shows no weakness in his rendering of trees denuded of leaves. Here, indeed, his construction is on a par with his detail, for here he draws with passionate devotion and great knowledge. Here he informs us that it is, after all, as a landscape painter we must consider him. The figure painting is but a by-product of his superabundant energy and talent.

Note the bare maples in the snow of No. 3. With what careful love the straight trunk, the outreaching branches, the delicate twigs, are done! We see them etched against a snowy expanse of wintry field, pale yellow village houses low, wooded hills touched with rose, a sky gray-gold. The feeling of winter broods over the whole scene, and there is no sign of sun except in the rose of the hill.

MAURICE BRAUN AT CANNELL-CHAFFIN'S

With the return to us of Maurice Braun, California welcomes back a poet in paint, whose tender lyrics have long charmed her eyes with their subtle harmony of delicate coloring. Three years in Connecticut have given him other themes in other keys, but he has approached nature in the same quiet and certain manner; striking no false notes; sensitive to rare color suggestions; tinging all his canvases with that sense of fairyland which is one of the ingredients of his palette.

Autumn in New England is the dominant theme of his exhibition. Autumn in its glory of reds, coppers and golds; its russet hills seen across the blue mirror of the Connecticut River. Whatever is lovely in these scenes this artist seizes upon and with a sure decorative sense turns into a picture. His work is not dramatic, and I could sometimes wish for a more primitive undercurrent of feeling, but it is rarely given to any artist to have within him the seeds of all things. In fact, he is well off who has discovered his own limitations and consciously works within them. Braun has a true feeling for beauty, invariably composes well, and knows how to paint a picture. If an artist is to satisfy his public he must turn his emotions into pictures—something more than splashes of paint on canvas. This is one of the secrets of Braun's popularity. His paintings are always good pictures and consequently have a definite place in the homes whose walls they decorate.

California shares equal honors with New England in this exhibition, which is one of the most attractive Braun has so far presented to us.

DeKruif Putting On Etching Exhibition

Henri DeKruif, noted painter, who is visiting in Laguna Beach, has put on an exhibition of his new etchings at the Macbeth Studio on Coast Boulevard.

Henri De Kruif

DE KRUIF ETCHINGS SUGGESTIVE OF COLOR

We have all responded, again and again, to the intriguing quality of Henri De Kruif's water-color studies in landscape and figures. The impressive edict of "Let there be light" sems to be obeyed by this artist with such devotional enthusiasm that his pictures are flooded with the rainbow hues of the prism of the heavens, and we feel no jolt of incongruity in his naming his latest California landscape, a bit from Andreas Canyon, "Paradise." This glowing study is now on exhibition with the California Art Club's show at the Los Angeles Museum.

In our liking for the water colors we are apt to forget that he is an etcher as well as a painter. This lapse is perhaps as much his fault as ours, since he shows us his water colors so much oftener than his efforts with the needle. But "efforts" is hardly the word, for the etchings are quite as spontaneous as the paintings, and, while he never prints them in actual color, they are often so rich in effect that they suggest the presence of color very vividly.

Since he offers us his delightful prints so seldom, we may infer that he does not consider himself so strong an etcher as a water-colorist. If this is his private opinion, let us hasten to assure him that he is mistaken. Not only does he make a beautiful drawing on his plate, but he "bites" with exquisite tact, and he prints superbly. His blacks are as rich as velvet, his line is at once sensitive and sure. Given a sense for rhythm and composition, and given feeling and the instinct that captures beauty — what more can an etcher want?

True, few of De Kruif's etchings are as "modern" as his water colors, but I, for one, do not consider this conservatism a fault. The limitations of the needle are more severely set than those of the brush, and for this reason the etcher's art is, to many of us, special and exquisite. "Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow cell." So cloistered, they seek and find perfection. And the print maker may express all he knows of art—and this may be a good deal—on a tiny square of burnished copper. De Kruif, then, is the advanced artist of the water colors ——certainly no less—in the exhibition of twenty or twenty-five etchings at the Cannell-Chaffin galleries, which continues for one week longer.

I spoke of the morbidezza of his blacks. You will find it in "The Shepherd's Prayer," a tiny print of converging lines and graceful trees —the very model of a perfect bookplate. You will also find it in "The Harrison Gallery Begins," the lovely record of a Los Angeles achievement in art, and in "Lyric of Eucalyptus," trees swaying in rhythmic motion.

De Kruif likes to place his figure or figures out of doors, preferably in a grove of tall trees that are thick with leaves. And he places them well, invariably in motion. Note how tactfully he does it in "Sylvan,' a scene of fairy-like grace and charm, and in the "Spirit of the Breeze," which I do not like quite so well, since it is vaguely reminiscent of the work of the Kinneys, whom I do not especially admire.

Henri De Kruif, winner of Harrison Gray Otis prize of $300 at the exhibition now held in the Los Angeles Museum, lives up to our expectations in "Day Dreams" and "Mountain Top," his two contributions to the show at the Friday Morning Club. Both are in his best vein, alive with imagination, vibrating with pure color. To be sure, the day-dreamers are ruminating burros under a spreading evergreen tree, but the touch of humor does not detract from the charm of the picture—rather it enhances it. The cloud-rack of amethyst in "Mountain Top" is beautiful, the deep greens against a paler green sky are very vivid.

OUT OF GALLERY.

One of Henri de Kruiff's paintings was sold from the Art Gallery this last week. It was bought by Andrew Sharp, an architect of Los Angeles. The canvas was titled "Emerald Morning," and was jewel-like in its coloring.

Another thing good to record is Henri De Kruif's winning of an honorable mention from the museum on his highly imaginative figure study with landscape, "A Song in Autumn," the nude, delicately painted, the green and gold landscape very poetic in feeling and well behaved in composition.

Henry De Kruif generally sticks to water colors. He has won fame with them, and now and again he turns out an aquarelle of great beauty. Such a one is "Land, Light and Sea," in the present show. Crisp, direct, beautiful and varied in color, this picture has captured the very spirit of nature in one of its most jocund and lyric moods.

"Sylvia," by Henri De Kruif,

One of the outstanding figure studies in the exhibition of the California Water Color Society, Los Angeles Museum.

Decidedly one of the most notable contributions is by Henri DeKruif. He has recently shown several paintings from Palm Springs in various exhibitions, the fruit of a prolonged sojourn in Palm Canyon, and this last one seems to me the most significant of them all. Three palms stand out against the wall of the canyon, the stream bathing their feet. It is the work of a man living on a high plane of existence. Something elevated and solitary has crept into the design. A fit setting, this, for one of life's high moments, and I believe that the person who is fortunate enough to become the owner of this work will find himself constantly being lifted into an ideal world.

Henri De Kruif handles aquarelle with a joyous dexterity. He shows half a dozen sketches of great vitality and charm, going, once or twice, "the limit." Yet never beyond the limit. We can follow him. But shouldn't the colors of the spectrum in his secondary rainbow in "The Pot of Gold," be reversed in order? Have we seen or have we read that this must be so? The picture could then be called "The Mirror of the Mist," a more original title than the other, if I do say so myself. Mr. De Kruif communicates his pleasure in paint to us.

ART CLUB'S TRIBUTE TO ANTONY ANDERSON

How deeply the work of Antony Anderson is appreciated by his friends, the artists of Southern California, may be gauged by the following paragraphs which are reprinted from the May bulletin of the California Art Club:

"Antony Anderson is going somewhere. There is one thing that he must pack in his little old baggage; it must follow wherever he goes; he can't live down the respect of the working members of the art profession.

"Some people say that Mr. Anderson was kindly in his criticism of various works of art; how horrible! In these days of flip remarks, wise-cracking feature writers and the jazzing up of Joe Miller art criticism; vision, warmth of heart, and humanity is 'Oh, so Victorian.' Some people say that Mr. Anderson built up instead of tearing down, that he liked the things that he saw, that he was interested in painting, sculpture and the allied arts, that he wished that people would use the possibilities of the visual sense for pleasure, for growth and for profit, that he was conscientious in his attitude toward art, that he wouldn't be a party to the foisting upon the public of unworthy 'masterpieces.' How shortsighted, when he might have made himself known as a crafty egg, and 'Oh, so intellectual.'

"Antony Anderson brought to his work the viewpoint of the trained craftsman, the appreciation that comes from having studied in the workrooms of the art schools and studios and from association with great works of art in the galleries. He knew what he was writing about. He was concerned about his work and received the disclosure of the artist with great comprehension.

"Mr. Anderson was not inclined to slight the unheralded, he avoided the temptation to scoff at those who were not understood, he didn't make smart cracks about the work of those whose position in the field of art denied any comeback.

"The challenging record of Antony Anderson covered a period of sustained, constructive effort for many years. During most of those years, his was about the only effort to bring the work of the artist to the attention of the people of Southern California. The artist looked forward to Mr. Anderson's visit to his exhibition as to a stimulating experience and hoped for a favorable criticism, which means that the artist respected the critic.

"Some day there is going to be a discerning interest in matters of art by the people who live in this unusual climate of ours and then the inaugural nursing that Antony Anderson did will be honored.

"May the Goddess of Good Luck attend him."

ANTONY ANDERSON HOPS THE GREAT POND

Henry De Kruif

"Andy" is leaving us. He is off to Europe on the 19th of this month. There he will visit the land of his birth, Norway, also Paris, Brittany, the Riviera and many other far-famed spots that artists' dreams are made of. Antony Anderson is better known to the artists as "Andy," because they think of him and speak of him with affection. He will be missed, because as an art critic there is none better in the West. He will be missed by the sensitive ones whose individualisms and egotisms stick out like sore thumbs. He will be missed by the "publicity hounds" and the dealers who devil his path, much to his amusement. But he will be missed chiefly by those who know him as a warm-hearted man with a sincere interest in the welfare of the artists, regardless of their sex, gender or persuasion.

It is some job to try to understand the points of view of about five hundred artists living in these parts. But "Andy" always tries to savvy. He may not always agree with the artist, and may not always grasp what the artist is driving at, but he will always give a new man a fair hearing. I think the artists will bear me out in that statement. To gain and hold the friendship and respect of a wide circle of arists while criticising their work publicly is a herculean task. But such is the task that Antony Anderson, art critic on the Los Angeles Times, has accomplished with remarkable success.

All hail to Andy. . . bon voyage. . . and hurry back.

Andy

THE RAMBLER.

Twilight in Winter.

One pale and splendid star that seems to rest,
A luminous gem, on beauty's pulseless breast;
Three pines, like shrouded Fates; a nightbird's cry;
A tideless pool where shuddering shadows lie!

ART CRITIC TO TRAVEL ABROAD

Antony Anderson,

One of the best-known art critics in the West and for many years the conductor of the "Of Art and Artists" department of the Sunday Times. Mr. Anderson leaves tomorrow for a six-months' trip to European art centers from which he will contribute weekly articles to the department. In his absence his local work will be in the hands of a competent critic.

NARCISSUS

They say, Narcissus, that you loved yourself—
But all you loved was Beauty,
And the quiet stream
Reflected beauty, as from a glass.

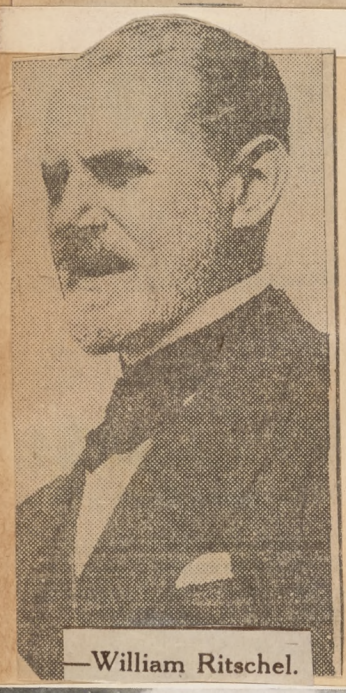
Low and still lower you stooped and leant,
Your face aglow with joy
In wonder at your rippled form
So richly dowered with loveliness.

And now
A golden gleam of beauty rims the brook,
To fade and die and yet remain immortal.

They say, Narcissus, that you loved yourself—
But all you loved was Beauty.

ANTONY ANDERSON.

Anthony Anderson and William Ritschel



—William Ritschel.

At Cannell and Chaffin's more than a dozen of the sketches made by William Ritschel on his recent six-months sojourn in the South Seas are on exhibition to January. Ritschel has just returned, and is now in his studio at Monterey. The present exhibition is a brilliant feather in our cap, one that we may be permitted to flaunt a little, for it was originally intended that the exhibit was to be held first of all at Milch's in New York. However, Bartley Cannell is a very close friend of Ritschel's, and by a little special pleading he got the pictures. Mr. Milch may not be pleased—but we are.

The artist had a mighty good time in Tahiti and Moorea—especially in Moorea, from where many of the sketches come,—and now that he "knows the natives" he will find it much easier to get what he wants in the way of subjects when he goes back. He declares emphatically that he *is* going back, and soon at that. The seductive charm of Moorea has gotten him, he can't keep away.

Such color, he says! such brilliancy of light, such grotesque and bizarre beauty of forms!

Nevertheless, Ritschel did not paint like Gauguin or Stojana, though, looking at some of his sketches of women of Moorea, we are constrained to admit that these painters are more truthful than we had hitherto believed. In the exhibition we find blue sea—how wonderfully blue!—and breaking white surf; windswept clouds and green pleasaunces; radiant gardens and lovely dark-eyed women.

"Waiting for the Boats—Holland."—William Ritschel.

The youngest pa[illegible]r in Los Angeles is Donna Schuster. Ask anybody. I have known her for—well, I won't say how many years (though it's not too many), and she is younger today than when I first met her. Not more smiling and good-natured—that would be impossible. She paints with a happy abandonment that proclaims her youth, her pleasure in the present, her faith in the future.

Look at our cover for confirmation of all I have said about Donna Schuster. In dash, in color, in carefree facility, doesn't it spell youth and joy in life and paint? I think it does, and almost all Miss Schuster's work has this spontaneity of expression. Especially her water colors, which are as crisp as a lettuce leaf and as fresh and alive in color. More variegated, however, for this painter delights in vivid reds and blues never tucked away in the green of the lettuce. And her primary colors run into a gamut that holds few discords, if any.

Born in Milwaukee, she studied in Boston under Edmund Tarbell. Later she went on a William M. Chase sketching class through Belgium, and took a Chase prize at Bruges when she was very young. She studied for a time in Paris, and then returned to America to graduate with high honors from the Chicago Art Institute. She then came on to California, where she built herself a very handsome studio in Los Feliz Heights, and bought a tiny one which she calls the Pill Box at Laguna Beach. She is fond of this Pill Box and the lure of Laguna's shoreline is not to be resisted. From Pill Box to Hollywood—back and forth—through the long and beautiful season that is California's. What an ideal life for a landscape painter!

Miss Schuster is a member of various art clubs, among them being the California Art Club and the Laguna Beach Art Association, and she is a constant contributor to the exhibitions of both. Sometimes she sends a group of pictures north or east. San Francisco delights in her water colors—and so, for that matter, does Los Angeles.

When asked as to what prizes she has taken Miss Schuster gave a very incomplete list, for she "couldn't remember." Though good to have, they are, after all, negligible in an artist's life—for the artist lives to paint, not to take prizes. However, here is the partial list: Silver medal at P. P. I. Exposition, 1915; silver medals at San Diego, 1915 and 1916; prizes and medals at Chicago Art Institute, Philadelphia Academy, Corcoran Art Gallery, New York Academy, American Federation of Arts, traveling exhibitions, and so on.—A.A.

You may have seen and enjoyed many of them, for Miss Schuster was industrious at the expositions held in San Francisco and San Diego, bringing back with her and showing in many public galleries souvenirs of priceless value. At San Pedro, too, among boats and wharves and shell-incrusted wooden piles she has spent many profitable days—days as profitable to us as to her.

Portraits, figures, gardens, interiors—Miss Schuster loves all these delectable and paintable things. A recent successful portrait from her brush shows us a fellow artist, Hanson Puthuff, on the back veranda of his studio at La Crescenta, purple hills and towering eucalyptus trees in the background. For Miss Schuster greets with avidity the difficulties of out-of-doors figure and portrait painting. And she triumphs over these difficulties with a gesture that is—youthful.

Donna Schuster

DONNA SCHUSTER AT AINSLIE GALLERIES

A very well chosen exhibit is that of paintings by Donna Schuster at the Ainslie Galleries, Barker Brothers. Not too many works are included and each has its individual qualities unimpaired by its neighbors. Two prize paintings are included, "In My Garden," which was awarded first prize at the recent West Coast Arts Annual, and the delightful "Early Breakfast," which has been given two silver medals.

Donna Schuster, president of the California Watercolor society spent the week-end at her Laguna Beach cottage. She is inviting the artist public to a reception opening the Watercolor Show at the Library and Art Gallery at Palos Verdes Sunday afternoon, June 7, from 2 to 5. She reports a very strong showing of paintings, many of them by recognized artists, some of whom are members of the Laguna Beach Art Association.

Donna Schuster and William Riddell

WM. W. RIDDELL
Artist and Citizen

William W. Riddell's early experience in life was somewhat similar to that of other great arists and musicians. As a very young boy he had great aspirations to become an artist, but his parents chose what they considered a more practical and remunerative calling for him and educated him in mechanical engineering.

It was while he was working as a draftsman that he attended the night school at the Chicago Art Institute and for five years applied himself to the mastery of art principles.

During his school life at the institute he met Mrs. Riddell, who also was a student, and they were married, leaving shortly for Paris, where a two-year intensive study was undertaken.

Before going abroad, however, Mr. Riddell had given up the engineering work and was teaching manual training in the high school, finding his vocation gave more time to pursue his beloved art.

Upon returning to Chicago his eyes gave out and he was obliged to quit painting for a time. This caused him to take up teaching once more and he was instructor in the art department of the high schools until coming to Laguna to live in the summer of 1925.

Two previous visits were made by the Riddells in 1921 and 1922, upon the instigation of Edgar Payne, whom they knew in Chicago.

AS A LAGUNA CITIZEN

William W. Riddell was selected for this story because of his activity and loyal service to the community from the very first day the Riddell family bought the Roy Clarkson Coleman studio on Diamond and the Boulevard and became an integral factor in the forward growth and development of the town.

Mr. Riddell has identified himself with nearly every worthy movement since 1925 that has made for betterment and improvement to Laguna Beach. The praiseworthy fact that he has always reserved the American right to do his own thinking, uninfluenced by persons or cliques, and has had the courage of his conviction to stand out for any measure which he considered best for the whole community, irrespective of popularity or personal interests, has endeared him to the thoughtful element.

"The Rock" is doubly impressive as an artistic achievement and as a subject of general interest and is one of the most talked of works which Mr. Riddell has done here on the south coast.

"The Rock."

The picture represented on this page is one of his recent works and is entitled "The Rock." It was selected from all of his other subjects to go into the Pageant programs, which had such a wide circulation at the Indian summer show.

This painting has quite an interesting history and environment. The scene was taken near the artist's home at the foot of Diamond street and shows old South Rock which has stood there as a landmark for ages to guard the most frequented bathing beach of Arch Beach locality just to the right.

Wm. W. Riddell's painting of r ocks off the Laguna shoreline, to which he has given the simple title "The Rocks."

As a painter, Mr. Riddell is primarily interested in the pattern of a picture. Next to this he loves to study the effects of light. He has been working especially on moonlight to get the exact color of moonlight.

Progress of Art Is Traced by Speaker

Louis Danz presented his brilliant talk on "An Approach to Modernism' before the largest lecture audience ever assembled at the Laguna Beach Art Gallery last Saturday evening, July 11, at 8 o'clock.

Several prominent critics of Southern California and many artists from the Laguna colony were present.

A musical prelude of songs by Mr. Danz, who is also a composer of serious music, were sung by Mme. Annette Cadek Dyer, accompanied by Miss Edith McDonald.

The lecturer gave a rapid-fire outline of some of the periods of art expression with the rather new idea of each being a finished expression of the soul of that time. Traditional progress from the earlist art periods to the present was considered an impossibility by Mr. Danz.

He showed by illustration the soul consciousness of the people of different countries and times and how it had its beginning, flowering, maturity and decay, giving place to an entirely different form.

From the Greeks' interest in impersonal form as a whole, to the interest in architectural elongation of the negroes, the light of the face and eyes in Rembrandt's time, which centers around the personality of his subject, through to Cezanne's depth, and Van Gogh's wonderful color emotion, all perids were illustrated by reproductions which Mr. Danz obtained on his recent extended trip to Europe.

These pictures were exhibited from an easel while the lecturer talked. That they created a great deal of interest was manifested by the enthusiastic applause.

The list, which is just a few of the pictures in Mr. Danz's collection, is as follows: "Absinthe" by Picasso, "Della Salute" by Signac, "Venice" by Monet, "The Flute" by Manet, "Boy in Red Vest," "Still Life" and "A Nude" by Cezanne, "Horses" and "Gazelles" by Marc, "Portrait" by Matisse, "Portrait" by Nolde, "The Girl in the Woods" by Rousseau. Other painters represented were: Rembrandt, Raphael, Kandansky, Legar, Feinegar, Derain, Kokaschka, El Greco, Gauguin, Seurat, Severini, and Renoir.

William W. Riddell, president of the Laguna Beach Art Association, introduced the speaker and thanked him for his excellent contribution to a clearer understanding of modernism. Mr. Riddell said that although everyone might not agree with Mr. Danz that at least he was noted for being abreast of the times and was always enjoyed for his interesting and magnetic personality.

Mr. Danz has given 150 lectures the past season before prominent clubs and societies and came to the Laguna art colony through the invitation of the art association.

Radio Announcer Gives Gallery Boost

The announcers have been telling us what a wonderful medium for advertising the radio is. And now our new art gallery has had a chance to prove their enthusiastic assertions. The other day Mrs. W. G. Palmer of our town turned on her radio just in time to hear the announcer give his little spiel about the wonderful art gallery at Laguna Beach. He earnestly advised his wide-spread audience to visit the gallery and study its splendid exhibition.

Gallery Now Opens At 10 O'Clock Daily

The Laguna Beach Art Gallery is being opened during the remainder of the summer from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. The annual auction of paintings, the proceeds of which go to the up-keep of the gallery is now in progress.

Progressive Auction In Gallery Basement

An exhibition of pictures for the third annual progressive auction sale is now on in the basement of the Laguna Beach Art Gallery. A word about the basement gallery is necessary. Ever since the completion of the gallery the basement has existed as a safety deposit vault for knick-nacks, old paint pots, burlap, excess dirt and lumber and any odds and ends that apparently had no purpose in life cept to make a nuisance of themselves. Now all these have vanished and the basement reveals itself as a spacious, cool gallery with a nice informal atmosphere, a sawdust floor like a circus tent and the walls positively beaming with colorful, gay little pictures.

The choice of pictures is greater than it was last year due to the fact that the artists have not been so limited to size and donations have come in from artists recognized all over the country.

The rules of the auction are that the first bid must be at least 25 per cent of the purchase price and each raise must be at least one dollar or more. The benefits are to go to the building fund. This auction presents an opportunity to art lovers to secure original work at a nominal sum and at the same time further a good cause.

The auction exhibition will be on until the 15th of August and the exhibition basement is a nice cool place to spend a hot day.

Laguna Beach Gallery Is Approach to Ideal

By ANTONY ANDERSON

It may seem to the layman that all picture galleries are alike. But they are not. The artist—be he painter or sculptor—knows very well that they are not. Some galleries are too long and narrow, some too dimly lighted, some too cold, some too warm, some too this or that. The ideal gallery is a dream seldom realized even by its most devout planners—lovers of art who really regard a picture as something precious, something to be handled with care.

Will it surprise you if I tell you that we have the—almost—ideal gallery right here in Laguna Beach, and that after a year of trial it has been found to function exactly as its builders promised, and even better? Don't be sceptical any longer. We really have it. Everybody tells us so—every tourist, painter and critic who starts to pass through it, but who invariably lingers long to look and be happy.

However, our gallery approaches the ideal not only in proportions and lighting, which are as good as human foresight and ingenuity can make them. Its exhibitions of pictures, six every year, are hung—not hanged, if you please!—with the same careful foresight. The committee on hanging, which is also the committee on acceptance, wrestles hard and long with this difficult problem six times a year, and always comes out victorious.

This bloodless victory offers us a picture-lesson (so to speak) in harmonics. If you want to ruin the finest picture in the world all you have to do is to hang it next another picture—which may be a fine one too—with which it disagrees in color. How the two noble canvases will then fight! They simply will not, and indeed, cannot, agree. The only way to obtain peace is to separate them as far as possible. Do this. Presto! peace and harmony prevail, order is restored, quiet beauty meets the eye and smoothes the spirit.

Yes, this is what the committee on hanging the pictures accomplishes for us in Laguna Beach. Not easily, as I said. For the two big and important pictures are, after all, only two. There are 50 others to be disposed of in like manner and with equal tenderness. Many of these are little ones, the most difficult of all to handle, for they may be submerged by the big ones, thus losing—or apparently losing—all their delicacy and loveliness.

Oh, how that committee on hanging pictures labors for us! And with what success! It has been said of their work that no gallery of pictures anywhere shows greater harmony of effect than ours. This may or may not be true. But we like to think it true—anyway it is very close to the truth.

Carl Yens is Visiting Parents in Germany

Carl Yens landed in Hamburg, Germany last Sunday, May 17, on his way to visit his parents in Altona, Germany. Mr. Yens left Laguna for Europe April 20, planning to be gone several months. He will make his headquarters at Altona but will journey to Erlangen to attend the silver wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Klotz. Mrs. Klotz is Mr. Yens' sister and her husband is the Dean of Erlangen University.

Mr. Yens, who remained in Laguna, received word that her husband is enjoying a marvelous trip. He took with him 20 canvases intending to devote some time during his absence to painting. Canvases that he completes while abroad will undoubtedly be placed over there. Mr. Yens recently won the Award of Honor for a monotype, "War Orphans," exhibited in the Springville High School National Exhibition in Utah during April.

AT Laguna Beach art is taken seriously. Not alone by the large colony there, but the residents as well. To review the twenty-three years of history, made at this resort by the Laguna Beach Art Association, is to come face to face with the genuine article: success built on faith. For, out of the handful of founder members has sprung a lusty organization; the original thirty-four artist membership has increased to two hundred. Edgar A. Payne is credited as having been the prime mover in this enterprise and Anna A. Hills, for many years the guiding patron saint; her faith in the need for such an organization proved itself no illusion. Abstract evidence of this need is immeasurable. Material testimony is found in the eminent membership of artists like Wendt, Gardner Symons, Elmer Schofield and Hovsep Pushman; it is further evident in the busy art gallery at Cliff Drive and in the fact that every visitor to that gallery gladly pays his entrance fee.

Yes, Laguna pays to see art.' Just now is staged the annual auction sale for the benefit of the building fund—the gallery is still in that state of youthful unadornment we find at the Los Angeles Museum. Fair-sized canvases figure in this exhibit—a basement event—which formerly featured only small pictures. Protective measures are taken to insure a fair sale price: first bids must be, at least 25 per cent of a picture's value and all other bids, an increase of $1 or more.

Of no less importance to Laguna, I judge, is the simultaneous Anniversary Exhibition, numbering seventy-three painters. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelis Botke and William Ritschel are this year's three invited artists. Many splendid works find a place here, of outstanding merit; those by Aaron Kilpatrick, Armin Hansen, William Wendt, John Hubbard Rich, Phil Dike, Edgar Payne, Orrin White and George Brandriff.

Doubly reassuring to Laguna's continued success as an art colony is the personal responsibility of certain citizens to patronize and promote the "cause": to create a spirit of cooperation and fellowship between the painters and the public. Fern Burford's efforts in this direction are deserving particular commendation for, within the cheery walls of her galleries in Laguna Hotel, are not only fostered ideals identical to those of the association, but still another, even more promising, that the happy, colorful landscapes, marines and flower pieces by California artists are peculiarly suited to our homes. Such California subjects, having stood the test of "living," are a constant enjoyment, to say nothing of an investment. It is trite to press the latter point for all know the inevitable results of demand in any market.

People From Ends of Earth in Laguna

THE first five people to visit the Art Gallery last Monday were from far-away countries. One was from the State of Victoria in Australia; one from Cork, Ireland, and three from Leipzig, Germany. And yet there are folks who wonder what good it does to keep the Gallery open. For no other reason than that the world beats a path to its door.

Nearly every state in the Union has been represented by our guests, also the Hawaiian Territory. Our foreign visitors have come from England, Scotland, France, Austria, Australia, Italy, Belgium, Wales, Mexico—and even from China and Japan in the Orient, the number being 1218. The rest of the 15,741 have come from our own Golden State.

There have been several interesting social events during the year, including the receptions held at the close of auction sales.

Laguna Beach Natural Center for Painting

By OSWELL LEONARD JACKSON

Perhaps no section of the United States, outside of New England, has more background and tradition than Southern California. Our Puritan Fathers with their cold, strict, Puritanical ways landed on that bleak New England Coast with its rugged rocky shores. Somehow it seems to fit their God-fearing natures.

How marked in contrast to those cold Puritans is the background of colorful Spanish, Indian and Mexican traditions of Southern California! Here were a people warm of nature, full of laughter and music, loving sunshine and color, coming to a land which made an ideal new home for their arts, their music, their architecture and their love of color. Like their native Spain it was indeed a land of sunshine and flowers.

Artists the world over love to paint in places rich in tradition. What more natural then, than that these two so widely separated locations should become artist colonies? New England has its Gloucester, its Boothbay Harbor and various other artistic centers. California has its many coast art colonies too, one of the most famous of which is Laguna Beach. Long before I even knew where Laguna was situated, I had seen and admired in various Eastern art exhibitions bits of its colorful sea and coastline and its beautiful canyons transferred to canvas by some of its celebrated artists.

Most Easterners learn of Laguna in that way, through their art galleries. What could be more natural then, than for the visitor to the Coast to want to see this attractive spot which has been the inspiration for so many beautiful paintings? Of course one expects to find here something out of the ordinary in artistic circles—but I am sure all visitors are taken with surprise when they see the lovely modern art gallery which crowns one of your highest roadside mesas, a real monument to the efforts of Laguna's artists and the Laguna Beach Art Association. To find a gallery so modern, so beautifully situated, so up to date in every respect, is as much a surprise to most visitors as it was to me, I am certain. It is an achievement of which many cities with thousands more population than Laguna, cannot boast.

As to its splendid exhibits, of course they could never be possible were it not for the cooperation of the many members of the Laguna Beach Art Association. Here every few months is a new exhibit of current art. And what a variety of subjects, not merely landscapes and marines, but portraits and still life—executed in the various modern styles and mediums of the best schools! After all is not this the real aim of a living art gallery, to show the world fresh, breathing, radiating work of masters of their craft? And in this, in my opinion, the Laguna Beach Art Association is achieving its aim.

When one hears of Laguna it is always as "The artistic colony of the Pacific Coast" and naturally it is a gratification to the visitors not to be disappointed in that reputation. A unique feature of my first impressions of Laguna was its many lovely pictures hanging in the various shops; among the groceries, a lovely bit of canyon color; in the barber shop a bit of ocean blue; wherever one strolls you can't forget that first and foremost in the home of art and artists is its crowning achievement in that line the lovely modern gallery at the top of the mesa by the roadside.

Among the many notables from the art world who have honored our gallery with their presence during the year and whose signatures appear on our guest book are our beloved member Gardner Symons, who has just passed away, and his friend, Elmer Schofield from New York.

TOURISTS BRING WEALTH

r. Nolan said: "The difference
veen any other unusually
red region and Southern Cali-
ia is tourists. Our tourists and
new permanent residents who
tourists yesterday and residents
y, give us a supplementary in-
of $475,000,000 over and above
we would have if we depended
ely on our natural resources—
though these resources are in
ultural wealth of soil, oil and
minerals and the sea.
his wealth has expressed itself
he finest cultural achievement
he world. We have the Holly-
l Bowl. We have the Los An-
Coliseum. We have the enor-
s stadium in San Diego. We
, in Santa Barbara, what I be-
to be one of the finest appear-
cities ever created. We have
than one automobile per fam-
These and many other things
manifestations of a wealth that
reater than normal.

ALL-YEAR CLUB LAUDED

large portion of this extra
th comes to us from tourists.
y, together with our own resi-
s and native Californians, are
ding Los Angeles into a place
ch we know, and which the
d will soon recognize, as incom-
bly the finest place of all. This
g so it is well to give credit
re the credit is due. We have
tourists and particularly our
mer tourists, who now come in
ter number than the winter be-
e of the advertising of the All-
Club of Southern California.
his institution in the six years
ts life has builded up a business
ost as great as our oil, mineral
agriculture combined. It is
ding in a field that not only
es Southern California bigger
wealthier but definitely better.
should be continuously provided
the level-headed business men of
community with a fund fully
arge as it can profitably expend.
s money has not been given it
the past. And inasmuch as the
has afforded a return in sub-
tial proportions, each time a
iness man withholds from his
scription he is taking away from
thern California."

Church, Long Beach.
Friday, June 3, 7:45 p.m., White Temple, Anaheim.
Sunday, June 5, 11 a.m., "Pussyfoot" Johnson, First Baptist Church, Long Beach; Maj. Ebbert, First Methodist Church, Santa Ana; 3 p.m., Bible Institute, Los Angeles; 7:30 p.m., First Methidist Church, Riverside.
Monday, June 6, 7:45 p.m., First Christian Church, Riverside.
Tuestday, June 7, 7:45 p.m., Methodist Church, Santa Maria.
Wednesday, June 8, 7:45 p.m., Recreation Center, Santa Barbara.
Thursday, June 9, 7:45 p.m., Civic Auditorium, San Luis Obispo.
Friday, June 10, 7:45 p.m., Methodist Church, Paso Robles.

ACCUSER OF POLICE ARRESTED

Santa Monica Realty Man Charged With Assault and Held Under $3000 Bonds

William P. Sanders, Santa Monica real estate man, yesterday lost an argument with the Santa Monica police and was jailed on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon. Sanders is the same man who recently charged that he was unwarrentedly struck by Sergt. Dunn of the Hollywood Division, and demanded a hearing before the Police Commission, which, after much argument, was set for next Wednesday.

Santa Monica police reported yesterday that Sanders engaged in an argument with H. A. Wylde, newspaper subscription solicitor living at 3782 1-4 Wisconsin street, Los Angeles. Sanders asserted that Wylde violated a traffic law while passing him in an automobile. Wylde said that he did not recall making the violation, but apologized anyway. He added that Sanders drew a gun and insisted on taking him to the police station.

At the Santa Monica station, officers declared that they found a cocked .45-caliber revolver in the seat of Sander's car. He was held by the Santa Monica court for $3000 cash bail and ordered removed to the County Jail.

A TURKISH admonition
for translation see Page 13, Part I

Broadway Department Store Inc.
BROADWAY--FOURTH AND HILL

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Cuttings 1926.

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Progress of Art Is Traced by Speaker

Louis Danz presented his brilliant talk on "An Approach to Modernism' before the largest lecture audience ever assembled at the Laguna Beach Art Gallery last Saturday evening, July 11, at 8 o'clock.

Several prominent critics of Southern California and many artists from the Laguna colony were present.

A musical prelude of songs by Mr. Danz, who is also a composer of serious music, were sung by Mme. Annette Cadek Dyer, accompanied by Miss Edith McDonald.

The lecturer gave a rapid-fire outline of some of the periods of art expression with the rather new idea of each being a finished expression of the soul of that time. Traditional progress from the earlist art periods to the present was considered an impossibility by Mr. Danz.

He showed by illustration the soul consciousness of the people of different countries and times and how it had its beginning, flowering, maturity and decay, giving place to an entirely different form.

From the Greeks' interest in impersonal form as a whole, to the interest in architectural elongation of the negroes, the light of the face and eyes in Rembrandt's time, which centers around the personality of his subject, through to Cezanne's depth, and Van Gogh's wonderful color emotion, all perids were illustrated by reproductions which Mr. Danz obtained on his recent extended trip to Europe.

These pictures were exhibited from an easel while the lecturer talked. That they created a great deal of interest was manifested by the enthusiastic applause.

The list, which is just a few of the pictures in Mr. Danz's collection, is as follows: "Absinthe" by Picasso, "Della Salute" by Signac, "Venice" by Monet, "The Flute" by Manet, "Boy in Red Vest," "Still Life" and "A Nude" by Cezanne, "Horses" and "Gazelles" by Marc, "Portrait" by Matisse, "Portrait" by Nolde, "The Girl in the Woods" by Rousseau. Other painters represented were: Rembrandt, Raphael, Kandansky, Legar, Feinegar, Derain, Kokaschka, El Greco, Gauguin, Seurat, Severini, and Renoir.

William W. Riddell, president of the Laguna Beach Art Association, introduced the speaker and thanked him for his excellent contribution to a clearer understanding of modernism. Mr. Riddell said that although everyone might not agree with Mr. Danz that at least he was noted for being abreast of the times and was always enjoyed for his interesting and magnetic personality.

Mr. Danz has given 150 lectures the past season before prominent clubs and societies and came to the Laguna art colony through the invitation of the art association.

Radio Announcer Gives Gallery Boost

The announcers have been telling us what a wonderful medium for advertising the radio is. And now our new art gallery has had a chance to prove their enthusiastic assertions. The other day Mrs. W. G. Palmer of our town turned on her radio just in time to hear the announcer give his little spiel about the wonderful art gallery at Laguna Beach. He earnestly advised his wide-spread audience to visit the gallery and study its splendid exhibition.

Gallery Now Opens At 10 O'Clock Daily

The Laguna Beach Art Gallery is being opened during the remainder of the summer from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. The annual auction of paintings, the proceeds of which go to the up-keep of the gallery is now in progress.

Progressive Auction In Gallery Basement

An exhibition of pictures for the third annual progressive auction sale is now on in the basement of the Laguna Beach Art Gallery. A word about the basement gallery is necessary. Ever since the completion of the gallery the basement has existed as a safety deposit vault for knick-nacks, old paint pots, burlap, excess dirt and lumber and any odds and ends that apparently had no purpose in life cept to make a nuisance of themselves. Now all these have vanished and the basement reveals itself as a spacious, cool gallery with a nice informal atmosphere, a sawdust floor like a circus tent and the walls positively beaming with colorful, gay little pictures.

The choice of pictures is greater than it was last year due to the fact that the artists have not been so limited to size and donations have come in from artists recognized all over the country.

The rules of the auction are that the first bid must be at least 25 per cent of the purchase price and each raise must be at least one dollar or more. The benefits are to go to the building fund. This auction presents an opportunity to art lovers to secure original work at a nominal sum and at the same time further a good cause.

The auction exhibition will be on until the 15th of August and the exhibition basement is a nice cool place to spend a hot day.

Laguna Beach Gallery Is Approach to Ideal

By ANTONY ANDERSON

It may seem to the layman that all picture galleries are alike. But they are not. The artist—be he painter or sculptor—knows very well that they are not. Some galleries are too long and narrow, some too dimly lighted, some too cold, some too warm, some too this or that. The ideal gallery is a dream seldom realized even by its most devout planners—lovers of art who really regard a picture as something precious, something to be handled with care.

Will it surprise you if I tell you that we have the—almost—ideal gallery right here in Laguna Beach, and that after a year of trial it has been found to function exactly as its builders promised, and even better? Don't be sceptical any longer. We really have it. Everybody tells us so—every tourist, painter and critic who starts to pass through it, but who invariably lingers long to look and be happy.

However, our gallery approaches the ideal not only in proportions and lighting, which are as good as human foresight and ingenuity can make them. Its exhibitions of pictures, six every year, are hung—not hanged, if you please!—with the same careful foresight. The committee on hanging, which is also the committee on acceptance, wrestles hard and long with this difficult problem six times a year, and always comes out victorious.

This bloodless victory offers us a picture-lesson (so to speak) in harmonics. If you want to ruin the finest picture in the world all you have to do is to hang it next another picture—which may be a fine one too—with which it disagrees in color. How the two noble canvases will then fight! They simply will not, and indeed, cannot, agree. The only way to obtain peace is to separate them as far as possible. Do this. Presto! peace and harmony prevail, order is restored, quiet beauty meets the eye and smoothes the spirit.

Yes, this is what the committee on hanging the pictures accomplishes for us in Laguna Beach. Not easily, as I said. For the two big and important pictures are, after all, only two. There are 50 others to be disposed of in like manner and with equal tenderness. Many of these are little ones, the most difficult of all to handle, for they may be submerged by the big ones, thus losing—or apparently losing—all their delicacy and loveliness.

Oh, how that committee on hanging pictures labors for us! And with what success! It has been said of their work that no gallery of pictures anywhere shows greater harmony of effect than ours. This may or may not be true. But we like to think it true—anyway it is very close to the truth.

Carl Yens is Visiting Parents in Germany

Carl Yens landed in Hamburg, Germany last Sunday, May 17, on his way to visit his parents in Altona, Germany. Mr. Yens left Laguna for Europe April 20, planning to be gone several months. He will make his headquarters at Altona but will journey to Erlangen to attend the silver wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Klotz. Mrs. Klotz is Mr. Yens' sister and her husband is the Dean of Erlangen University.

Mr. Yens, who remained in Laguna, received word that her husband is enjoying a marvelous trip. He took with him 20 canvases intending to devote some time during his absence to painting. Canvases that he completes while abroad will undoubtedly be placed over there. Mr. Yens recently won the Award of Honor for a monotype, "War Orphans," exhibited in the Springville High School National Exhibition in Utah during April.

AT Laguna Beach art is taken seriously. Not alone by the large colony there, but the residents as well. To review the twenty-three years of history, made at this resort by the Laguna Beach Art Association, is to come face to face with the genuine article: success built on faith. For, out of the handful of founder members has sprung a lusty organization; the original thirty-four artist membership has increased to two hundred. Edgar A. Payne is credited as having been the prime mover in this enterprise and Anna A. Hills, for many years the guiding patron saint; her faith in the need for such an organization proved itself no illusion. Abstract evidence of this need is immeasurable. Material testimony is found in the eminent membership of artists like Wendt, Gardner Symons, Elmer Schofield and Hovsep Pushman; it is further evident in the busy art gallery at Cliff Drive and in the fact that every visitor to that gallery gladly pays his entrance fee.

Yes, Laguna pays to see art.' Just now is staged the annual auction sale for the benefit of the building fund—the gallery is still in that state of youthful unadornment we find at the Los Angeles Museum. Fair-sized canvases figure in this exhibit—a basement event—which formerly featured only small pictures. Protective measures are taken to insure a fair sale price: first bids must be, at least 25 per cent of a picture's value and all other bids, an increase of $1 or more.

Of no less importance to Laguna, I judge, is the simultaneous Anniversary Exhibition, numbering seventy-three painters. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelis Botke and William Ritschel are this year's three invited artists. Many splendid works find a place here, of outstanding merit; those by Aaron Kilpatrick, Armin Hansen, William Wendt, John Hubbard Rich, Phil Dike, Edgar Payne, Orrin White and George Brandriff.

Doubly reassuring to Laguna's continued success as an art colony is the personal responsibility of certain citizens to patronize and promote the "cause": to create a spirit of cooperation and fellowship between the painters and the public. Fern Burford's efforts in this direction are deserving particular commendation for, within the cheery walls of her galleries in Laguna Hotel, are not only fostered ideals identical to those of the association, but still another, even more promising, that the happy, colorful landscapes, marines and flower pieces by California artists are peculiarly suited to our homes. Such California subjects, having stood the test of "living," are a constant enjoyment, to say nothing of an investment. It is trite to press the latter point for all know the inevitable results of demand in any market.

People From Ends of Earth in Laguna

THE first five people to visit the Art Gallery last Monday were from far-away countries. One was from the State of Victoria in Australia; one from Cork, Ireland, and three from Leipzig, Germany. And yet there are folks who wonder what good it does to keep the Gallery open. For no other reason than that the world beats a path to its door.

Nearly every state in the Union has been represented by our guests, also the Hawaiian Territory. Our foreign visitors have come from England, Scotland, France, Austria, Australia, Italy, Belgium, Wales, Mexico—and even from China and Japan in the Orient, the number being 1218. The rest of the 15,741 have come from our own Golden State.

There have been several interesting social events during the year, including the receptions held at the close of auction sales.

Laguna Beach Natural Center for Painting

By OSWELL LEONARD JACKSON

Perhaps no section of the United States, outside of New England, has more background and tradition than Southern California. Our Puritan Fathers with their cold, strict, Puritanical ways landed on that bleak New England Coast with its rugged rocky shores. Somehow it seems to fit their God-fearing natures.

How marked in contrast to those cold Puritans is the background of colorful Spanish, Indian and Mexican traditions of Southern California! Here were a people warm of nature, full of laughter and music, loving sunshine and color, coming to a land which made an ideal new home for their arts, their music, their architecture and their love of color. Like their native Spain it was indeed a land of sunshine and flowers.

Artists the world over love to paint in places rich in tradition. What more natural then, than that these two so widely separated locations should become artist colonies? New England has its Gloucester, its Boothbay Harbor and various other artistic centers. California has its many coast art colonies too, one of the most famous of which is Laguna Beach. Long before I even knew where Laguna was situated, I had seen and admired in various Eastern art exhibitions bits of its colorful sea and coastline and its beautiful canyons transferred to canvas by some of its celebrated artists.

Most Easterners learn of Laguna in that way, through their art galleries. What could be more natural then, than for the visitor to the Coast to want to see this attractive spot which has been the inspiration for so many beautiful paintings? Of course one expects to find here something out of the ordinary in artistic circles—but I am sure all visitors are taken with surprise when they see the lovely modern art gallery which crowns one of your highest roadside mesas, a real monument to the efforts of Laguna's artists and the Laguna Beach Art Association. To find a gallery so modern, so beautifully situated, so up to date in every respect, is as much a surprise to most visitors as it was to me, I am certain. It is an achievement of which many cities with thousands more population than Laguna, cannot boast.

As to its splendid exhibits, of course they could never be possible were it not for the cooperation of the many members of the Laguna Beach Art Association. Here every few months is a new exhibit of current art. And what a variety of subjects, not merely landscapes and marines, but portraits and still life—executed in the various modern styles and mediums of the best schools! After all is not this the real aim of a living art gallery, to show the world fresh, breathing, radiating work of masters of their craft? And in this, in my opinion, the Laguna Beach Art Association is achieving its aim.

When one hears of Laguna it is always as "The artistic colony of the Pacific Coast" and naturally it is a gratification to the visitors not to be disappointed in that reputation. A unique feature of my first impressions of Laguna was its many lovely pictures hanging in the various shops; among the groceries, a lovely bit of canyon color; in the barber shop a bit of ocean blue; wherever one strolls you can't forget that first and foremost in the home of art and artists is its crowning achievement in that line the lovely modern gallery at the top of the mesa by the roadside.

Among the many notables from the art world who have honored our gallery with their presence during the year and whose signatures appear on our guest book are our beloved member Gardner Symons, who has just passed away, and his friend, Elmer Schofield from New York.

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Aug 1926.

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THE GOD OF THE MOUNTAINS

BY FRED HOGUE

Edgar Alwyn Payne, the poet-painter of the California Sierras, has brought to the Stendahl Galleries at the Ambassador what is perhaps the finest collection of mountain lakes that ever came from the brush and easel of an artist. Payne is a lover of the mountains. He was born in their purple shadows, and every summer for the last ten years he has spent in silent, solitary communion with the everlasting hills.

In his youth he was attracted by the legend of the European Alps, and he made the traditional pilgrimage to Interlocken. He has painted the Swiss Alps, the Bavarian Alps, the French Alps, the Maritime Alps, with side excursions into the Carpentarian and Vosges Mountains and the Pyrenees, but he tells me that he found them tame, domesticated, colorless, compared to the wild fastness of the Sierras of California.

I felt abashed, humiliated at my little knowledge of my own country when he told me that there are more mountain lakes within 200 miles of Monmoth in Mono county, California, than in the whole of Europe.

"But," I protested, "the glow of the Alps is here lacking. It is like the aurora borealis. It is lacking in the Sierras, because under our warmer skies the snow leaves the slopes of the mountains and is to be found only in the canyons. To see that Alpine glow one must visit Switzerland."

Under the amused gaze of the artist's eyes I felt uncomfortable. They told me plainer than words that he was marveling at the valor of my ignorance. "The glow of the Alps," he responded, "is a cloud effect, not a snow effect. It is visible in Switzerland very rarely and only in the late afternoon after a rain. I spent a summer in the Swiss Alps and saw the glow only twice; and the natives told me that sometimes an entire summer passes without its appearing at all.

"Do you know where I have seen it oftenest? On the Pasadena mountains. I think the smoke that rises from the cities in the valleys here has something to do with it. But the same glow, of even greater intensity, is to be seen in the California Sierras. I do not think I have made a single trip to the Sierras here without seeing it.

"Tourists wait for weeks, some for months, in the Alpine villages to witness that phenomenon. Mark Twain, I believe, writes of tarrying for weeks and then departing disappointed.

"Sometimes, over there, after a rain about an hour before sunset the glow appears. It is like a long line above the horizon. First it is yellow; it deepens into a red, then fades into a rose, and disappears.

"You get the same effect, with a background of the Pasadena mountains here, ten times for every time it is visible in the Bernese Alps. A legend has been built up about it in Europe—it is a great advertising stunt—but the people do not appreciate it here, because they have not been told that it is one of the wonders of the world."

As I looked over the canvases in this year's exhibition, I discovered that the artist had painted one with this evanescent glow in the sky. He saw it on the shores of Shadow Lake in the high Sierras. In the foreground is a mountain pool in which is mirrored the Sierra pines on the banks. In the background, silhouetted against an opal sky, are the abrupt slopes of Mount Ritter. They are in the shadow, but of a color I cannot describe, because the words depicting color in the English language were all coined before that canvas was painted. I might liken it to a transparent shadow. There is a golden light on the foothills, and an onyx glow on the lake, reflected from that opal sky. The "glow" is depicted before the lemon tones have deepened into red.

Sometime we may have a California bard who can tune his lyre to the notes of Moore or Burns. And what a poem he could compose from the impressions awakened by that canvas!

Payne is a poet who sings in colors. He is a romanticist, dropped into the lap of a materialist age. Shadow Lake is but one of many similar canvases in the present exhibition. There is another of Iceberg Lake in the shadow of the Minarets, which Payne tells me have a greater appeal to the artist than the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn. On its placid surface are mirrored sky, mountain and forest. And the waters of this lake are of a deep cold blue, suggesting alike the fathomless depth of the pool and the sky above. On the banks are the tamarack; for Iceberg Lake is within the snow line, a height that the spruce and fir cannot ascend.

As I stood studying this canvas the artist came to my side. "I am glad you like it," he said, "for, to me, that is the first mountain lake, either in America or Europe."

I looked at him in amazement; but there was no mistaking his sincerity. It was the verdict of the artist who has visited the Scotch lochs, the Irish lakes and those of the Italian and Bernese Alps. My humiliation was complete. I have stood on the shores of Loch Katrine, of the lakes of Kilarney, and of the most famous Swiss lakes; and California has been my habitat for more than thirty years, and I have never made a pilgrimage to that wonderful chain of mountain lakes in Mono county.

No artist in my newspaper career has brought home to me how little we appreciate our own country like Edgar Alwyn Payne. I wonder if even those who have been preaching to us "see America first" have appreciated what marvels there are in our own country to see.

* * *

Like most great landscape painters, Payne is a recluse. He feels out of place in the midst of the social contacts of a big city. He is retiring in demeanor, and in his hazel eyes is a look of timidity. And it is his fate to be always pursued by the fair adorers of his art, and always evading them. There is nothing in the mode of his dress or the cut of his hair to suggest the artist.

But when he stands before his canvas, in the midst of sketches, brushes and tubes of paint, he becomes a lord, a creator. Mountains rise at his magic touch, with streams tumbling down their slopes and lakes nestling close to their sheltered base. A blue or purple haze lies like a shimmering veil about the summits, and tamarack and spruce sway in the mountain wings. Pearl-tinted clouds float in a cerulean sky; and as the sun sinks and the purple shadows lengthen, that evanescent phenomenon, the "glow" of the Sierras, appears.

The artist is transformed into the god of the mountains. He creates them, models them and adorns them, even as the creator of the heavens and the earth. Then his chest expands, his hazel eyes glow with the pride of accomplishment; for he is imbued with the creative spirit of which genius is born.

As a landscape painter his reputation does not depend upon his native State or country. His canvases of European mountains have been exhibited in the art centers of Europe. No canvas that he sent to the annual exhibition of the French Salon has ever been rejected—and not one is accepted there where ten are offered. But the adulation he received in Europe has not turned his head. He painted in the California Sierras last year, and he is here now, preparing to depart again for the Mono Lake country.

* * *

His persistence in preferring the California Sierras to the Swiss Alps intrigued me, and I insisted on further particulars.

"When one goes into the Swiss Alps," he said to me, "he does not get the feeling of communion with nature that one experiences here in California. Even on the peaks, one finds there shelter huts. The slopes are cultivated to the snow line. The hotels follow you everywhere.

"Here it is different. The California Sierras are not yet fully explored. I have stood on the banks of fifty mountain lakes that are neither charted nor named. I have sketched in the shadow of mountains that would be famous in Europe, but that are known here only as units of the Sierra range.

"To me, Shadow Creek is the most charming, the most romantic mountain stream in America or Europe; and yet how many people in California are aware of its existence.

"There is more color in the high Sierras than in the Alps, and more atmosphere. The rocks of the Alps are granite, of a uniform gray. In the Sierras there is a mixture of granite and pumice stone. In the Sierras one finds mineral ledges everywhere. There is a diversity of color. There are reds and greens not to be found anywhere in Europe.

"One finds here the mountains of Switzerland under the skies of Italy. There is greater warmth and color. A hundred years from now people possessing the means to travel will be coming to California from all over the world, just to visit the lake country that those living in the great industrial districts of California have not yet discovered."

* * *

It is not for me to pass upon the merits of Payne as an artist. The medals he was won, alike in America and Europe, attest to his genius. And it is not on his mountain canvases alone that his fame reposes, although they impress me most. As a marine painter he has won international recognition. While his summers were spent in the Alps, he went to the coast of the warm seas during the season that the mountain passes were inaccessible. In the present exhibition are canvases of rare merit depicting the buried villages of Southern Europe. By this I mean the villages bordering on the Mediterranean that are unknown to the traveler who follows the paved tourist routes.

He has brought with him from Europe a canvas of Montrachard, with its medieval castle, its red tile roofs and its ruins of walls and fortresses of the period of the Roman occupation. Montrachard is located in the Tourraine, a district noted for its medieval castles and chateaus—and champagnes. One sees in this canvas the ruins of an old Roman tower. From its seclusion it dominates Monaco and the Mediterranean.

Another of his hidden villages is Loche, also in the Tourraine country, a village surrounded by legendary chateaus.

Then there is Rocque Brunne, a village hidden away in the Riviera, whose inhabitants are subjects during one generation of Italy, and of the next of France. The technique of this canvas awakes the admiration of the connoisseurs.

Space does not permit me to describe more than a tithe of the canvases of exceptional merit in the present Payne exhibition. One must visit the gallery to appreciate its comprehensiveness and its quality.

But what impressed me most is that, after covering half the circumference of the earth, he has returned to California convinced that our own Sierras possess a greater appeal to the artist, the nature lover, the lover of the romantic, the beautiful and the sublime, than aught an alien clime can offer.

First Religious Art Display Is Now at Public Library

Art Association's Exhibit Shows Local Works Done or Projected; Pastor Speaks of Church Artist's Function

L.A. Times Oct 6 - 1935

BY ARTHUR MILLIER

Before the Reformation religious institutions were the chief patrons of art and art served religion. Today—as a glance at the Los Angeles Art Association's Religious Art exhibition will show—this simple relationship no longer exists.

The exhibit occupies the Public Library's art gallery during October. It was prefaced by several months of letter appeals to churches and artists for examples of art for churches, or projects for the same.

The resultant display is interesting, partly for the works it contains and partly for the light it sheds on the problem of religious art—a problem by no means solved for our time.

Everything received was hung. In consequence there are many weak, amateurish pieces and some positively silly ones.

PROFESSIONAL WORKS

The most professional works are color sketches, cartoons or photographs for actual local church decorations such as the Hugo Ballin murals in Temple B'nai B'rith, Merrell Gage's sculptured prophets on the facade of University Methodist Church and the numerous stained glass windows produced by the Los Angeles Art Glass Company and the Judson Studios.

Beautiful works suitable for church adornment include the polychromed wood and ivory statuettes by Karoly Fulop, which somehow remind one of Gregorian chants as a Hungarian gypsy violinist might play them; the tender Madonna painted on carved and gilded linoleum—a fine use of a modern material—by Emil Kosa, and the remarkable panel of Christ with two angels painted in tempera on gilded gessoed wood by Sterling C. Westerlund of Long Beach—a work which infuses modern breath into the methods of Italian primitives, is technically comparable to them and suggests one very fruitful direction which art for churches could

drawn, well designed and craftsman-like, but they appeal more as pictures than as designs for glass. They reflect the Victorian practice, still popular among people who have not tasted something better, of using every medium for illustrations which would be more appropriate to the printed page.

In the Palace of Fine Arts at San Diego's exposition some small windows by James Couper Wright of Santa Barbara are shown which reveal how modern artists can create in the true spirit of this noblest of color media.

CLERGYMAN'S IDEAS

The exhibition has uncovered the fact that many churches today have given little or no thought to the function of art in worship. The Rev. R. M. Donaldson of Beverly Hills, lecturing at the opening of the display, held that art is an inspiration towards immortality; that without the artist no church can hope to achieve the reverent, beautiful environment essential to worship.

We have churches which do achieve, through art, this environment. We have others which merely achieve decoration and still others quite innocent of the artist's touch.

ART IS PRAYER

The Rev. Donaldson's concept opens up vistas of churches in which the artist's contributions are not mere enrichments of surfaces but are art and part of the worship itself, as much so as the measured tones of the organ, the cadence of a prayer.

Religious art, in truth, is prayer given form and color. Too much art for churches has been historical or theatrical. In our day when church music is turning back to the chant, which is essentially prayer, art, too, is looking that way, ready to follow.

Mr. Edouard Vysekal, who has two paintings in the exhibit, one of which inspired Miss Payne to begin her fresco, with Miss Warner and Miss Payne, will conduct discussions on art for churches in the exhibition each Tuesday from 12:15 to 1 p.m. through October.

"Mighty Sun-Tipped Peaks," by Edgar A. Payne, who is a current exhibitor in the Stendahl Galleries at the Ambassador.

"Laguna Coast"

SOUTHLAND ARTIST HOLDS PARIS EXHIBIT

Establishes Studio Here After Triumphant Tour of Europe

Home After Two Years Abroad

Left to right—Edgar Alwin Payne, Myron Herrick, Nancy Cox McCormack and Mrs. E. H. Harriman at Payne's Paris exhibit.

Mr 22 - 1925

BY NEETA MARQUIS

A LEADING California painter, Edgar Alwin Payne, and his wife, Elsie Palmer Payne, who is also an artist in intervals between her activities as housewife and mother of a Girl Scout daughter, have recently come home from more than two years of foreign travel, but instead of again taking up their residence at Laguna Beach, where Mr. Payne founded the Art Association in 1919, they have established themselves permanently in Los Angeles. Mr. Payne has opened a studio at 550 South New Hampshire street, where he is now hard at work preparing for an exhibition of his European studies to be held in the spring at the Biltmore Salon.

It is interesting to remember that one of Mr. Payne's High Sierra canvases received the first prize at the Southwest Museum exhibition which was held just before he left California on his tour. This was followed by an honorable mention for a study in the French Alps, which he exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1923—an honor which would have carried a money prize also had the rules not stipulated that only a French artist could so benefit. As a fitting climax, another of Mr. Payne's Alpine canvases has just won the Gold Medal in the 1925 exhibition of the California Art Club, now showing at the gallery in Exposition Park.

In the winter of 1924, Mr. Payne held a Paris exhibition of about twenty canvases in conjunction with Nancy Cox McCormack, the American sculptress, distinguished as having made the first bust of Mussolini, which was unveiled on this occasion. Among the notable guests attending this exhibition at the Palais Sagan, were Myron Herrick, American Ambassador to France, and Mrs. E. H. Harriman of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne, with their daughter, went directly to Paris after sailing from New York in July, 1922. They motored into the Haute Savoy country and down the Chamounix Valley, where Mr. Payne made his study of Mt. Blanc, which won him the honor at the Paris Salon the following spring. They spent the entire fall traveling slowly on down the Riviera, sketching as they went, and then took the plunge into Italy, with Rome as their destination.

In Rome Mr. Payne obtained a studio on the Piazza Dante, a very large place which housed the Belgian Academy before the war. Here he painted all winter, completing the group of canvases which he sent back for exhibition at the Stendahl gallery in the Ambassador. Mrs. Payne also did some modeling of the small figures in which she specializes, and painted a number of pictures in the tempera medium. From Rome the artists went to Venice, where Mr. Payne spent some weeks sketching the boat scenes which rival the snowy mountain peaks as subjects for his brush. Even more fascinating than Venice proved the old fishing town of Chioggia, twenty miles down the lagoon, where the boats with their huge sails dyed in rich soft colors and ornamented with various emblems and quaint designs recall the old days of romance and glory on the Adriatic.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne established themselves for the winter in Paris. In addition to the joint exhibit of Mr. Payne and Miss MaCormack, Mrs. Payne also showed her pictures and small figures of fishermen, pirates and Roman nursemaids, her tempera drawings winning warm praise from the French critics. One of these is now on display at the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

Leaving Paris again in the spring, the artists motored through the beautiful Chateau country and into Brittany. "We went mad over those Breton scenes," says Mrs. Payne. "I painted the villages and the quaint houses, and left the boats to Edgar. We traveled as far north as St. Malo, from which we returned to Paris.

Returning to America by way of London, Mr. and Mrs. Payne spent some months in Chicago, their former home, where Mr. Payne held a very successful exhibition last winter, his Paris Salon canvas of 1923, "The Great White Peak," being shown at the Art Institute. The family started on the last lap of their journey westward this past spring in a large new car, which was tragically wrecked en route, although none of the occupants was hurt. After a summer at Laguna Beach, they have transferred their lares and penates to a home on North Reno street, this city.

Mr. Payne's forthcoming exhibition will be about equally divided between his French and Italian fishing boat scenes, full of warmth and grace, and his majestic studies of the Alpine peaks.

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"REVELATIONS" FRECCO

Finally there is the most remarkable work of all, so far as religious content and lofty ambition are concerned—the immense cartoon for fresco. "The Revelation of St. John," designed by Louise Aleen Payne, and the accompanying panel of Genesis, chapters one and two, designed by Elsa Warner.

These works are not destined for

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